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NO. CCCXLVII.

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ART. I.—1. *The Early Life and Opinions of Charles, Second Earl Grey.* By Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. C. GREY. London: 1861.

2. *The Correspondence of Earl Grey with King William IV.* Edited by HENRY, Earl GREY. Two volumes. London: 1867.

IN a recent number of this Journal we sketched the political career of Lord Grenville, a statesman who occupied in the public life of his time a place second only to Pitt and Fox. In the latter part of Lord Grenville's active political career it is impossible to dissociate him from Lord Grey, with whom for many years he was in the closest political connexion. The fact that Lord Grey was the prime minister by whom the Reform Bill of 1832 was carried into law, has thrown too much into shadow the political course of his early manhood and of his middle age. It is natural, and it is right, that his name should be for ever associated with a measure of such vast constitutional importance as the first Reform Bill, but it is to be regretted that the great part which Lord Grey played in regard to the other political events of his time should be dwarfed by the memorable achievement of his old age. It is apt to be forgotten that when Lord Grey carried the Reform Bill he was sixty-eight years of age, and that when in 1787, as a follower of Fox, he opposed Pitt's commercial treaty with France—a thoroughly liberal measure—he was but twenty-three. For the whole period of time which intervened between these two occurrences, Lord Grey took a leading part in public affairs. First he appears as the most promising and able of the younger and extremest section of the Whigs, and then as one of the most

trusted and courageous leaders of the Whig party in their darkest days during the ministry of Pitt, the lieutenant, as he may be justly called, of Fox. In the ministry of All the Talents under the premiership of Lord Grenville, he naturally occupied high office, being First Lord of the Admiralty at a very anxious period. Upon the death of Fox in 1806 he became the real leader of the Foxite Whigs, and Minister for Foreign Affairs, a position which the fall of the Grenville ministry in 1807 allowed him to occupy only for a very short time. We follow him again through the long period of Tory ascendancy which then occurred. At first, the joint leader of the Whigs with Lord Grenville, and then their sole head, when the latter statesman gradually ceased to take an active part in political life. Then, after a career of almost continual opposition, and opposition of the kind most requiring patience and courage, namely, as a leader of a weak and divided party—for the period of the Grenville ministry is but a short interval in his life—he achieves a great political triumph by placing on the statute book the most important constitutional act of the nineteenth century, at the head of a victorious and powerful party, backed by an overwhelming force of public opinion in favour of a reform which it is no exaggeration to say he had from the beginning of his political life never ceased to advocate. For two years more he remained at the head of affairs, carrying into law several important measures, but at the same time weary of political life, feeling that the time for rest had come, and finally breaking up his administration on the resignation of Lord Althorp in July 1834, without regret.

Of many steps in Lord Grey's career it is not possible to approve, showing, as they appear to us to do, a want from time to time of political judgement and an adherence in and out of season to theoretical views prejudicial to public usefulness. On the other hand, he gained a fitting triumph at the end of a political life marked by unswerving adherence to Liberal principles, and which had invariably been given to the enlargement of public liberty, and to the abolition of everything restrictive of the freedom of the individual. No statesman of modern times was more thoroughly a party man; he had all Fox's belief in the efficacy of political parties, and it is this strict adhesion to party objects that more than once led him to take false steps. There are some periods when an unvarying adherence to the maxims of party politics may occur without injury to a party or the

country. It was unfortunate for Lord Grey that he had to play a part in an age when such an adherence could not take place without hurt to his own reputation as a statesman, and without lowering his party in the eyes of the country. As we follow the most striking incidents in Lord Grey's life, we shall see how this general indication of the characteristics of his career is supported by his share in the events of his time.

Entering Parliament in 1786 at the early age of twenty-two as member for Northumberland, with which he was by birth connected, his father, General Sir C. H. Grey, being a landowner in this county, he placed himself at once among the Whigs. His first speech in the House of Commons was in the following year, when he supported Fox in his illiberal and unstatesmanlike opposition to the treaty of commerce with France, a step in the direction of free trade, and towards a more cordial connexion with that country. It is unreasonable to weigh too closely the parliamentary words of a youth of twenty-two, but it is nevertheless curious to note how, on this occasion, for party purposes and following the example of his leader, he dwelt on the dangerous increase of the power of France, and of the insidious objects of that nation, and the folly of being blind to 'French perfidy,' and how, on the other hand, in 1815, to take only one example, his opposition to a renewal of the war with France was largely based on an ungrounded and delusive trust in the supposed moderation of Bonaparte's character.

But the most prominent point in Grey's early political career was his championship of parliamentary reform, and his consequent connexion with a body known as the 'Society of the Friends of the People.' It is certain, however, that at a later period of his life he regretted his early connexion with it. Against this body in itself nothing can be said; its composition was perfectly constitutional, and its objects quite lawful. But partly from the fact that some of its members were too violent in their utterances, partly from the rash and foolish sayings and doings of its corresponding societies, and partly from the distrust of reform which events in France had raised in the minds of people at large, it became synonymous in the public mind rather with rebellious disorder than with constitutional reform. His son relates (p. 11) how, one day, when looking at Fox's portrait, his father said, 'One word from him would have kept me out of 'all the mess of the Friends of the People, but he never 'spoke it.' When we recollect that this was a body, as we

have said, formed for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform, an object which Pitt himself had urged on the House of Commons, we see the bad effect which ill-timed efforts may have on a good cause. The same criticism applies to Grey's motions in the House in favour of parliamentary reform in 1792, 1793, and 1797. Pitt had before brought forward a similar motion. In 1790 Flood had done the same, but that which in Pitt and Flood was regarded as a possibly too earnest liberalism, was looked upon in Grey as something very nearly akin to the support of revolution.

So far, indeed, from improving the prospects of parliamentary reform, Grey's early efforts rather retarded it. Reform became assimilated in the public mind with French revolutionary doctrines abroad and troublesome discontent at home. The fact that it was ill timed was the ground of opposition to Grey's motion; it was an argument of opportunism, not a theoretical antagonism to the principles of parliamentary reform. Thus, speaking on Grey's notice of motion in 1792, Mr. Pitt said that 'he retained his opinion of the propriety of a reform in Parliament, if it could be obtained without danger or mischief. . . . But he confessed that he was afraid at this moment that if agreed on by that House, the security of all the blessings we enjoyed would be shaken to the foundation. He confessed he was not sanguine enough to hope that a reform at this time could be safely attempted.'\* 'Grey's speech,' writes a careful observer of all things parliamentary, 'was moderate and discreet,'† but moderation and discretion could not outweigh the fact that these motions were singularly ill timed. Indeed, shortly afterwards Grey admitted this himself, as appears from various passages in a speech which he delivered during the debates on the Union with Ireland.‡ This early advocacy of reform, coupled with his work in 1832, has caused some writers to regard Grey as a model of political consistency; but while this merit may fairly be claimed for him, as well as a strenuousness and a durability of political faith which is admirable (especially at the present day), it must equally be observed that the attempt to obtain a great constitutional change when public opinion was strongly biassed against it by extraneous causes, shows a want of political judgement which largely neutra-

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\* Cobbett's 'Parliamentary History,' vol. xxix. p. 1309.

† Lord Colchester's Diary, vol. i. p. 104.

‡ Cobbett's 'Parliamentary History,' vol. xxxv. p. 88.

lises our admiration for the ardour which causes the politician to give practical effect to his theories.

For the first years of his political life Grey was essentially the hope of the Whig party. Then from being the *protégé* of Fox he became his most trusted political friend. 'He is improved to the greatest degree,' writes Fox of him in 1795, 'and would, if the country were in a state to admit of being saved, be as likely to save it as any man I ever knew.' In 1803 occur these remarkable expressions in two of Fox's letters: 'Grey has come to town, which is a great comfort to me;' and 'I and Grey are, if possible, still more one than ever.' Apart altogether from their political views, there was a reciprocal attraction between the two men, there was a personal bond of union between the statesman who was soon to pass out of political life, and the young politician who had many years of disappointment before him. The striking charm of Fox's character could not fail to attract a man so earnest, so straightforward, and so little of the professional politician, as Grey. But this intimacy is worthy of remark in a study of Grey's career because it clearly shows that the policy of the Whig party during Pitt's administration must have been largely influenced by Grey. He had not seldom to be induced, by somewhat earnest persuasion on the part of Fox, to leave his northern home; but when in London he was seen in his true character as an important, vigorous, and still rising member of the Whig party, the man of all others with whom Fox was most in the habit of taking counsel, and whom he regarded very much as his political heir. There exists one noticeable example of this. The famous 'secession', or abstention from attendance at the House of Commons was clearly a deliberate act of policy on the part of Fox and Grey. On October 8, 1797, Fox wrote thus to Lord Lauderdale: 'I am very strong indeed against attending Parliament. Grey and Guildford think as I do; but I heard there are different opinions.\*' In the succeeding letter to the same personage Fox goes at some length into the reasons which he finds in support of his opinion. The important point, however, for our present purpose is the fact, that in holding this opinion Fox was supported by Grey, the man on whom he now most relied. That such a policy could be effectually carried out was impossible. There are always a certain number of men who will not be bound by

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\* Fox's 'Memorials and Correspondence,' vol. iv. p. 273.

such a policy on the part of their leaders; and though Fox and Grey did frequently abstain from attendance in Parliament, the action was rather theirs individually than that of the party generally. No policy could have been more shortsighted than that of Fox and Grey, more unconstitutional, or more likely to alienate the sympathies of men standing aloof from party conflicts. It cut at the very root of government by representation; it was based on an assumption which a candid and critical posterity will never accept, that the policy of the Government must necessarily be wrong, and that of the Opposition necessarily right. It prevented the modification of measures in detail, even though their main provisions could not be rejected. Nor was any policy more likely to give an appearance of unconstitutional aims to the Opposition than complete abstention, formally announced, from parliamentary duties, and this at the very time when it was most important that such an impression of the Whig party should not be created. For this blunder Grey was clearly partly responsible, though, as we have hinted, he did not carry out in practice the policy to the full.

He absented himself from several of the most important divisions in the debates on the Union with Ireland. The speech, however, which he made against the resolutions of Mr. Pitt in 1800 was distinctly the most damaging piece of parliamentary opposition which the prime minister's policy encountered in the House of Commons. There was brilliancy and much vivacity of manner in Sheridan's speeches, but Grey's contribution to the debates was the most thoughtful and telling. 'I have proved'—to quote a passage which is the keynote of the speech in question—'that the evils by which the country has been so long afflicted do not proceed from a separate Parliament, and that the remedy for them need not be sought by its abolition.\*' Another noteworthy argument which Grey employed was that the admission of one hundred Irish members would bring into the House of Commons a band of men subservient to ministers and to the Crown, and that consequently the measure would tend to weaken the democratic character of Parliament. So strong was his opinion on this point, that he actually brought forward a motion to consider the most effectual means to secure the independence of Parliament. How little the most painstaking states-

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\* Cobbett's 'Parliamentary History,' vol. xxxv. p. 66.

man can foretell the effect of parliamentary measures at the moment of their introduction into the House is well shown by the absolute falsification of Grey's fears on this particular point. The independence, or perhaps it would be more correct to say the usefulness, of the House of Commons has no doubt been put in jeopardy by Irish members, but by no means in the manner which Grey predicted.

But in all the divisions in these debates, whether Grey was leading the small band of Whigs, or was abstaining from voting, the Opposition was in a hopeless minority. In one motion, for example, to oppose the entering of the House into committee, twenty-four members only was the total strength of the Opposition, whilst about thirty was the average number of their men. Such beggarly support was really the most potent argument in favour of Fox's and Grey's policy of 'secession,' and the practical hopelessness of all opposition was certainly Grey's most valid excuse for his support of Fox on this point. The attractions of the library at St. Anne's Hill, and of the woods and hills of Howick, as compared with the vain task of attempting to defeat the Government, or of collecting a creditable and formidable Opposition, must have weighed much—though perhaps unintentionally—in favour of the policy of abstention from parliamentary action.

Grey now practically occupied the position of leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons. Fox was, of course, its nominal head; but his attendance in Parliament was so slight that Grey must be regarded at this time as the real parliamentary leader. But after the formation of the Addington ministry in 1801 the Opposition were strengthened by the addition of Lord Grenville's followers; and opposition to Government was now no longer conducted by a small and disheartened band of extreme Whigs. The party, though not absolutely solid, was enlarged and strengthened by this addition, and the connexion between the old and the new Whigs became firmer when Pitt took office in 1804. The refusal of office to Fox, and the old Whigs, and the determination of the Grenvillites not to aid in the formation of the Government unless the great Whig chief was included in it, brought the two bodies into a closer connexion and produced a common confidence.

Events had thus given birth to a hopeful and strong Opposition. Fox began to appear more frequently in the House of Commons, and thus Grey was for a brief period of somewhat less importance to his party. But the death of



Mr. Pitt, in 1806 put an end to the Tory Government, and the king commissioned Lord Grenville to form a ministry; and that known in history as the government of All the Talents, under the premiership of Lord Grenville, was the result. Mr. Fox was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Grey First Lord of the Admiralty. Of the most memorable measures of this Cabinet, and of its historical place, we have written on a previous occasion. Its existence was short, and was ended by its own want of judgement. We therefore now only make one or two remarks on Grey's administrative work—first at the Admiralty, and then as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs when he was transferred to that office on the death of Mr. Fox in September 1806. That event left Grey, until he succeeded to his father's peerage in November 1807, the actual leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons; and co-leader, if we may use the expression, with Lord Grenville of the entire party. Lord Grenville's experience, age, and high position had made his adhesion to the Whig-party a great source of strength to a body which was regarded by the country at large as somewhat unpatriotic and unpractical. So far, of course, as mere service to his party enables a man to rank as its leader, Grey had paramount claims to the position; but until the relinquishment of party life by Lord Grenville in 1818, Grey did not become the sole and acknowledged head of the Whigs.

There never were two party leaders who worked together more cordially than Grenville and Grey; they were both men of independent mind, and of very high personal character, and each reached his political opinions from sincere convictions. There never were, indeed, two statesmen less inclined to mould their political views in order to arrive at some given and desirable result, or in order to attain or to hold office. At the same time they differed considerably in their political feelings. Grenville was critical rather than enthusiastic, despondent rather than hopeful. It is thus certain that, even if Grenville's years and inclinations had led him to continue in active political life after 1818, these two men would scarcely have held together when the Whig party had to become more liberal, and in closer sympathy with popular demands. We shall see that they differed vitally on a question of foreign policy in 1815; they were even more decidedly separated in regard to domestic politics in 1817 and 1819. To the important events of these years we shall presently revert. More especially are the latter note-

worthy because they exemplify the difference of temperament on fundamental principles of government to which we have just adverted.

Grey has left no mark as an administrator. He occupied the office of First Lord of the Admiralty for too short a time to enable him to do more than give promise of excellence in administrative work. Vigour was the characteristic of his term of office. Naval victories are attributed rather to the commander of the fleet than to the administrator at home. No memorable victories marked the period during which he governed the navy, but the activity of the English fleets in all parts of the world showed that the statesman who was responsible for the administration of the navy knew his own mind, and could carry out his ideas. Again, when Grey took Fox's place at the Foreign Office in September 1806, the negotiations with France had come to an end, and the great desire of Fox and Grey—the conclusion of a durable peace with France—proved abortive, though by no fault of their own. The intimacy between Fox and Grey, their similarity of view when in opposition, could not fail to make the latter a strong supporter of Fox's manly attempt to conclude peace. But it was his fate, strong opponent as he had been of the warlike policy of Pitt's first Government, to be essentially a fighting administrator, and a Foreign Secretary who had to justify a continuance of the French war under the administration of a prime minister to whose policy in Pitt's first administration he had been thoroughly opposed. He had to defend the advance of a subsidy to Prussia, though he had over and over again spoken and voted against the same policy on the part of his political opponents. 'He disapproved,' he said, 'of all subsidies which would hold out English money to induce foreign powers to enter into war without any objects of their own; but when they were engaged, or ready to engage, for common interests he thought it would be very wrong not to hold ourselves at liberty to second and support them.'\* There had been no point of Tory policy against which the Whigs, and notably Fox and Grey, had protested more strongly and more continuously than that of advancing money to our allies, which was largely the main-spring of the continental alliances. Had Grey continued longer in office, he would have had again to carry the same principle into practice; but the action of Grey when in office

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\* Cobbett's 'Parliamentary Debates,' vol. ix. p. 22.

on this point, necessary though it was, is one of those curious commentaries on the conduct of statesmen in opposition which tend to make the critical observer receive the denunciations of their political rivals by party politicians with hesitation and doubt.

Not long enough in either of the offices which he held in the Grenville Cabinet to make a distinct mark, possessing at that time neither the experience and high public reputation of Grenville, nor the worldwide reputation and parliamentary authority of Fox, so as to cause his name to be associated with the general policy of the Cabinet, this period of administrative life left few traces in the political life of Grey. It cannot prevent posterity from regarding him, if we except the few years of his own administration at the close of his public life, altogether as an Opposition leader, or from judging him by his actions in that capacity. In the same year that the Grenville Cabinet retired from office Grey succeeded to his father's peerage. His accession to the House of Lords was a grievous loss to the Whig party in the House of Commons. There was no one who possessed anything like his peculiar capacity as a leader; his vigour and the advanced opinions of his early parliamentary days gave him influence with the more Radical members of the party; his social position, the high office he had held, though for a short time only, and his intimacy with Fox, gave him weight with the party generally. His very disinclination to leave his country home for the political arena, which he once wrote that he 'detested,' but detested, it is obvious, not quite to the extent which he fancied, gave him an influence in and out of Parliament which the mere professional politician could not possess. A man who is genuinely indifferent to political advancement has, in this country at least, an overwhelming reserve of power; this indifference was to some extent a cause of Althorp's influence; the lack of it in Canning was equally a source of weakness in that statesman; and we have a signal example of its effect at the present time in the commanding position of Lord Hartington. Men of independence who are contending from patriotic motives and from high principle, stand far above those who are chiefly animated by personal ambition or personal interests. The party did not require Grey's assistance in the Peers, where it had a capable and experienced leader in Grenville. On the other hand, the removal to a calmer place, together with the circumstances under which the Cabinet left office, cemented the Grey and

Grenville alliance. To some extent also it toned down the somewhat impetuous character of Grey, and it is possible that he thus became better fitted for the great work which later in his life circumstances obliged him to undertake, than if he had remained to take part in the more bitter contests of the Lower House.

We shall now follow the new career of Grey in opposition. Of this there were two broad divisions—the period until the end of the French war, and that from the battle of Waterloo to the creation of the Reform ministry in 1830. The one was a time of despondency, conflicting counsels, and ineffectual opposition; the other of rising hopes, clearer aims, and closer sympathy with the existing national feeling.

The Whig opposition in the Commons after the fall of the Grenville Ministry was neither united nor spirited. On the other hand, there was the closest connexion between the two chiefs of the party, Grenville and Grey. It was beyond the power of the Tories to disunite them. Both were thoroughly at one on the question of Catholic emancipation, whilst the continuance of the French war prevented other questions of domestic policy being brought forward likely to cause a difference of opinion. On foreign policy also there was a substantial agreement between the two statesmen, for the ineffectual attempt of Fox with Lord Grenville's approval to conclude peace with France in 1806 had taken from Grey the main ground of his differences with Grenville in former years. It could no longer be said that the Foreign Minister of Mr. Pitt was opposed to peace with France, and it rendered Grey himself more doubtful of Bonaparte's good faith, and of the practical possibility of an early peace. Grenville and Grey were also of one mind as to the military operations in the Spanish Peninsula, which they held to be useless for the purpose of seriously affecting the struggle with Bonaparte. A ruler and critic so able as Sir G. C. Lewis appears to regard the policy of the two Whig leaders as at the least having much justification; his whole passage on the subject is permeated with this view, and he finally observes, if the advance of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian armies in 1814 'had failed, the success of the Duke of Wellington against Soult in the south would have been 'unavailing. Without the aid of the great northern powers 'he could not have driven Napoleon to negotiation, much 'less to abdication.'\* And it is quite true that even as late

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\* Administrations of Great Britain, p. 380.

as 1810 there was a considerable preponderance of opinion even in the British army in favour of the withdrawal of the troops. In presence of such obstacles, the Duke of Wellington himself wrote, 'It requires something more than firmness to persevere.' But the opponents of the Peninsular war entirely failed to grasp either its military or its political significance. From a military point of view it was the grave of several French armies and of great military reputations. Politically, we were fighting in Spain for the independence of Europe, and, as the Duke of Wellington afterwards observed, we helped to turn the French not only out of Spain, but out of Germany. The highest authorities—English, German, and French—on the art of war are now agreed that the policy of the Peninsular war was sound, and that the campaigns in Spain materially assisted in the overthrow of Napoleon. We must conclude, therefore, that Grenville and Grey were wrong, both as statesmen and as party leaders, when they seized every opportunity of opposing the war policy of the Government in this particular.

They both also agreed in being averse to office under existing circumstances. They refused to take part in the Tory Government in 1809 and 1812, although on both occasions distinct offers of office were made to them. 'There has not been,' wrote Lord Grenville on the latter occasion, 'and could not be, one moment's difference of opinion between Grey and myself on this business.'\* The difficulty is to understand how it could ever have been supposed that men so independent and so little of professional politicians as the two Whig lords could, after the experience of their short term of office, have been expected for a moment to entertain these offers. To suppose that the offers were made in good faith says little for the sagacity of the Tory leaders; to believe, on the other hand, that they were made with a view of disuniting the two Whig chiefs is but little creditable to their understanding, and much less so to their character as upright politicians and straightforward political antagonists. This cordial understanding continued till 1815. In that year there arose a difference of opinion in the party, after the return of Bonaparte from Elba. It tested severely the judgement of Grey and of his party, and was too hard for them. Lord Grey opposed the renewal of the war with Bonaparte on grounds which were untenable and unstatesmanlike. His policy on that occasion was neither practical nor

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\* *Memoirs of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 231.

dignified. Lord Grenville supported the Government, and his example was followed by Mr. Plunket and some others of the party. The gist of Lord Grey's opposition to a new war was the dread of defeat, and of a continuance of the long struggle, of which the country had grown so weary. His argument is clearly shown by the following extract from the speech which he made in the House of Lords when the question came before that assembly :—

‘ Admitting, therefore, that the mode in which we are to make war is legitimate, I entreat your lordships to reflect on the dreadful alternative to which it will reduce us. Either the termination must be crowned with complete success, or with abject humiliation by the compulsory acknowledgement of Buonaparte, after signal and decisive defeats !

‘ Does it not, therefore, become a question of the first moment, whether, when we have a choice, ministers shall be allowed to commit the country by the commencement of hostilities against a man who has had the population and resources of a mighty nation at his command ?

‘ With such a man the Allies have declared that they can make neither peace nor truce. Events cannot be controlled, nor victories insured ; those who now support the ministers of this country in a war may soon cease to countenance their measures, and the result must then be disgrace and degradation. It is not necessary for me here to state all the dangers this country would have to encounter, though every prudent statesman would not fail to contemplate all the consequences of defeat, even in the hour of success ; but after such a declaration, after such proceedings at Vienna, after such a triumph over the fallen, should Buonaparte again rise above his enemies, even without attributing to him all the bad passions charged by the noble earl, what hope could even we have, with diminished population and exhausted revenues, of maintaining our independence ? Such extremity of humiliation in case of failure was, perhaps, never before balanced against the expediency of commencing a war ! ’ \*

This reasoning was unpractical, since it overestimated the power of Bonaparte, and underestimated the strong position and the definite object of the European alliance. It was neither statesmanlike nor worthy of the leader of a great party, since it showed that Grey was willing to allow Bonaparte to remount the throne from which he had lately been deposed, and to take up the reins of government absolutely unfettered. He was, in fact, prepared to trust the future peace of Europe not to the safeguards of treaties, but to the mere possibility that the policy of Bonaparte had been altered by misfortune. ‘ But if there is no change

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\* Hansard's ‘ Parliamentary Debates,’ vol. xxi. p. 344.

‘in his disposition, may there not be a change in his policy?’ This was the question he asked, and this was his answer: ‘Has he not during his year of exile had ample opportunity of reflecting on his former errors? Has he not had the means of detecting the causes of his temporary ruin, and may he not have been impressed with the necessity of abandoning that system which had already cost him dear?’\* But the presumption—quite without foundation, except in Grey’s imagination—that Bonaparte was a sadder and a wiser man was not the only reason. He supposed that the French emperor must have been much shaken by the great occurrences of his extraordinary career; he had arrived at a time of life when active exertion was not to be expected. Another argument which Grey put forward was that popular opinion in France was decidedly in favour of peace, a fact which in itself was doubtful, and was not conclusive of the matter if true. Thus all the gain of the long war, which ended with the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, was to be thrown away, because, perchance, the Allies might be defeated, because Bonaparte might, contrary to all experience, renounce his ambitious projects, and because a country in the hand of an absolute and warlike sovereign was presumably not in a warlike mood.

The Liberal party have many times been taunted—and taunted wrongly—with being a peace-at-any-price party. There was never a more thorough peace-at-any-price policy than that which in 1815 Grey, fortunately in vain, pressed on the Government and the country. It forms a fitting conclusion to the long chapter of political mistakes in regard to foreign policy of the Whig Opposition from the beginning of the French War in 1793 to the year of Waterloo. Grey was especially responsible for these mistakes, for during the whole period he was an earnest and untiring opponent of the war policy of successive Tory administrations. Grenville, on the contrary, in the beginning of the war was a member of the Government, and the only mistake he made in opposition was in misjudging the value and effects of the campaigns in the Spanish Peninsula. The Duke of Wellington’s victories fought for the ministry, and their policy was proved to be right in the eyes of the country, whilst the Whigs were thoroughly discredited by such a Tory success. For the event is especially that to which a people

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\* Cobbett’s ‘Parliamentary Debates,’ vol. xxxi. p. 354.

1889.

*Charles, Earl Grey.*

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look as the test of right or wrong. The policy of Grey on the renewal of the war with Bonaparte was, as we have said, unsound in every respect. Events again with unexpected speed caused another national verdict to be entered for the Government, and the ministry was as much strengthened by the success of the Allies at Waterloo as Lord Grey and the Whigs generally were weakened and discredited. With this occurrence one distinct period in the history of the Whig party and of Lord Grey's career ends.

The difference between Grenville and Grey on this particular point was but the beginning of a diversity of opinion on questions of domestic policy. Indeed, from this time we may regard Grey as the sole leader of the Whigs. Lord Grenville retired from active political and party life in 1818, and his sympathies on domestic questions were afterwards with the Tory rather than with the Liberal party. His more immediate friends and followers drifted towards the Government, and their place in the ranks of the Whigs was filled by fresher and younger recruits more in harmony with the growing wants of the nation, and prepared to carry out a policy of reform. But Lord Liverpool's Government began the period of peace with a large balance of popularity and experience to their credit; the Whigs, on the contrary, had to outlive the mistakes of a political generation. It was unfortunate for the country and for the Whig party at this time that Grey was not a member of the House of Commons. His place in history might not have been more important, but his personality would have been more conspicuous, and the return of the Whigs to power more rapid. As it was, the Opposition in the House of Commons had no prominent and powerful leader. Ponsonby was scarcely more than a nominal chief for the purpose of parliamentary technicalities, and such an Opposition is certain to be both weak and useless.

The distress and the consequent discontent which became so marked in England after the end of the French war naturally produced disturbances and agitation. The Government therefore in 1817 introduced a Bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, a measure which was supported by Lord Grenville and opposed by Lord Grey. 'If any individuals,' the latter rightly argued, 'should appear to be animated with evil designs, that ought not to be advanced as a reason for depriving the people of England—who have borne the heavy burdens imposed on them with patience

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‘so exemplary—of their constitutional rights and privileges, ‘their best possessions and their best hopes.’ On March 27 came Lord Sidmouth’s circular to the effect that a justice of the peace might issue a warrant for the apprehension of anyone charged with selling or publishing blasphemous or seditious libels. Upon this edict Grey made in Parliament an elaborate and powerful attack, fruitless in its immediate effect, but a defence of constitutional right of lasting value.

The home policy of the Government again in 1819 came into great prominence in consequence of the regrettable encounter between the people and the police and military, which is now known as the Manchester massacre. It was in reality but one incident in the generally disturbed state of the country, but it caused the Government to summon Parliament in November of that year, and to introduce six Bills for the purpose of repressing the existing disorder.

The action of Lord Grey at that time, though possibly marked by some want of tact in a too wholesale opposition to the well-known Six Acts, some portions of which were reasonable and desirable, was again patriotic and advantageous alike to the country and to his party. That England was in a state of discontent and ferment was admitted on all hands, but the ministry chose to regard every movement as dangerous to the Constitution, and premonitory of a not distant rebellion. ‘A spirit is now fully manifest,’ were the words which the ministry put into the Regent’s speech at the beginning of the session of 1819, ‘utterly hostile to the Constitution of this kingdom, and aiming not only at the change of those political institutions which have hitherto constituted the pride and security of this country, but at the subversion of the rights of property and of all order in society.’ No Government ever pronounced a more complete *non possumus* to all reform, reasonable and unreasonable, political and economical, than Lord Liverpool’s Government did on this occasion. No ministry ever evinced a blinder or more obstinate determination to keep things as they were without regard to the causes of the existing discontent. Lord Grey and the Whigs, on the contrary, believed that the troubled state of the country arose from economical and political causes; for these there was a remedy in enlarged political representation and in economical reform. In other words, they held that the necessities of the hour were peace, retrenchment, and reform. ‘It was,’ said Lord Grey, in the debate on the address, ‘by conciliation, by a reduction of the enormous public expenditure which weighed down

'the country, and by a system of timely reform and economy, that the threatened danger should be met, for such a system would in its result speedily suppress all the seditious practices referred to in the address.'\* This struck the keynote of the situation. Lord Grey admitted that there was considerable and general discontent, but he attributed it to the need for Reform, and proposed to remedy it by vigorous measures of reform. The ministry, on the other hand, exaggerated the troubled state of the country, and regarded it as the uprising of a seditious people against a perfect Government and a satisfactory political and social state.

With this opinion Lord Grenville and his immediate followers agreed; and if Lord Grey's judgement played him false in regard to foreign policy in 1815, that of Lord Grenville was equally wrong upon the state of the United Kingdom in 1817 and 1819. But how far from success the Whigs yet were, is shown by the fact that in the House of Commons the Government carried the day by a majority of 231, and by a proportionately large one in the House of Lords. The Manchester massacre, the lawlessness of some misguided men, the extreme views of some of the Radicals in demanding manhood suffrage and annual parliaments, threw discredit on the reasonable demands of more moderate men, so that the 'police' policy of Lord Castlereagh was for the moment in the ascendant. If the policy of the Foreign Secretary had, whilst raising up fresh securities for public order, at the same time proposed remedies for the existing discontent, it would have been unassailable. But it was a policy of repression, and nothing more. The fundamental difference of opinion between the ministry (with whom Lord Grenville agreed) and the Opposition was still more clearly shown in the important debate which shortly followed that on the address, on Lord Lansdowne's motion for an inquiry into the state of the country, more particularly with reference to the distress in the agricultural districts. The motion of Lord Lansdowne was met with a direct and triumphant negative, and again Lord Grey pointed out that 'distress was the main and operative cause of the 'disturbed state of the public mind,' that the evil should be checked at its source; whereas, on the contrary, the policy of the Government was simply to silence it by force. Lord Grey's action at this time as leader of the Opposition is

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\* Cobbett's 'Parliamentary Debates,' vol. xli. p. 6.

a part of his career which posterity will regard with satisfaction; his views at this crisis were so independent, so clear-sighted, and so sound, that they add to his reputation as much as any noteworthy legislative achievement could have done. He perceived that the distress among large classes of the community arose very much from economic causes, and he was ready to remedy it at its root. He was averse to exceptional and repressive legislation, and he desired to see the existing laws carried evenly and vigorously into force. He was still an adherent 'to the salutary principles of reform, gradually applied to the correction of those existing abuses to which the progress of time must unavoidably have given birth;' but 'he most fully disclaimed the project of annual parliaments and universal suffrage.' This attitude made Grey the soundest adviser of the Crown among the statesmen of the time; but more than ten years had yet to pass away before he was called on to carry his views into effect.

The death of Lord Castlereagh in 1821 placed Canning again in the Cabinet, and gave him an ascendancy there which culminated when he became Prime Minister, after Lord Liverpool had by his last illness been obliged to retire from office. As is well known, Canning not only received little support from a considerable proportion of the Tories, but many of the anti-Catholic section of that party became his active and bitter opponents. He turned for support to the Whigs, and ultimately Lord Lansdowne, Tierney, and some others of the party accepted office under him. For some reason, which has not been explained; it does not appear that Lord Grey was at all consulted on this occasion, when a partial fusion of the moderate Tories and the Whigs actually took place. This circumstance appears to have mortified him, and roused feelings of resentment; in point of fact he remained in opposition, though he preferred to call his position that of an independent politician.

'Nothing,' he said in a memorable speech in the House of Lords, 'can be further from my intention than a union with the party in opposition to Government; for from that party on most questions I differ as widely as the poles are asunder. Neither can I join those who support the administration, in the construction of which as an administration I have no confidence. The only course left to me is to adhere to those principles which I have professed throughout life; and when I find that the measures of Government accord with those principles, they shall have my support. When they introduce matters repugnant in my opinion to those principles, I will oppose them; but I

deprecate the idea of joining the standard of a party, as a party opposed to Government.' \*

But a statesman who stands aloof from a government, who will not hesitate as much to oppose as to support its measures when he thinks fit, though he may not be a member of the particular body of the Opposition, is distinctly one of the general parliamentary opposition, for his principles of parliamentary action are really those which should be acted on by everyone in opposition who is not merely a party hack. Pitt, for example, did not join the standard of Fox, nor Fox that of Pitt, when they upset Addington's administration, but they were each of them in general opposition, so that we must regard Lord Grey as having formed one of the Opposition to Canning's Government, and as not being less dangerous to it because of his quasi-independent action. That opposition he justified in the speech from which we have quoted. It was one which admittedly cut Canning to the quick; it 'half killed him,' says Mr. Greville, 'with vexation.' It was said that he even contemplated taking a peerage, for the purpose of meeting face to face so redoubtable an adversary.

We need not look beyond it for Grey's reason for not joining the new Premier's administration. He had no confidence in the head of the Government. 'If,' he said, 'I see that the person who influences and directs the administration is one with whom I cannot safely connect myself, I am bound to decline engaging in the service, as I do not feel that security for my honour and character which a full confidence in the head of the administration alone can give me.' It is clear that Grey had a personal distrust of Canning, and many of the arguments which he advanced to justify his position rather resemble those of the advocate than those by which a statesman has been irresistibly led to a particular conclusion. The Cabinet, as such, was to be neutral on the Catholic question, though each of the individuals of whom it was formed was to have perfect freedom of action. Grey regarded this state of affairs with distrust. Grenville and Grey had broken up their Government in 1807 on the Catholic question. Both statesmen had over and over again reiterated their opinion that a settlement of this irritating matter was of paramount and pressing importance. It would have, therefore, falsified Grey's former actions, and his expressed and emphatic views, if he had

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\* Haugard's 'Parliamentary Debates,' vol. xvi. p. 734.

joined an administration which would not make the repeal of the Roman Catholic disabilities a Cabinet question. The mere fact that Canning was not prepared to bring forward, as head of the Government, such a measure as Grey could support, seems, therefore, to explain his omission from Canning's Cabinet. We have not now to form an opinion of the statesmanship of the attitude adopted by the new Prime Minister; we are concerned chiefly with the position which Grey took up in relation to him. But it must be borne in mind that the ministry of which Canning was the head, with his Whig allies, *could not* have overcome the stubborn prejudices of George IV. on the Catholic question, which were only surmounted with great difficulty by the authority of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel, nor could they have overcome the opposition of the Tory party and the country. Catholic emancipation was carried at last by a strong and enlightened minority, not by popular influence. Perhaps a more probable cause of Lord Grey's distrust of Canning is that he had expressed opinions strongly adverse to parliamentary reform. Again, Grey regarded the fact that Canning was not willing to repeal the Test Act as a further reason for his want of confidence in the new administration; here also Grey, from his particular point of view, was probably in the right, but whether he was or not is comparatively immaterial, since, as we have shown, his action was justified sufficiently on the ground that Canning would not make the Catholic question a Cabinet one.

In fact Grey's position would have been stronger had he relied on the Catholic question alone. For his attempt to prove that Canning's foreign policy did not entitle him to the confidence of the Whigs was a failure. When Canning in his rhetorical fashion uttered the now celebrated words, 'I called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old,' his language was more picturesque than true. But if taken unrhethorically, it was not, as Grey termed it, 'an idle and an empty boast.' Canning had recognised the independence of the young South American republics, and by so doing had insured the national existence of what before were in the eye of international law and among nations merely a number of rebellious colonies. It was theoretically correct in Grey to ignore the divisions in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, and to describe the foreign policy of the Government as that of the administration. It was, however, perfectly well known to the world that this policy was inspired by Canning. When Grey shut

his eyes to this fact, he made use of the constitutional doctrine of the collective responsibility of the Cabinet, and he was obviously employing a constitutional theory to support a preconceived opinion, namely, that he could have no confidence in Canning. But in point of fact, when all is said, there was a great deal of personal feeling in the matter, for Lord Grey was extremely sensitive to any slight which touched, or was supposed to touch, his personal position and importance. At that moment he considered his political career to be ended. 'I shall not, however,' was the conclusion of the speech from which we have made more than one extract, 'again embark on the troubled sea of politics, upon which all my life till now I have navigated—God knows with how little success, but at the same time with the consolation that I have done so with an honest and approving conscience.' But Grey was yet to navigate successfully a still more stormy sea, to obtain in the latter years of his public career a position as a statesman more pre-eminent and more beneficial to his country than any prime minister had attained since Pitt's first administration.

It is idle to surmise what turn events would have taken but for Canning's untimely death. His Cabinet contained so many Liberal elements, that it might perhaps have anticipated the work of Lord Grey's Government. For it has to be borne in mind that when the latter statesman came into office his Government included, in addition to declared Whigs, several members of the Canningite section, among them Lord Melbourne, who later on became the Prime Minister of a Liberal Cabinet. As it was, however, the death of Canning, and subsequently the incapacity of Lord Goderich to govern the discordant elements of his Cabinet, caused the formation of the ultra-Tory Government of the Duke of Wellington. Its formation gave cohesion, strength, and power to the Whig Opposition; the passing of the Test Bill of Lord John Russell, opposed though it was by the Government, presaged the approaching end of Tory ascendancy. The passing of the measure for the relief of the Roman Catholic disabilities, so far from strengthening Wellington's administration, actually weakened it, and in fact broke up the phalanx of the Tory party. Thus the time had come when Lord Grey, by the natural course of events and the inevitable changes of public opinion, rather than by any special efforts of his own, was to become the head of a strong and popular Government, in harmony with national wants and feelings.

It was in November 1830 that the Duke of Wellington resigned and Lord Grey came into power. All the political events of the next few years are so closely connected with Lord Grey's career, that a sketch of his public life at this period becomes almost a history of the times. It is necessary, however, to enumerate some salient events in order to make clear any criticisms of Lord Grey's action during his term of office. In March 1831, Lord John Russell introduced the first Reform Bill into the House of Commons, and on April 19 the Government was defeated in committee on General Gascoigne's motion. The king had disliked the introduction of the Reform Bill, but he perceived that it must become law if he was to have any government at all. He disliked dissolution even more, but he consented also to this, and so Parliament was dissolved. The new House of Commons was very different from its predecessor; it was elected to support Grey and to pass the Reform Bill; it had, in the political parlance of to-day, received a distinct mandate from the country. On June 24 the second Reform Bill was introduced into the new Parliament; it passed successfully through the House of Commons. But the second reading was rejected early in the morning of October 8 by a majority of forty-one. On December 12 the Bill was introduced again, and on May 7, 1832, the ministry were again defeated in the House of Lords, this time on Schedule A. They resigned; an ineffectual attempt was made to form a Tory Government, which could not have existed for a week, and Grey returned to office. The Tory opposition to the Bill was broken; the inevitable was recognised by that party alike in the Commons and in the Lords, and on June 7 Lord Grey had the singular satisfaction of seeing the great object of his political life accomplished, and the royal assent given to the Bill to improve the representation of the people. The general election under the enlarged franchise followed. The new Parliament assembled on January 29, 1833; the subject of reform gave place to that of Ireland, and on February 15 Lord Grey introduced a stringent Coercion Bill for that country, by which the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and a great deal of the country placed under martial law. By way of counterpoise, the Government passed into law a Bill affecting the Irish Church, which reduced the number of archbishops and bishops, and abolished compulsory Church rates. But the abandonment by the Government of what was known as the Appropriation Clause, by which the revenues taken from the Church were to

be devoted to any purposes which might seem good to Parliament, in order to enable the Bill to receive the support of Lord Stanley, greatly lessened its value in the opinion of the Irish party and the more advanced of the Liberals.

Meanwhile, in the same session of 1833, chiefly by the efforts of Lord Stanley, now Colonial Secretary, was passed the memorable measure for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, thus completing the work which had been begun by Lord Grenville's Government in 1806, when the slave trade was made illegal. In the following session another social measure became law, namely, the Bill to reform the Poor Law. But the Coercion Bill had to be renewed in some form, and the question of the Irish Church was again brought before the House of Commons. Mr. Ward in the month of May proposed a motion to the effect that the revenues of the Irish Church exceeded its requirements, and that they ought to be devoted to other purposes. The ingenious mind of Lord Brougham would have met this motion by the offer of a commission of inquiry; but this was too much in the nature of a capitulation to the Radicals to please Stanley, and, together with Sir James Graham and two other members of the Cabinet, he resigned office. The Coercion Bill had still to be dealt with. Before it was introduced, Littleton, the Secretary for Ireland, with the approval of Lord Althorp, entered into communication with O'Connell, stating to him that the precise form and extent of the measure were not yet decided on; he went further, indeed, and asserted that certain clauses which prohibited public meetings were desired neither by the Marquis Wellesley, the Lord Lieutenant, nor by himself, and that Lord Althorp was of the same opinion. On June 21 the Lord Lieutenant had written to Lord Grey that their re-enactment was no longer necessary for the peace of Ireland, thereby expressing an opinion which differed from that given by him so recently as the 11th of the same month. In so doing Lord Wellesley seems to have acted on the opinion of Littleton, as expressed in a letter of June 19, rather than on any strong view of his own. Lord Grey, when the question to omit these clauses was discussed by the Cabinet, emphatically refused to agree to their omission, partly resting his opinion on the correspondence of Lord Wellesley previous to June 21. He carried the majority of the Cabinet with him. Lord Althorp by a written communication endeavoured to alter the views of Lord Grey, but the latter was firm; his views on the



subject are fully set forth in the following reply to Lord Althorp.

Downing Street,  
(Monday), June 30, 1834.

'My dear Althorp,—Your letter, as you anticipated, has certainly distressed me to the greatest degree; I at present see no way out of our difficulties but that of resigning the government. That I was induced to go on after the division that took place in the former Cabinet is now to me an object of increased regret; I could then have retired on grounds which nobody could have disapproved. I am now brought into a situation in which, whatever care I take, I must be exposed to censure and reproach. . . . I fully admit that necessity is the only ground on which measures of that description can be justified; the necessity for re-enacting the Coercion Bill, with the omission only of the court-martial clauses, was felt by us all up to the 23rd instant; on that day I received the first letter from Wellesley, which, in direct opposition to his own strongly declared opinion on the 11th, expressed his acquiescence in suggestions which he had received from home of the expediency of leaving out of the Bill the clauses respecting meetings, not on account of any change which had taken place in the state of affairs in Ireland, but for the sake of facilities which this omission might afford us here. His second letter, in answer to the strong representation which I made to him in answer to his letter of the 21st, does not materially vary this ground. I must, therefore, look at circumstances as they are and as they relate to his two very opposite communications, and, considering the state of Ireland, I cannot divest myself of the opinion that the abandonment of the provisions of the Bill which relate to meetings would be attended with the utmost danger. . . . I feel that I have great reason to complain that, after a measure had been agreed upon, and no doubt existed with respect to it, private communications are made to the Lord Lieutenant without my knowledge, which induce him to express an opinion inconsistent with that which his own views of the state of Ireland have suggested, and chiefly maintained on grounds from which I entirely dissent. . . . The Bill as it has been agreed upon must be maintained stoutly, or I must say to the king that I can no longer conduct the government. . . . A difference with you is that which affects me most, but I cannot ask you to violate a conscientious opinion, and you, I am sure, will feel that it is equally impossible for me to acquiesce in a course from which my judgement entirely dissents.

'Ever yours,  
'GREY.'\*

So the Bill was introduced into the House of Lords on July 1, Lord Grey stating that it was approved of by the Irish Government, and that the Lord Lieutenant 'anxiously desired to see the Act renewed,' making no allusion what-

\* Memoir of Viscount Althorp, Earl Spencer, by Sir D. Le Marchant, p. 498.

ever to Lord Wellesley's letter of June 21.\* The day but one after this event O'Connell in the House of Commons impugned the good faith of the Government, at the same time disclosing his conversation with Mr. Littleton. It is unnecessary to go further into the details of this unfortunate affair. So far as Grey is concerned, he had throughout held to the opinion that the re-enactment of the clauses as to public meetings was absolutely necessary, and all the difficulties were in reality brought about by negotiations by other members of the Government behind his back. Still it is clear that Lord Grey showed an absence of his usual candour and courage by not boldly avowing that Lord Wellesley was averse to the re-enactment of the public meetings clauses. He should have taken the responsibility for their continuance—if he had been determined to keep them in the Bill—on himself. The result would probably have been the same as actually happened, namely the destruction of his government, but such a course would have placed the true position of affairs clearly before the country. As to the policy of Lord Grey in this particular, it is clear he was wrong; the clauses had been hardly used at all, and the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland were opposed to them. Under such circumstances it is hardly possible to regard the Prime Minister's determination to continue them as justifiable. Proceeding with our outline of events, it is only necessary to add that Lord Althorp, in consequence of the proceedings in the House of Commons, considered that he could no longer with propriety remain a member of Government, and on July 7 sent in his resignation to Lord Grey. The result was that the Prime Minister, deprived by this event of his most trusted colleague, determined to give up the position, of which he was weary. 'Althorp's determination,' he wrote to Littleton in a note of a few lines, July 8, 'is final and

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\* It is a remarkable fact that this historical letter was never made public until it was printed in the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1871 (vol. cxxxiv. p. 299), Lord Grey always holding that it was of a private character. It has already been shown in this Journal (vol. cxxxiv. p. 301) that it cannot be so considered; and the more the point is thought over, the clearer does this become. The best narrative in a nutshell of this episode is the Memoir and Correspondence relating to Political Occurrences in June and July 1834, by the Right Hon. Edward John Littleton, first Lord Hatherton, which was published in 1874.

‘irrevocable. The Government is consequently at an end.’ On the following day he announced his resignation to the country by a speech in the House of Lords, and with this event his career as an administrator and a statesman ended. From this time he ceased to be an actor in public life; henceforth his name seldom appears in the debates of the House of Lords, and never in any important debate.

The period of Lord Grey’s administration, of which we have just sketched the most noticeable events, is divided into two very marked portions, the one from the beginning of his Government, November 1830, to the meeting of the first reformed Parliament in January 1833; the other from the latter date to his retirement from office in July 1834. In the two periods Grey appears in two widely different characters. In the first he is the veteran statesman, carrying into execution the popular mandate, accomplishing the great action of his political life, and at the same time acting as a calming and restraining force, both on the popular will and on the extremer men of the party of which he was the well recognised head. He is the tactful negotiator with the king, allaying the strong prejudices which the sovereign felt against reform, and temperately but firmly carrying through an absolutely necessary policy. William IV. was not by any means the obstinate mortal his father was, nor a blustering and irresolute creature like George IV.; he was narrow-minded, but sincerely anxious to do the best he could for the country. He had, however, the strongest possible objection to a dissolution of the Parliament in which in April 1831 the first Reform Bill was defeated on General Gascoigne’s motion. It is almost certain that had a statesman less experienced, less respected, and less careful of the susceptibilities of the king been at the head of affairs, the king would have refused to dissolve Parliament, and have precipitated a great constitutional struggle. The hour of reform having inevitably arrived, it was fortunate for the country that there existed also the man, one whose sincerity in the cause could not be doubted by the most fervid Radical, and whose position and experience as a statesman were so great that no monarch in his senses could neglect his advice. But not only did Lord Grey pilot the Reform Bill to safety, he also established a valuable constitutional precedent for a dissolution of the House of Commons under circumstances analogous to those of 1831.

The same observations apply equally to the creation of peers in sufficient numbers to enable the Bill to pass through

the House of Lords. There was nothing which the king dreaded and disliked more than the idea, for any purpose, of creating peers. Lord Grey himself was averse to such a measure, except as a last resort, for the purpose of averting national dangers which might be caused by the destruction, whether direct or indirect, of the Reform Bill. He showed the calmness of his judgement and his moderating influence over his colleagues in regard to this subject. Lord Althorp, Lord Brougham, and Lord Holland, not to mention other names, were in favour of the creation of peers in 1832 as a precautionary measure, and Lord Althorp wrote to the Prime Minister a letter in which he advocated this view. Lord Grey replied to him in a weighty and conclusive answer on March 11, in which he combats the idea of creating peers before the second reading of the Bill, and before it was absolutely necessary.

‘Reserving,’ he writes, ‘the right of making peers for that stage of the proceeding (after vital alterations in committee) if it should become necessary, we shall at least have proved our determination not to resort to it while any other chance remained; and the evidence of the necessity of that act would be so clear that it would carry with it its own justification: that would not be the case at present.’\*

There cannot, we think, be the least doubt that Lord Grey’s action in this respect was right not only from a constitutional but from a tactical point of view. This firmness of Lord Grey with the king, together with the moderation of his views in regard to this question of dissolution, caused the sovereign to give a pledge, after the failure of the Duke of Wellington to form an administration in May 1832, that he would consent to such a creation of peers as Grey should consider absolutely necessary. It is true, indeed, that the temper in which the House of Commons, then thoroughly representative of the feeling of the country, received the idea of a Tory cabinet showed that it was utterly impossible for a Government with the Duke of Wellington or any other Tory statesman at its head to resist, except for the shortest possible time, and even then in a state of combat with the majority of the House of Commons. But it is, nevertheless, doubtful whether even under such circumstances the attempt might not have been made, and a constitutional conflict have occurred, had not Grey been the leader of the Liberal party. It is unquestionable that he had inspired the king not only with a belief in the firmness of

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\* Correspondence of Earl Grey and William IV. vol. ii. p. 262.

his determination to secure the passing of the Reform Bill unimpaired, but in the moderation and constitutional character of his general political views. Had a statesman who combined in a less degree firmness, moderation, and tact been at the head of the Reform party, the historian might have had to record a struggle between the country and the House of Commons on one side, and the king and the majority of the House of Peers on the other. Grey had to act not only as the leader of a strong party, but also as a negotiator with the king, and with stubborn Tory peers. He saw that the welfare of the country demanded something more from him than merely to press on by the force behind him the great measure which the Liberal party had entrusted to him. He had to make a constitutional change without undue constitutional disturbance. There existed, as with absolute accuracy he described it in a letter to the king, 'a situation of affairs 'more delicate and more difficult than any that has occurred 'even in the eventful period of the last thirty years,'\* and he had to take the country, Parliament, and the king safely out of this delicate situation. It is from having, with rare firmness and singular discretion, with unruffled calmness and undiminished courage, carried through the great measure of reform, which ends one epoch in the history of this country, that Grey will always be honourably and gratefully remembered by posterity.

In the second period of his administration Grey, as we have said, appears in a different character from that in which we see him in his first; he is no longer the ruler of the storm, he is the mariner unwillingly traversing strange seas with a divided crew. When he met the reformed Parliament his great political object had been obtained, and he was averse to further administrative work; his most trusted colleague, Lord Althorp, though politically young, was also weary of public life. The House of Lords were hostile to him on account of his recent victory, while his party in the House of Commons was burning to carry fresh measures of change and improvement. His Government contained discordant elements; there was Lord Stanley, the most effective debater in the House of Commons, ready to help forward measures of social reform, but a thorough Tory in regard to political reform. Grey, too, had to deal with the fears of the king, who was a sufficiently high and dry Tory to regard, for

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\* Correspondence of Earl Grey and William IV. vol. ii. p. 48.

example, the press as 'dry rot,' and was always imagining that some revolutionary schemes were in the air, and that reformers were pretty much akin to revolutionists. He felt, too, that by his pliancy in regard to the Reform Bill he had earned the right to resist further constitutional changes. Looming in front there was too the everlasting Irish question, and the necessity of reforming abuses and preserving order in that country. Such was the position of Lord Grey when he met the reformed Parliament in January 1833. We have already in outline traced the events of the two sessions of 1833 and 1834, and have seen how they concluded with the retirement of Lord Grey in the latter year. It is perhaps wonderful that his Cabinet existed as long as it did, when we see its internal state depicted by Lord Holland to Sir Dennis le Marchant in the course of the first session :—

'As Grey says, if we were all of one mind our course would be plain enough. But with Stanley's views of the nature of Church property we are obliged to resort to fallacies to obtain his support to Liberal measures. The worst of it is, how is all this to end? Everything is in confusion. We dare not make public our measures, lest we should alter them afterwards; there is no certainty in our councils, and I fear there will be no public confidence in them.' \*

Cabinets are by no means the most united of bodies, and Lord Holland's short administrative experience may have induced him to dwell too much on ministerial differences of opinion. But as long as the one supreme object, viz. the passing of the Reform Bill, was unattained, individual opinions on other subjects were comparatively immaterial, and were subordinated to its accomplishment. But as soon as this Bill became law and the Cabinet were free to consider other important subjects, the advanced and the retrograde opinions contained in it naturally asserted themselves more strongly, and became more antagonistic.

In truth also the very fitness of Grey to carry his administration successfully through what is now called 'the Reform Bill period,' rendered him unfit to be head of the Government which was to control Parliament and govern the country during the succeeding period. A man was required more decidedly in sympathy with the spirit of political and social reform which was now so predominant, who would boldly and courageously take the lead in carrying out the measures which were now called for by what was essentially a new generation. Lord Grey, having completed what was

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\* Life of Lord Spencer, p. 472.

the work of his life, was, so to speak, a man not of the future, but of the past; he was therefore unfitted for the task which was before his Government. He was urged by Althorp to let Stanley undertake to pass a measure for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves. Indeed, he himself admitted that it was the overwhelming pressure of public opinion in favour of such legislation which obliged him to let his Government take up the subject. 'The Government,' he stated in his place in Parliament, 'whether that of the noble duke or of the ministers into whose hands it was now unworthily placed, must of necessity yield to it.'\* That Grey, who had years ago assisted in making the slave trade illegal, was theoretically in favour of such legislation, there can be no question, but he had no longer any enthusiasm for the work; he saw the difficulties more strongly than the justice and the necessity of the great measure which became law, and the fact that he now undertook somewhat unwillingly a task which twenty years before he would have welcomed shows that he had ceased to be fitted for the several undertakings which the existing generation required, and which recent legislation had made inevitable. It is obvious, therefore, that to Stanley and Althorp, much more than to the Prime Minister, the country is indebted for the Act for the emancipation of the slaves which, in the opinion of many, is the most memorable achievement of Grey's administration. It is to Brougham and Althorp again that we owe the Poor Law Bill, another measure of the first social importance, which passed through the House of Commons during Grey's administration, and through the House of Lords after his resignation.

'Grey himself,' says Mr. Walpole in his History, 'should be judged by the Reform Bill alone;' the other legislative achievements of his Government 'were the work of the ministry, they were not the special work of Grey.'† This statement appears to us to be too broad a proposition. Reform was not the special work of Grey, though he was essentially, as we have shown, throughout the struggle the pre-eminent leader and the negotiator with the king. Lord John Russell, Brougham, and Althorp are entitled to a full meed of honour from posterity for their share in this memorable work. Though, again, to Stanley, as we have shown, belongs the chief part in passing the Bill for the

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\* Hansard's 'Parliamentary Debates,' 3rd series, vol. xviii. p. 122.

† Vol. iii. p. 259.

emancipation of the slaves, it must not be considered that it did not confer permanent honour on Grey. He recognised the necessity for the measure, and his general influence and assistance were of vital importance to its success. It is one thing to hesitate to undertake a great task, it is another to oppose it by silent resistance. Grey hesitated, and then undertook the work; he might have easily put it off to a more convenient season.

Again, to Grey much credit must be ascribed not only for the part which his Government played in the creation of Belgium as an independent kingdom, but also because, while Palmerston was the chief worker and negotiator, his policy was thoroughly that of Grey. The lapse of years tends to show more clearly than ever the important part which Great Britain took in the solution of the Belgian question. The policy of this country was characterised throughout a difficult period by tact and firmness; there was neither hesitation nor empty boasting. The object of that policy was to establish Belgium as an independent country, after the union with the Dutch, created by the great powers in 1815, had collapsed in 1830. Whether in active concert with France, or in restraining the self-assertion of that nation, or in negotiations with the northern powers, the strength and weight of Great Britain were clearly apparent. Among Englishmen the reputation of the Grey Cabinet rests upon the domestic reforms which it effected, but it may be predicted that its most enduring monument will be—not the reform of the House of Commons, which more than one constitutional change has so vitally affected as in no small degree to throw into shade the reform of 1832, which we of the present generation cannot realise with vividness; nor the free population of the West Indian colonies, now losing their prosperity; but the flourishing kingdom of Belgium. The latter will remain a lasting memorial of the useful and influential action of Grey's administration throughout the dangerous and tedious phases of that troublesome question from the time when Wellington went out of office in November 1830 to the capitulation of Antwerp in December 1832. The general character of the policy of Great Britain was essentially one with which Grey would be in sympathy. Nor should it be forgotten that no statesman of his generation had from the beginning of his career more continually interested himself in the foreign policy of Great Britain. As a leading member of the Whig party at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, no



one more constantly spoke in Parliament on the subject; he had sat at the feet of Fox, and had himself been for a few months Foreign Minister in the Grenville administration. The creation of a free and independent nationality was a policy thoroughly in harmony with all his previous views; he had always disliked the autocratic northern powers, and he had very little sympathy with the French Government. It is unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that he would merely ratify the policy of Palmerston. There exists, however, direct evidence of Grey's personal interest in the nature and success of that policy. Thus in a letter of August 13, 1831, from Palmerston to Lord Grenville—then ambassador at Paris—occur these significant words: 'Grey writes to you. He is 'peremptory on this point,' that of the evacuation of Belgium by the French forces. Later the same statesman treats of the relations between himself and the Prime Minister. 'No two men, I believe, ever went on better together in office, and very few half as well. I never met with any-body with whom I found myself so constantly agreeing.'\* Giving all honour to Lord Palmerston for the large part which he played both in formulating the policy of Great Britain on the Belgian question, and in carrying it into execution, yet the wisdom and the success of that policy must always redound not a little to the credit of Lord Grey, since he was not a mere nominal head of a cabinet, not a mere mediator between rivals, like Lord Liverpool, consenting at one time to the foreign policy of Castlereagh, at another to the very different principles of Canning, but a statesman taking an important share in its formation, watching its development carefully, and, as we have seen, at a critical moment taking an active part in carrying it out.

The political career of Lord Grey at the end of the second period of his administration, though he lived eleven years longer, until July 17, 1845, was closed. We have now followed him, so far as its main and most striking events are concerned, from the beginning to the end of his public life. He was, it is evident, not a man of genius; he will never take rank with Fox, Pitt, or Canning, nor does anything like the personal interest attach to his life which belongs to these remarkable men. His popular fame rests chiefly on the great work of carrying the first Reform Bill into law, though, as we have shown, it is not just to leave out of consideration the many important actions of previous

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\* Life of Viscount Palmerston, vol. ii. p. 160.

years. Having passed much of his life in unavailing opposition to the policy of a Tory Government, he was in a sense the favourite of fortune at the end of his career, for circumstances caused him to be the man of the hour at a period the like of which has not occurred before, and has not arisen since. Thus by a convergence of events—fortunate for his fame—he has attained a very memorable place in the history of his country. Without the period of his administration he would have been remembered as a statesman liberal in his views, upright and candid, and courageous in all his political actions, but the not remarkable leader of a Whig opposition. The uprightness, candour, and courage, of which mention has just been made, were indeed essential characteristics of his nature; it was these which caused him to distrust Canning, who, in spite of all his remarkable qualities, was not trusted by many, and on the other hand to work well with Fox, Althorp, and Palmerston, who were above all things straightforward. But he would never have been remembered as a great constructive statesman but for the fortunate circumstances which gave him office at the particular period when he came into power. As a parliamentary speaker he held a very high place among the statesmen of his time. Sir N. Wraxall has borne witness to this in a terse general description of Grey. ‘His enunciation was clear, sonorous, and distinct; his language correct, nervous, and flowing, free from affectation or study.’ Of his general characteristics he thus speaks: He was ‘distant, grave, lofty, retired, and sometimes repulsive.’\* By the term ‘repulsive’ the writer appears to mean cold and haughty, thereby repelling the

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\* Wraxall's ‘Posthumous Memoirs,’ vol. ii. pp. 219 and 221. The following is Mr. Greville's summary of Lord Grey's character; a careful consideration of his life will, however, lead to the conclusion that Mr. Greville took too severe a view of so eminent a man, judging him rather from incidents in his private life than from his public services. The passage runs thus? ‘A more overrated man never lived, or one whose speaking was so far above his general abilities, or who owed so much to his oratorical plausibility. His tall, commanding, and dignified appearance, his flow of language, graceful action, well-rounded periods, and exhibition of classical taste, united with legal knowledge, render him the most finished orator of his day; but his conduct has shown him to be influenced by pride, still more by vanity, personal antipathies, caprice, indecision, and a thousand weaknesses generated by these passions and defects.’ (Greville Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 88.)

advances of men. But a man who has passed, as it were, out of his generation is apt to appear cold to younger men. Grey, indeed, holds a peculiar place as the sole link between two entirely different generations: the friend and the colleague of Fox, and the opponent in debate of Pitt, he was also the friend and the colleague of Palmerston and Russell. In itself this adds no weight to his character or his political importance, but it makes him a more striking historical figure. He personifies the change from the constitutional system under which the Cabinet existed very much by the favour of the sovereign, to that of our own day, when it rests on the support of the country, and not on the good pleasure of the sovereign. 'A century ago,' says Mr. Bagehot, 'the Crown had a real choice of ministers; . . . they were not only in name, as now, but in fact the queen's 'servants.' But less than a century ago Grenville left office a martyr, if we may use the expression, to his adherence to the modern usage which he strenuously upheld, and the principles of which he handed on to Grey. The latter, his most important and intimate colleague after the death of Fox, lived to see the doctrine for which Grenville and himself had suffered in 1807 triumph in 1832, and become an integral part of English constitutional usage. William IV. gave up one after the other his personal objections to the introduction and pressing on of the Reform Bill in face of Grey's adherence to the principles and main details of this measure. Again he saw William IV. consent, if necessary, to a creation of peers to enable the Bill to become law, a step the king heartily detested. If the constitutional theory on which George III. acted had been in force, the Reform Bill would have been lost for a time, and something like a revolution would have arisen. The dismissal of Lord Melbourne's administration at the end of 1834 (when Lord Althorp was called to the House of Peers), by the whim of the king alone, was indeed a last return to the old usage; it was the more marked in consequence of the previous constitutional action of the king; but the ineffectual attempt of Sir Robert Peel to carry on a government in face of a hostile majority of the House of Commons showed plainly that the old theory was gone for ever. It is because of the part which Grenville and Grey played in the period of transition that they have a peculiar interest for students of the Constitution of our country.

Grey has been charged with nepotism; he may indeed have sometimes shown a too kindly inclination to gratify the wishes

of those whom he knew well during a tenure of office which he always was wishful to end. But few statesmen had less opportunity for committing this offence than Grey, for long as was his political life the period of his administrative career was comparatively short. That he placed any unfit person in an office there is no evidence; that some relatives and friends obtained posts from him who were competent men was natural and unobjectionable. His brother was made Bishop of Hereford, and there seems to be no reason why he should not have received the appointment. In his life of Sir James Graham, Mr. Torrens has gone so far as to cite as instances of this fault the selection of Mr. Ponsonby as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons when Lord Grey succeeded to his father's peerage, and that of Lord Melbourne as Prime Minister after he retired from office. But Ponsonby was chosen with the approval of Lord Grenville and the other heads of the party, Lord Grenville himself only hesitating for a time as to whether Ponsonby or Lord Henry Petty would be the better selection. Again, it is clear that it was Brougham who proposed Lord Melbourne to the king as Grey's successor; indeed, Althorp having resigned, it is difficult to see who else could have been selected. The citation of such instances as these to support charges of nepotism shows with how little ground they can be made. To touch on this subject at all is almost outside the limits of this sketch, but the two instances relied on by Mr. Torrens are concerned so much with Lord Grey's public career, and with important historical events, that they are worthy of more notice than if they were cases of appointments to subordinate official posts.

Without being a scholar, Grey was a man of cultivated mind; and without being an enthusiastic agriculturist and sportsman like Althorp, he was strongly attracted by country life; he liked to shoot pheasants, and he gave lifelong attention to his woods and plantations at Howick. Posterity will continue to regard him with the respect which he gained from his contemporaries, which was evident as much when he was one of an unpopular opposition at the end of the last century as when he was looked to by the whole nation in 1832 as the statesman who was to guide the country through a most delicate and difficult national crisis.

**ART. II.—1. *The Railways of England.* By W. M. ACWORTH. With fifty-six Illustrations. London: 1889.**

**2. *The Severn Tunnel: its Construction and Difficulties, 1872–1887.* By THOMAS A. WALKER. London: 1888.**

**3. Report of a Lecture delivered by Lieut.-Colonel Findlay (Engineer and Railway Staff Volunteer Corps), A. Inst. C.E., General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway, at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, March 8, 1888. London: 1888.**

THE nineteenth century has witnessed the infancy and the vigorous growth of the most signal revolution in the relations of man to the planet which he inhabits of which we have any distinct record. There have been, indeed, earlier triumphs of the human intelligence of which it is difficult to appreciate the importance. Such, the Greek poets tell us, was the theft of fire from heaven; an impiety the repetition of which, by Benjamin Franklin, has been attended by a less mythical fame than sheds its halo round the name of Prometheus. Such were the earlier phases of pastoral industry, of agriculture, of the domestication of the dog, the ass, the camel, the horse, and the elephant. Such the gradual subjugation of the natural forces of wind and of water, and the regulation of the energy of gravitation. Such the origin of literature, in the successive stages of picture writing, of syllabic symbols, and of the alphabet. But the names of those great apostles of human progress who first learned and taught these arts are lost in the mists of antiquity. They are not recorded in the Valhalla of our deified ancestors.

But it has been quite otherwise as regards the application of that mighty power which was at first spoken of as that of steam, but which is now understood as the mechanical force of heat, and summarised in the axiom, ‘Heat is a mode of motion.’ We called the nineteenth century the witness of the infancy of the revolution now in progress, because its birth was some twenty years earlier, when James Watt first made those improvements which converted the steam engine from a scientific toy into a veritable implement of human service. It took more than forty years from the date of Watt’s five important patents to the time when the ‘Puffing Billy’ first ran alone. The year 1829, sixty years from the discoveries of Watt, was indicated in the ‘Edinburgh Review’

of October 1879 as the true date of the birth of the locomotive, that particular appliance of the great labour-saving revolution which appeals most forcibly to the imagination of the English public. Mr. Acworth's account of this event should be corrected by reference to our own description of it. Fox was not at that time in the service of Stephenson, but in that of Ericsson, the great Swedish engineer, whose death, at the ripe age of 86, we have to regret in the present spring. Fox was on the 'Novelty' when it shot by the 'Rocket,' and never, he was wont to say, could he forget the expression of the countenance of Robert Stephenson at the moment. A pendant to this picture is to be found in an article in 'Fraser's Magazine' in 1881, on the physical revolution of the nineteenth century, which describes the first trial of the locomotive south of the Trent:—

'It was with no slight anxiety that Mr. Stephenson trotted out the first of his steam-horses for what was then regarded as a colossal work to be entrusted to so young a man—the railway from London to Birmingham. Five or six miles of railway had then been laid, from a little north of Kilburn, in the direction of Watford. For the first time the shrill whistle of the locomotive was heard in Middlesex. Few were the spectators, for the trial was essentially a practical experiment, but the faces of wonder and dismay with which they beheld the advancing, the self-moving machine were not readily to be forgotten. As the engine gained her breath, and with the sharp, swift sigh, or rather snort, now so familiar to our ears, rapidly attained the speed of thirty miles an hour, the anxious lines on the face of the great engineer relaxed. By the time of the return to Kilburn, it was clear that the engines designed for the London and Birmingham traffic would answer the expectations of the engineer.'

If the rustics who witnessed that novel spectacle were struck dumb with wonder, not altogether free from terror, what was passing through the minds of the small knot of men on the foot-plate of the engine? In his early anxiety—an anxiety that he never wholly cast off, however tempered it became by a series of triumphs—Mr. Stephenson had hardly freedom of mind to direct a very penetrating glance towards the future. It took some years of experience of the unexampled development of the system founded by his father before Robert Stephenson expressed the memorable hope that he should live to see the time when no poor man could afford to walk. But there were those of the party to whom the responsibility was less, and the speed attained was unfamiliar. It would be difficult to express, without what might be regarded

as exaggeration, the effect produced on such minds by the rapid rush of the engine towards the North. 'What manner of revolution is impending,' was the irresistible but unexpressed question, 'now that man can be conveyed over the surface of the planet at a speed that mocks that of the racehorse?' Looking back to that hour from the present, it cannot be doubted that the change in the physical relation of man to the planet on which he dwells which has occurred in the interval is greater than any that can be distinctly measured in any known period of historic time.

It has not been the object of Mr. Acworth to write the history of this great revolution. 'The history of English railways,' he truly says, 'still remains to be written.' But he has given us lively and graphic sketches of many of the most striking features of the English railway system. 'Year by year,' he says, 'records are vanishing, and month by month the last survivors of the men who made the history of our early railways are dropping off.' The more valuable are those personal recollections which it is desirable to put on record as *mémoires pour servir* for the future historian of the early developement of the age of iron.

It is not quite clear why Mr. Acworth has taken the year 1843 as the epoch for comparison with the condition of things to-day. Eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, as remarked before, may be taken as the true birthdate of the railway system, the vital breath being then first fully drawn on the modification of the exhaust pipes of the Rocket, which allowed its true function to the steam blast. In 1836 was published the first volume of the Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers (a body incorporated on June 3, 1828), the minutes of proceedings of which have now reached the ninety-fifth volume, while the number of the corporate members on April 1, 1889, was 5,728. On the opening of the session of 1846 Sir John Rennie, the third president of the Institution, delivered an address, which occupies 113 closely printed pages of the minutes, and which forms the most able, far-reaching, and accurate report of the history and condition of engineering in England that, up to that time, had been in any way attempted. The starting point of mechanical progress, as fixed by Sir John Rennie, is in the time of Eusebius (1724).

There is, however, an excellent reason, although it has not been grasped by Mr. Acworth, for looking with serious attention on the condition, attained by the English railway system, which led to that extraordinary outbreak of specu-

lative energy known as the railway mania. Down to 1844 or 1845 engineers had been content to watch, rather than to force, the growth of the giant to which they had given life. From the earliest period of existence the railway system had shown an irresistible disposition to develop itself in its own way—in accordance, indeed, with mechanical law, but often in a very different direction from that contemplated by its founders. The transport of minerals was the first task accomplished by the locomotive; that of cotton and other merchandise was the object for which the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was made. But with the attainment of unprecedented speed, it became evident that the prime function of the locomotive would be the creation of a great passenger traffic. Nor did the early railway makers in the least anticipate the character which that traffic would assume. Providing, at the cost of about threepence per mile, carriage accommodation framed on the lines of the mail coaches, and by no means equal to that afforded by the then existing post-chaises, and conveying their customers at little more than twenty miles an hour, the railway directors conceived that to reduce the price in favour of the poorer travellers would be only to reduce their own profits. For this reason the third-class carriages, which were to replace the old road wagons, were made studiously uncomfortable. The descent of a passenger clothed in broadcloth into an open van was regarded as an outrage on respectability. In this, as in other instances, the managers looked at one side of the account alone. They did not count the cost of the more luxurious, as compared with the more uncomfortable, accommodation. They fought with great energy and perseverance against what has proved to be the most important source of railway profit—the extension of the third-class traffic. True, they became enlightened later on; but it was in spite of themselves. And it is by no means, therefore, to be argued from the present degree of welfare attained by the railway system, that what is best suited to the needs of the country, or to the pockets of the proprietors, has been foreseen and wisely wrought out by English railway directors and managers.

It is well to be clear upon this point, because ‘the language of almost unvarying panegyric’ which Mr. Acworth finds himself using requires a little regulation. As regards the practical service of the English railways—the speed, the regularity, the cost at which so enormous a traffic is conducted, the skill of the engineers, the systematic organisation



effected by the managers, the courage, patience, devotion, and other high qualities, physical and moral, of the army of more than 300,000 railway servants—panegyric must limp after desert. But it does not follow that now, any more than in their early discountenance of the third-class passenger, the directors of railways have shown that they have grasped the main and unequivocal elements of a true railway policy. It was not, let us admit, altogether to be expected that foresight should be accurate; but we have seen, and that more than once, that the actual lessons and experience have been but too much disregarded or misunderstood.

Thus we find that

‘as a rule, on the great through lines, in 1843, everything except passenger traffic was a very secondary affair (p. 27). The Great Western was earning 13,000*l.* a week from passengers, and only 3,000*l.* from goods. On the London and Birmingham the goods receipts were much the same, but the passengers returned some 15,000*l.* On the latter line, for the first five months of its existence, the passenger receipts were about 130,000*l.*, while the total goods earnings were 2,225*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* On the South-Western the proportion was six to one; on the Brighton more than seven to one; on the South-Eastern more than ten to one. Even on the Midland Counties and North Midland, where nowadays passengers are far less important than goods and minerals, five-eighths of the whole receipts came from the coaching traffic. Taking England as a whole, the goods traffic was only about a quarter of the total, instead of three-fifths, as it is to-day.’

Such was the result of providing a new channel for public traffic, and allowing the stream to take its natural course, in spite of certain artificial obstacles.

‘The highways were unoccupied. The turnpike tolls from Swindon to Christian Malford in Wilts, which had been let at 1,392*l.* in 1841, only produced 654*l.* in 1842. For the tolls on the road from Wakefield to Sheffield not a single tender was sent in, and the trustees were obliged to collect them themselves. The forty coaches which had run daily through Northampton were all dead within six months of the opening of the London and Birmingham. Almost every week came a notice that some famous line of coaches had ceased to run. Here is one under date October 15, 1842: “A few years since 94 coaches used to pass through St. Albans daily. On Saturday last the Leeds express, formerly called the ‘Sleepy Leeds,’ which has been on the road upwards of a hundred years, ceased running, it being no longer a profitable speculation; and it is said another out of the four remaining is likely soon to follow the example.” Six weeks later we read, “The mail from Worcester to Ludlow, after running for half a century, made its last journey on Tuesday, November 29, thus leaving the public without official conveyance for letters from Worcester to Tenbury.” In March 1842, a few weeks after the opening of the

Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, the "Glasgow Courier" reports, "The whole of the stage coaches from Glasgow and Edinburgh are now off the road, with the exception of the six o'clock morning coach, which is kept running in consequence of its carrying the "mail bags."

In May 1843 only eleven mail coaches daily left London for the country, out of eighty that ran a few years previously. The Brighton coaches were driven off the road by the opening of the railway in 1841. The Southampton 'Red Rover' ran its last journey in July 1843. At this time some 1,800 miles of railway had been opened, at a cost of nearly 60,000,000*l.*; about 300,000 passengers were carried every week, and the total weekly receipts were over 100,000*l.* At the present time the annual receipts are more than the capital outlay in 1843, and the number of passengers has increased more than fortyfold.

In 1843, then, the main foundations of the railway system had been laid; and at a cost of about 33,333*l.* per mile the lines were ready for an enormous amount of steadily increasing passenger traffic. Ten per cent. profits and more were confidently anticipated, and there were sound foundations for that confidence which led to the wild rush of 1845. Another fact has to be stated. It is one to which Mr. Acworth fails to refer, nor is his silence by any means peculiar to himself. No aggressive steps had then been taken by the railway companies. They had provided accommodation, but they had interfered with no existing route of traffic. It was the advantage that they offered to passengers that covered their metals with full passenger trains. They had stopped no road: they had not purchased a single mile of canal. In 1845 this sound policy was departed from. In that year three or four, and in 1846 as many as sixteen, canals were acquired and obstructed by various railway companies. For the principle of free traffic, of providing trains as the public filled them, and allowing coach, wagon, and canal boat to take such custom as adhered to the old routes, thus providing a sort of automatic filter admitting none but a lucrative traffic, was substituted the false energy of competition—competition not with the road alone, but between rival and parallel lines; and competition with the cheap and useful water carriage of goods that could not afford to pay for rapid transport, by systematic obstruction of those waterways to which England owes so much of her manufacturing and productive wealth. The country has never recovered from this fatal mistake. Inter-railway competition would

probably have been but a temporary mischief. But defiance of mechanical law, in forcing on the rail traffic that could far more cheaply be conveyed by water, has proved a millstone round the necks of the English railway proprietors from 1846 to the present day.

There is, however, some good reason for the anticipation that the railway system of England may again, as before, develop itself on those lines which its managers refuse at present to adopt, and that it will do so with the same good results that have attended the growth of the formerly despised third-class passenger traffic. The secret of railway prosperity lies in the wise development of the carrying capacity of the system. It is not for the first time that this remark has been made, in other words, in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review.' 'Never refuse traffic,' says Mr. Acworth, 'is the motto of every railway manager in the country, and there is not a line but carries passengers, and goods, and minerals of all classes.' As far as that is the case—for there are one or two very significant exceptions—there is not a line of which the carrying capacity is made the most of by way of earning profit on capital. 'No one needs to be told,' our author remarks, 'that the running of trains at varying rates of speed diminishes enormously the carrying capacity of a line' (p. 399). We only wish that this were so; if, indeed, to tell directors of this cardinal fact were found to produce any effect on their policy.

'It is evident,' said the 'Edinburgh Review' in April 1887, in a review of M. Jean's book, 'Railway Problems,' 'that the maximum capacity of a railway, be it more or less, can only be utilised on the condition that all the trains shall run at the same speed, and stop for equal intervals, at the same stations. When, as at the commencement of railway travelling, trains are few and far between, this consideration does not apply. But the moment there arises the question of turning on to a pair of rails as much traffic as they can carry, the uniformity of speed becomes of paramount importance.' 'The Metropolitan Railway can work trains every three minutes in either direction all day long, with no more difficulty than if the trains were so many horses fixed on a steam merry-go-round. A through line needs very careful management to carry one-third of that number.' \*

On the Taff Vale Railway the annual mineral traffic reaches the enormous amount of 8,000,000 tons.

'To get this amount of coal down into Cardiff implies a train of 6,000 miles long running down the hill, and another train with the

same length of empty trucks, to come up the hill again. . . . Compared to this huge mineral traffic the passenger traffic is a bagatelle, but still, absolutely speaking, it is by no means insignificant, and it is worked in what is certainly an efficient, and probably an economical, manner. Practically every train stops at every station.'

We repeat Mr. Acworth's figures on his own responsibility. In 1878 the largest traffic in the world was that of the Metropolitan Railway, over every mile of which rather more than 12,000,000 tons of loaded train, exclusive of the weight of engines and tenders, was carried in that year. The gross load, also exclusive of engines and tenders, carried over the Taff Vale Railway in the same year was 4,700,000 tons of train. In each case an enormous carrying capacity was utilised by similar means. Any goods or minerals that were carried on the Metropolitan line for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four had to run at the speed, and with the stoppages, of the passenger traffic. Any passengers or valuable goods that are carried on the Taff Vale line have to wait on the speed and stoppages of the mineral traffic. Hence the 15 and 18 per cent. dividends of the latter line—dividends that would have been far exceeded by the Metropolitan Railway but for the enormous capital cost (of 340,000*l.* a mile) over which the net revenue had to be distributed.

As traffic increases at the steady pace that prevails on most of the English railways, attempts have been made in quite the wrong direction to increase the carrying capacity of the lines. Double, treble, quadruple tracks are laid, passing places become numerous, and the diagram of trains attains a fearful complexity. To double the double track, giving four parallel lines of railway, is pretty nearly equivalent to doubling the capital. But to sort the traffic, and to make running speed homogeneous, would at once treble the capacity of a single pair of roads. And it looks to us as if the development of traffic still in progress will force the managers, in spite of their traditions, to take this natural and proper method of earning large dividends for railway proprietors.

'In 1863,' so Mr. Findlay stated in his recent lecture at Chatham, 'the 10 A.M. train from Euston was 312 feet in length, and weighed, including the engine, 123 tons. In 1887 its length had increased to 652 feet, and its weight to 268 tons. In the interval it had thrown off the following swarms: 9.30, Birmingham; 10.10, Liverpool and Manchester; 10.40, North Wales and Lakes; and 11, Central Wales, Aberdeen, and Inverness. This summer the 10 o'clock split into three: 10 o'clock, Edinburgh; 10.3, Glasgow, and 10.30, Perth; and

the heaviest of the three had come back in size and weight pretty nearly to the dimensions of 1863.' 'Last August the Great Northern started every morning for a week or two the following expresses, to pursue one another for 150 miles down the line: 10.5, 10.10, 10.25, 10.32, 10.40. On the return journey last September, the 6.15 P.M., and another Manchester express, ran into King's Cross, followed by the 6.30 Edinburgh and Glasgow, 6.50 Leeds, and 7 P.M. Perth expresses' (p. 216).

Of course, it is not fair to take the increase of passengers starting at so convenient an hour as 10 A.M. as normal for the day. But to find the traffic of a morning train to the North multiplied by seven in twenty-five years is highly significant. The process resembles those of organic nature. First the trains grow, carriage by carriage, a process involving the construction of locomotives of greater weight and power, accompanied by increase in speed. Then the fission of the trains follows, as if automatically. Then the fragments attain the dimensions of the original parent. In the interval mentioned the net earnings per mile have increased by about 22 per cent.; the capital cost per mile by about 27 per cent. And yet the cream of the traffic—the long passenger journeys—while advancing as above indicated, has not been so managed in the true interest of the shareholders as to maintain an adequate rate of dividend.

What these facts point to, if the future is to be continuous with the past, seems to us, in brief, to be this. The long trunk lines are, or are becoming, double throughout; that is to say, there is a fourfold road, with an enormous extent of siding accommodation at the chief stations. Passenger trains, running from forty-five to sixty miles an hour, bid fair soon to occupy one pair of tracks, to the exclusion of every other kind of traffic. Even so, the question of accommodating the long and the short passenger traffic on the same road is one of increasing complexity. The second pair of tracks, by a sort of natural process of selection, will be more and more occupied by such merchandise traffic as will pay for a speed of some thirty miles an hour, and may perhaps take station-to-station passengers. And the heavy mineral and other low-priced traffic, now running at or under fifteen miles an hour, will be squeezed off to its proper channel—the canals. If this change can be at once prudently and skilfully effected, we hold that a lucrative future may be in store for the railway proprietor.

If we compare the leading features of the English railways with those of foreign lines, we shall be struck with the mani-

fest inadequacy of the reward now enjoyed by the owners of the former. The accommodation offered to the first-class passenger, in the way of room in the carriage, is fifty-seven cubic feet each in England, against thirty-six cubic feet in France, or nearly 60 per cent. more for the former than for the latter. The first-class fare from London to Edinburgh is a fraction less per mile than that from Paris to Marseilles. The fastest trains accomplish the former journey at the speed of fifty miles an hour. On the French lines the most rapid trains run at a little under thirty-seven miles an hour. The British trains take first, second, and third class passengers. The French trains take first-class alone. It is unnecessary here to go further into a comparison of which the main features are so salient. To those of our readers who wish to pursue the subject, we recommend the study of Mr. Acworth's volume, and notably of the tables given on pages 29, 265, and 360.

'The Railways of England' illustrates more forcibly than any work that we have previously seen the essential difference in both the gross and the net earning capacity of those different classes of traffic, which are now confused on the great trunk lines, to the grave loss of the shareholders. The heavy loads of passengers which we have seen to be despatched in such rapid succession from the London termini between 10 and 10.40 A.M. are collected, distributed, and despatched without cost to the companies. Each passenger takes his own conveyance to the station, walks to the booking office to take his ticket, walks to the departure platform, and seats himself in the train. The only labour, except a minute proportion of the time of the booking-office keeper and of the guards or station inspector, that it is required of the company to provide for each unit of this self-loading and remunerative kind of traffic, is portorage for that comparatively small portion of the passengers (taking long and short traffic together) who bring with them more luggage than they carry in their own hands. A single truck will carry the luggage of six or eight of such passengers to the van. The same conditions exist for the emptying of the trains, and of the stations at which they successively arrive. The only items which swell the cost of the passenger traffic, in counterpoise to this great economy, are the greater cost of the carriages; the larger amount of tare, or dead weight, compared with their load, of this branch of the work of the carrying company; and, in most cases, the greater speed at which the passenger trains are timed to travel. The first of

these is an almost inappreciable item per train, or per unit of traffic. The second (in the year 1879, for which we have the details carefully worked out) was 50 per cent. more for passenger than for goods traffic. For the third, the running charges of a train timed at fifty miles per hour are about 10 per cent. higher than for a train of equal weight running at thirty miles per hour. These general rules are subject to some variation according to particular circumstances. Thus the great proportionate increase in the proportion of third-class passengers has decreased the proportionate dead weight of the passenger traffic. But the introduction of numerous stopping places increases the running cost, and that in a higher proportion than the difference between the time taken from terminus to terminus, and that consumed in the actual motion of the trains. Yet, take it how we will, a ton of passengers does not cost twice as much to convey for a given distance as a ton of goods, while its gross earning is about sixteen times as much.

This is for running charges alone, dividing the station expenses equally per ton of train transported. But this is a most inadequate mode of distributing the expense. Without at all entering into the question of the respective cost of the various kinds of traffic, Mr. Acworth gives much information bearing directly on the subject. The Metropolitan Railway, essentially a passenger line, may be said to have reduced the cost of passenger stations to a minimum as compared with the traffic which they accommodate. A platform of the length of the train, on either side of the line, with proper roof and access, is the outlay for the stations on this line, costing from 14,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* for a length of one hundred yards. For the great trunk lines there must be shelter for carriages not in actual use; but the necessary cost of passenger stations may be said to be determinable by the length of the trains made up, and thus to bear a definite, and very small, proportion to the earnings of the passenger traffic. The contrast with the requirements of the goods traffic is very striking:—

‘Edgehill is called a goods yard. It contains, however, fifty-seven and a half miles of line, and has cost somewhere about two millions sterling. After gradual progress towards perfection for fourteen years, it has now in the last few months reached the point that the whole of the goods traffic arrives and departs absolutely independent of the ordinary passenger lines into Lime Street Station.’

Nor does this enormous area, with the accompanying cost, provide for the whole goods traffic of this single terminal

station of this single line of railway. 'At Liverpool the North-Western has six goods stations, two of them reached by tunnels each a mile and a quarter in length, constructed for their use alone. The Lancashire and Yorkshire has another half-dozen, while the three railways that own the Cheshire lines—the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Sheffield—have as many more.' At Manchester the London Road station consists of two stories. To reach the platform level from the street, passengers have to mount a sharp incline. On entering this station not a single goods wagon can be seen. But beneath, and thus out of sight, is one of the busiest goods depôts in the world.

'It would be a very slack day on which London Road did not deal with nearer two thousand than one thousand tons of merchandise of one sort or another. Let us descend the steps at the side of the station, and see for ourselves how it is managed. It is eight o'clock in the evening, the clerks and the shopmen have mostly gone home to their suburban dwellings, and the passenger station has already begun to look half asleep. Downstairs, however, the rush of the outward traffic is at its full height. The goods depôt consists of a series of wide arches running crosswise, supporting the platforms and the rails above. Through each arch there runs in the centre a platform or "bank," as railway men call it, with on the one side a line of rails, on the other side a road.

'When we arrive the roads are filled from end to end with rows of loaded lorries, and the railway lines with rows of empty trucks. At intervals of two or three trucks' length along the bank stand hydraulic cranes, each crane with a weigh-bridge beneath. We pause opposite a lorry loaded with some forty large packing-cases *en route* for China. In an instant clamps are affixed to the topmost case; the crane, if one may pursue the metaphor, elongates its neck, then turns its head to one side, and gently sets down its burden on the weigh-bridge. In far less time than it takes to tell the tale the weight is recorded, the crane has again caught up the case in its iron bill, and with another turn of the head deposited it finally in the railway truck. And so the work goes on, four cases a minute swinging across from lorry to truck, only stopping to register their weight as they pass. In ten minutes the lorry is empty, the truck full—the horse draws on with the empty lorry; but what of the truck? The company has neither engine nor horse in sight. Before we have time to ponder a rope is hooked on to the truck and turned round a neighbouring capstan. The shunter presses his foot on a block and releases the hydraulic machinery; the capstan spins round and the truck is drawn forward. At the end of the arch (or "run," to use the technical term) it is stopped on a turntable, and a rope from a second capstan being attached, it is turned round, and then with a fresh impetus sent flying forward again till it runs on to a huge lift. Again its course is checked for a few seconds, till the lift—this too worked by hydraulic power—has had time to rise to station.



level, when by a fresh series of capstans the truck is dragged off and dismissed to join the train that is marshalling in an adjacent siding. In this way eighty or ninety trucks are loaded and got rid of in an hour. By ten o'clock the lorries are emptied and gone. London Road can now doze off till two or three o'clock, when the goods from every quarter of Great Britain will pour in to keep the place alive, till at eight or nine o'clock the passenger traffic gets into full swing again' (p. 106).

'Manchester is a large town, of course, and for perfection of mechanical appliances for dealing with goods London Road can hold its own with any station; but for variety of traffic it is nowhere in comparison with Broad Street. Broad Street is the largest goods station in the largest city in the world, and it belongs to the largest corporation in the world. At the first glance Broad Street looks much the same as London Road, except that it is on a larger scale throughout. As at Manchester the goods station consists of a series of "runs" carried through the arches under the passenger station, and therefore at right angles to the passenger platform. But there is a difference characteristic of the difference of the trade of the two places. Speaking broadly, Manchester only consigns goods directly to the outports, to London, and to the towns in its own neighbourhood; and these are a finite quantity. London, on the other hand, trades directly with every town in the kingdom. The subdivision is therefore too great for it to be possible for the vans to draw up as at Manchester, each opposite the row of trucks for which its goods are destined. Accordingly the goods are delivered on to the bank at one side of the station, and thence wheeled away on barrows to the train by which they are to be forwarded. Each run contains two trains, one on each side of the bank, instead of a train and a cart road, as is the case at Manchester. And here comes in one of the problems with which the railway manager perpetually has to contend. "The more often you handle your "goods, the heavier will be your working expenses," is a cardinal maxim of railway policy. On the other hand, goods for Leeds and Liverpool must evidently be loaded and got away early, long before goods for Oxford or Rugby need be despatched, otherwise they will be too late for the first delivery next morning.'

'The public not being so obliging as to send in its Liverpool stuff at seven, and keep back the "short norths," as they are termed, till nine, the unfortunate inspector is continually between two fires; if he leaves his Oxford goods lying where the van deposits them till he wants to load them into their train, he blocks the bank, and the men cannot do their work; if he attempts to load for every place at once, instead of employing 300 men for four hours, he needs 400 men for three hours; and this, as he is well aware, means extra expense. At the end of each run is painted up the name of the train that is loaded in it, and each truck as it is finished is despatched to the upper air by the same method that has already been described as in use in Manchester. It may interest those who are concerned with the conditions and prospects of East-end labour to know that some years back the North-Western employed a considerable number of casual hands, taken on at so much

an hour; but the temptation to the men to prolong their work over as many hours as possible was too strong for them, and, as the arrangement conduced neither to efficiency nor to economy, it has now been abandoned, and all the men in Broad Street are the regular servants of the company.'

It is impossible to extract, and difficult to abridge, the long and interesting account given by Mr. Acworth of the goods traffic of this great company. Qualities of a high order must be possessed by those who have organised and who carry out so vast a system of internal transport. Every possible complication seems to crop up—variety of objects to carry, special difficulty attending on the transport of each, extraordinary variation in the amount of work required, not only from hour to hour, but also from season to season. Five large vans were pointed out as containing each five enormous rolls of paper, being a two days' supply for one of the London morning papers. Almost all the newspapers get their paper either from Lancashire or from the North of Ireland, *via* Broad Street, and a fortnight's consumption is stored up in the warehouses of the railway companies to provide against any accident at the mills. These enormous rolls of paper require great delicacy in handling. Unless the paper runs free and true from the roll the printing press is liable to derangement. At one time complaints were numerous. The rolls were lifted by clamps, which bent the paper. Then a rod was passed through each roll to lift by, but this had the same defect. Practice has at length made the porters perfect in slinging each roll by a broad soft rope, and complaints on this subject have ceased.

Much of the London traffic is of a very valuable nature. Truck loads of tea and of silk are insured at from 50*l.* to 100*l.* per package. The dead meat trade from Liverpool alone amounts to tens of thousands of tons in the year. Fish, butter, milk, are carried at express speed. Drapery goods, in crates and boxes, come in by hundreds upon hundreds. 'Between Lady Day and Easter the traffic comes in with a rush, and when Easter falls early the rush is almost overpowering.'

Mr. Findlay stated in his lecture delivered at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, on March 8, 1888, that the London and North-Western Company employs 2,700 men, and 640 more in the collection and delivering of goods in London, and that their agents, Messrs. Pickford, employed for them about an equal number. The difference between the charge for goods that are carried from station to station

only by the company, and fetched from the stations by the consignees, and that for cartage and delivery by the company, in addition to the transport by rail, is 8s. 6d. per ton ; and Mr. Acworth says that this difference does not do more than represent the actual additional expense incurred by the company in the latter case.

It is thus evident that the two great items of terminal cost, viz. station accommodation and handling labour, are many times as much for the mere receipt and delivery of a ton of goods as for those of a ton of passengers. But that is not all. A further charge has to be incurred before the goods trucks can leave the station. They have to be sorted—that is to say, to be allotted to their proper trains, and then to be marshalled—that is to say, arranged for their proper places in the train, so that those which have to travel the least distance may be placed at the back of the train, and cast off as required without further trouble. It is for this purpose that such enormous goods yards are required. The subject has long engaged the intelligent attention of the officers of the great companies. ‘Gridirons,’ or sets of parallel lines, each long enough to hold a train, and as many in number as to correspond with the number of trains to be despatched, have been long in use. Full information on this subject is given in vol. xli. of the Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers, part iii., for session 1874–5, comprised in a valuable paper by Mr. Findlay, on the working of railways ; one by Mr. Cudworth, on sorting railway trains by gravitation, and one by Mr. J. T. Harrison, on railway statistics, together with the debate on the same. This volume also contains a plate reproduced, without acknowledgement, by Mr. Acworth, p. 122, and plans of the arrangements for sorting wagons at Shildon, Newport, Toton, Chaddesden, and Gateshead. Mr. Acworth’s railway trips have provided him with the materials for lively and amusing magazine articles, here reproduced. But it would have been more just both to his readers and to himself to have indicated distinctly the existing sources of the solid and accurate information of which he gives only a shadowy abstract. The demand made on the locomotive powers of the trunk lines, under the name of ‘shunting,’ for sorting and marshalling the trains on their ‘gridirons’ is very serious. \* The arrangement of goods wagons on the North-Western for the year 1887 implied the employment of the whole time of nearly 400 engines, which collectively performed about two million hours’ work at a total cost of precisely 497,487l.’

The total cost of locomotive power for the last year for this company is about 1,270,000*l.*, including both passenger and goods transport, so that the sorting and marshalling of the goods wagons costs more than 38 per cent. of the whole above-stated expenditure. The returns of the company, unfortunately, do not distinguish between passenger and goods expenditure. But if we divide the locomotive expenditure (after deducting the cost of shunting) in proportion to the mileage of the trains, it results that the traction of goods costs more than twice as much as that of passengers, although the mileage of the passenger trains is upwards of 5 per cent. more than that of the goods and mineral trains. This is cost out of pocket alone, and does not include the much larger amount of capital outlay made to provide for the goods traffic than for the passenger traffic, both in stock and in station accommodation. In 1874 the goods sidings at Shildon covered seven acres, for only 200 trucks per day; a second set at the same station covered sixteen acres; a set at Newport, between the towns of Stockton and Middlesbrough, required thirteen acres. In one portion of the Gateshead goods yard there are thirty-six parallel lines of railway. At Crewe, Mr. Findlay stated in 1875, eighty acres of land were in course of preparation for an entirely new station, containing gridirons to be worked by gravitation. In 1888 the area covered by sidings and shunting lines at Crewe was two hundred acres, with thirty-four miles of running line, and siding room for 6,500 wagons, an eighth part of the number owned by the company.

Again, as to the cost of carriages. It is true that a passenger vehicle is a far more costly carriage than a goods van. But its superior earning power is such as to make this difference a matter of little importance. In 1878 each coaching vehicle on the London and North-Western Railway earned for the company 729*l.*; each wagon earned only 122*l.* There were 5,195 of the former, and 44,481 of the latter, which in consequence required eight times as much station and siding accommodation as the passenger vehicles. In 1875 each of the passenger engines on this line earned 9,555*l.*; each of the goods engines earned 2,772*l.* The former ran each 37,000 miles in the year; the latter only 10,000 miles. There is not a very large difference in the earning per train mile of each engine, but the passenger engines run three and a half miles for every mile run by a goods engine.

It is thus shown to demonstration that, while a large amount of gross and of net revenue may be regularly

obtained per train mile for each class of traffic under the present mixed system of transport, the proportionate net revenue on capital may be quite another thing. From the facts before us it is tolerably clear that, if our great trunk lines were decomposed into the two sections of passenger and of goods lines, that mere difference of arrangement would enormously increase their earning capacity. The passenger lines, when unencumbered with incongruous traffic, would require little further outlay than that required for the proportionate increase of plant, and perhaps in length of platforms, in order to treble or quadruple their earnings, and to increase the dividends proportionately, as time went on. An action of the same kind taking place on the goods lines would in its turn eliminate the slow and unremunerative traffic, and thus enormously increase the capacity for a high class of goods transport, which, although never rivalling the passenger traffic in net earning power, would no longer serve to dilute or drag down the dividends as at present. It would of course be idle to expect—as we are not Germans—that we should in the first instance look these facts in the face, master them, and direct our efforts accordingly. But there is some room for hope that something of the kind may be effected by the mere automatic development of the traffic itself.

The enormous cost incurred for goods stations has been, as Mr. Acworth shows, in no small degree due to the necessity of sorting and marshalling the trains. ‘It may seem strange that a commercial undertaking should be ready to spend two millions sterling in order to facilitate the arrangement of a lot of goods wagons.’ The special characteristic of Edgehill station is that the sorting and marshalling of the trucks is done entirely by gravitation. The account of the means employed for this purpose would be hardly intelligible to our readers without reproduction of the plans of the yards, which were published in the Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1875. But we fully agree that, now that the experiment is a pronounced success, it is only right that the credit of it should be given ‘to the engineer who not only devised the scheme, but carried it out with his own men, without the intervention of a contractor, and subsequently organised the shunting staff, and superintended their working till the whole thing had passed beyond the experimental stage.’ The engineer in question is Mr. Footner; and, reflecting on the serious proportion of casualties that have for so long a time attended the operations

of shunters, his name should not be forgotten. 'In the old days at Edgehill fatal accidents were frequent. Since the new system has been adopted, though over half a million wagons pass through the sidings in a twelvemonth, only one shunter has been seriously injured.' The organiser of such a reform deserves something correspondent in the non-military service of his country to the distinction of the Victoria Cross.

The rapidity of the goods despatch on the English railways contrasts very strikingly with continental practice.

'According to the French law, goods delivered to the railway company in Paris on Monday can, as a rule, be claimed by the consignee, say in Calais (184 miles), the following Friday; goods carried at the highest rates, and live animals, one day sooner. If even this celerity is not satisfactory to the public, they may send their goods or their cattle by passenger train; but for this they will have to pay three times as much as the highest goods rate. If, on the one hand, it is said that the companies do not usually occupy the whole of the time legally allowed, on the other it is alleged that they deliberately make it unnecessarily long, in order to force as large a proportion of the traffic as possible to pay the exorbitant *grande vitesse* tariff. In Belgium and Holland the conditions are similar to those in France; in Germany the time allowed by goods trains is much the same, but the charge by passenger train is only double, except by express, and then it is four times the ordinary traffic.'

Mr. Findlay states\* that goods received at London on the 1st of a month would, according to the French system, be delivered at Northampton on the 4th, at Birmingham on the 5th, at Liverpool or Manchester on the 6th, at Dublin on the 8th, and at Glasgow on the 9th of that month.

M. Picard, in his valuable work '*Les Chemins de Fer Français*,' states the *grande vitesse* at from 55 to 60 kilomètres per hour (34 to 37 miles), and the *petite vitesse* at from 125 to 200 kilomètres (77½ to 124 miles) per 24 hours. The tariff at the low speed averages about nine-tenths of a penny per ton per mile in France, against 1½d. in England, and 0·62d. in the United States. The rearrangement of the English freights is now engaging the full attention of both companies and freighters.

'For English merchants,' says Mr. Acworth, 'to complain that our goods rates are higher than those on the Continent, is much as if a gentleman were to expect to keep a barouche and a pair of horses for

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\* Min. Proceedings Inst. C.E., vol. xli. p. 16,

one pound a week, because his neighbour found that sum ample to pay for his basket pony-trap.'

'Celerity in goods traffic seems to have been a special feature of English railway management from the very first. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the whole English goods traffic is nowadays organised on this basis, that the railway receives the goods from the consignor the last thing at night, and hands them over to the consignee the first thing next morning. A Manchester warehouseman, for example, goes on 'Change in the middle of the day, and sells grey shirtings for the China market. When the day's business is over, at six o'clock or thereabouts, his own, or his agent's, carrier delivers the goods to the station; or it may be that the company calls and fetches them. By seven o'clock the cotton is at the station. By eight o'clock it has been loaded on to the railway trucks. It starts at once on its journey, and reaching London, which is five miles further from Manchester than Paris is from Calais, between five and six next morning, is unloaded with the same celerity, and the dray is at the ship's side in the docks before the London agent has reached his office to open the letters giving notice of the consignment. Or, to reverse the process, the Bradford woollen manufacturer attends the London wool sales, buys Cape or Australian wool, and then goes home to bed. At 7.15 next morning the wool reaches Bradford, and after breakfast he can set his hands to work to unpack the bales.

'It might be thought that speed such as this was fast enough for anything; but that is not the case by any means. The warehouseman does not want his goods till eight or nine o'clock, but the Smithfield market is open to receive meat at 1 A.M., while Billingsgate is ready for its fish at 5. Accordingly, fast as the ordinary goods traffic is carried, the market traffic, as it is called, goes much faster yet. Danish butter which left Newcastle at 4 P.M., fish which was not despatched from Hull till 7, are uploaded alongside at Broad Street at 2.15 the following morning. Two hours later Broad Street sees a yet more remarkable train—to the best of the present writer's belief the most remarkable goods train in the world—the "Scotch fish and meat." This train leaves Carlisle at 8.51 P.M., two minutes after the "Limited," and half an hour in front of the "Special Mail," and this position between two fast expresses is maintained hour after hour all the way to Willesden, till finally it reaches Broad Street five minutes before the mails reach Euston; and, by the time the postman's rap is heard at our doors, the butchers' carts from Smithfield, and the fishmongers' carts from Billingsgate, have distributed its load half over the metropolis. Needless to say, a train like this consists entirely of vehicles fitted with spring buffers, screw couplings, and continuous brake pipes, and is telegraphed in advance from point to point exactly as is the case with an ordinary passenger express.'

In October 1888 the 8.41 P.M. train from Carlisle reached Euston at 3.50 A.M., running the 299½ miles in 7 hours 9 minutes, which is at the rate of 41.8 miles per hour from terminus to terminus. Over the 158 miles from Crewe, with

only four stoppages, this train runs at a little over 44 miles per hour. The London markets, therefore, are supplied, by the service of the London and North-Western Railway, by means of a train, laden with provisions, which maintains a speed greater by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour than the fastest express passenger train in France—the ‘Lightning’ train from Paris to Marseilles. This express, moreover, is limited to first-class passengers, whom it transports at the fare of 2·95*d.* per mile. The maintenance of the speed costs the English company about 6 per cent. more than if the train ran at the normal speed of 30 miles an hour.

In presence of the contention that has become so acute between the English railway companies and their freighters, it is only fair to call attention to the great national service by which, at a considerable cost to themselves which it would be easy for them to avoid, the directors of this great line supply the daily need of the millions of metropolitan consumers.

‘There lies open before me,’ says Mr. Acworth (p. 238), ‘a sheet giving all the rates in force for the 160 odd miles between Grimsby and London. They vary between a fraction over a penny per ton per mile for salt herrings in barrel, and a fraction under  $3\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per ton per mile for fresh soles and salmon; on the average they amount to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* It is estimated that the average charge for merchandise in Great Britain is somewhere between  $1\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* and  $1\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per ton per mile, and yet the draper seldom asserts that any very large amount of the cost of, say, flannel or calico is caused by the carriage from the Lancashire and Yorkshire mills. But let us look at it from the retail consumer’s point of view. What does it cost to send a small quantity the whole distance? The charge for a hundredweight of salmon or soles is exactly 2*s.* 4*d.*, or, roughly speaking, the price of one pound. Put another way the charge is precisely one farthing per pound. If sent by goods train, these rates include cartage and delivery; but if the consignor sends by passenger train (as in fact he almost always does), there is an additional charge for delivery. How large this charge is may be judged by one instance. Live cod in vans (and live fish, it is worth noting, means fish that has been killed after entering port) costs 70*s.* per van, each holding two tons, or 1*s.* 9*d.* per cwt.; for delivery there is an extra charge of  $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per cwt. If we add that these are all what are known as owner’s risk rates, and that if the company binds itself, for example, to pay for the fish that in consequence of a fog or a snowstorm has lost its market, one fourth more is added, so that the carriage of the salmon costs not  $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.*, but as much as  $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per lb., we have reckoned up in full the whole black list of the extortions of the railways.’

Perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of the carriage of turbot than of salmon from Grimsby. The main supply



of salmon that is brought by the Northern lines comes from Scotland. 'Mr. Grierson's exhaustive treatise on railway rates shows that the highest rate charged for the carriage of fish in Great Britain is under  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  per lb., and that is for salmon by express train over the 750 miles between Wick and London.' It has been calculated that prime fish is delivered at Billingsgate market at the price of  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb., of which  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  is the cost of railway transport and delivery,  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  goes to the capitalist who provides boats, boxes, &c., and  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  is the payment to the fisherman. But on the slabs of the retail fishmonger the price of this same fish ranges from 1s. to 3s., or more, per lb. The difference certainly covers a large profit for the retail fishmonger. It is that kind, or rather proportion, of profit which it has been lately attempted to secure, on an enormous scale, by what are called corners, or rings; one of which, for raising the price of copper, has just come to such signal grief, while the future of another, which deals in salt, is at present somewhat overclouded. There are public writers, not incompetent to give an opinion, who maintain that such artificial means of raising prices must always be disastrous in the long run to the promoters. If that be the case, the state of the fish market proves that there is a considerable difference between the stability of an old and long-established trade, that has long had the sole supply of the retail market, and that of a new syndicate, vend, or ring. The wonder is that in these days of co-operative supply there have not been found men of ability and enterprise who would be contented with the profit of 25 per cent. which they might secure by selling prime fish at something between  $\frac{2}{3}d.$  and  $\frac{3}{4}d.$  per lb. to the retail consumers.

The northern lines are not alone in the service of the fish supply of London. 'Between 60,000 and 80,000 tons of fish are landed every year at Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and five-sixths of this amount passes over the Great Eastern, nearly half of it to London.' Herrings are the main items that swell the fish traffic from Yarmouth. They are reckoned in lasts, each last containing 1,100 dozen, or 13,200 fish. Cornwall is the seat of the mackerel fishery, but the larger specimens of this fish are mostly Irish, sent to London *via* Milford. Milford is 285 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, Penzance 326 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles, from London.

'A Cornish mackerel weighs, say, on the average, 1 lb., and costs the London retail purchaser, at an ordinary fishmonger's shop, 6d. Sixpence per lb. equals 56s. per cwt., or 56*l.* per ton. The railway

rate is 70*s.* per ton, plus an extra 5*s.* per ton for cartage in London, if performed by the company. But as in every 10 lbs. for which the company charges, 3 lbs. weight of boxes is included, it would, perhaps, be fairer to say that the railway rate for the fish is about 5*l.* 10*s.* per ton. As the boxes or "pads" are returned from London carriage-free, there does not seem to be any other opening for charge on the part of the company. There remains, therefore, over 50*l.* per ton to be divided between the fishermen and smackowner on the one hand; the fish buyer, the fish salesman, the bummeree (if he condescends to touch so plebeian fish at all), and all the other host of forestallers and regraters in the middle; and the retail fishmongers on the other. In what exact proportion the sum is shared it is not easy for the outside public to learn. The prevailing impression that the fisherman does not receive too large a share is no doubt correct. If it be true, as the fish traders say, that the cost of carriage alone often amounts to more than the sum that is paid to him, we are thus confronted with the fact that the middleman and the retailer receive between them about 44*l.* per ton, or 700 per cent. on the original cost of the article. The subject is eminently one on which more light is required. At present the railway charges, which are fixed and published, are the only element of certainty in the whole calculation. Perhaps it would be as well if the fish trade also would lay their books open to public inspection. Meanwhile there is one point which is quite clear. Supposing the railways to carry the fish gratis, and the fishermen to succeed in obtaining the whole of the present cost of carriage, they would receive 1*d.* instead of  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per lb. as at present. Putting it the other way round, and assuming the fishermen to be left as at present, and the distributors to remain content with their share of 41*l.* per ton, the thrifty housewife might look forward to the gratifying prospect of being able in future to purchase a sixpenny mackerel for fivepence-halfpenny.' (P. 271.)

Whatever objections may be raised to the claim of the railway managers to put upon each kind of traffic 'what it will bear,' it cannot be said that in the case of this important article of food supply they have at all strained their powers of charging. For the carriage of fish there can be no competition between railways and any other mode of transport. As between railway and railway there is little room for dispute. The essential requisite for the fisherman is rapidity of transport; and for such a speed as forty miles per hour—or more than the double of that at which the companies can be expected to carry goods—there can be little doubt that the catchers, if not the sellers, of fish would be willing to pay handsomely. In the old coaching days it was almost impossible to get a seat in the mail from Norwich to London about Christmas time, because the places of passengers were occupied by turkeys; the carriage of the

turkeys paid best. On the same principle it might be argued that a charge of at least as much, weight for weight, as that for passengers should be made for the perishable commodity of fish, when carried at passenger speed, and in trains more costly to load, to marshal, and to discharge, than equal weights of passenger trains. But the freight actually charged for fish averages little more than one-seventh of that charged for an equal weight of passengers. If any persons have room for complaint as to this, it cannot be either the producer or the consumer, the hardy fisherman or the good housekeeper.

The case is much the same with regard to kitchen vegetables, to bulbs, and to flowers. The Penzance market gardener, we are told, receives about 72*l.* per acre as the gross return of his land. At Covent Garden Market the retail cost of the produce will not be less than 2*d.* per lb. for new potatoes, or 3*d.* per lb. for broccoli. To send these vegetables to this central and unfailing market costs now one-fifth of a penny per lb.! Even to send them as far as Edinburgh costs but one-third of a penny per lb. Again, as to flowers—

‘The Scilly narcissus trade deserves a word of notice. A year or two ago it was non-existent. In 1887 the total consignments, up to the middle of April, were about 60 tons, or 30 tons weight of actual flowers. The profits of the islanders, which were very large, were invested, not in the savings bank, but in the purchase of more bulbs. Last year, up to the middle of April, upwards of 120 tons net had already passed through Penzance; just double the amount for the same period in 1887. The flowers are gathered and packed in time to be despatched by the steamers calling Monday and Thursday morning. Leaving Penzance at 5 p.m. the same afternoon, by the mail train, they are in London at 4 a.m. next morning, and at Covent Garden an hour later. One day last March the mail took 12 tons in four large broad-gauge parcel vans, piled right up to the roof with neat little boxes. The carriage of this one consignment from Scilly to Covent Garden amounted to upwards of 100*l.*, of which the steamer took 30*l.*, the cost of transfer at Penzance was 9*l.*, and the Great Western got the balance. A satisfactory profit, doubtless; but if we reckon that the contents of each box fetched from 1*l.* to 3*l.* in the flower shops, and that 250 boxes go to the ton, we shall see that there was a fair margin left for the subsistence both of the flower farmer and the London florist.’ (P. 272.)

We have here a remarkable instance of what may be justly called the creative power of steam locomotion by sea and by land. In this case it was not, indeed, the creation of the business of the market gardener in the abstract, but the transference of a strictly suburban industry to the shores of

a lonely group of rocky islands. This is an unexpected example of the effect of steam power in the reduction of distance, as measured by time and cost—a reduction which is effecting changes by no means anticipated, or, perhaps, yet fully understood, in the displacement of labour. Great as is the effect of the railway system in this respect, it is small as compared with that in course of operation by steam navigation, which seems almost to annihilate distance. The flower culture of the Scilly Islands is but an instance of a revolution which is in progress from Lancashire to Bengal—a revolution which is raising the value and the wage rate of distant and once inaccessible localities at the cost of those nearer to the teeming centres of industry. How far this levelling will be up, how far down, has yet to be seen. At present the increased facility of access has raised the agricultural and productive value of poor and distant lands. It has been accompanied in not a few cases by a fall in the value of land at home; but it is possible that the loss in agricultural value may be hereafter counterbalanced by an increase in residential utility.

These, however, are what may almost be called the automatic results of steam transport. The term 'creation' more properly applies to those offsprings of human genius which have been cradled in the nursery of the steam engine. Of these, one group, and that comprising the greatest novelties, may be said to bear much the same relation to the mechanical effects produced by the agency of heat that the senses do to the muscular energy. It deals with a transmission of thought, bearing a due relation in its speed to the velocity attained by travel. The electric telegraph, without which the safe conduct of an enormous and rapid transport could never have attained its present condition, was the child of the railway system. Its origination was this: When the London and Birmingham Railway was extended for about two miles from its original terminus at Camden Town to Drummond Street, hard by Euston Square, the levels of the main metropolitan roads that it was necessary to cross imposed two inclines, respectively of 1 in 66 and 1 in 75, on the constructors of the extension line. Mr. Robert Stephenson did not consider that he was justified in attempting to climb this hill by the locomotive, anticipating that the trains to be drawn might be heavier than experience had up to that time tested. He therefore fixed a winding engine at Camden Town, and laid ropes over pulleys down the centres of the tracks to Euston, in order to pull up the trains by a direct

action, of which he was able to calculate the elements. It then became a question how the station master at Euston, to whom it would belong to start every train, could give a signal to the engine man at Camden Town to start the steam engine for that purpose. A series of experiments was made, under Mr. Stephenson's direction, for this object, on the transmission of sounds through wires, in which Mr. Wheatstone was engaged. In one of the earliest of these experiments a wire was led from the sounding board of a piano into a room at some distance, where it was connected with a fiddle placed at right angles on the wire. It was found that when the piano was played the fiddle emitted the music, but slightly modulated in tone. It was in the course of pursuing this discovery that the motive power of the electric current was tried, against the mechanical transmission of vibration, and the superior results thus attained diverted attention from a course of study which otherwise would have probably antedated the discovery of the telephone by nearly half a century. Thus, first the electric telegraph, and subsequently the telephone, were the children of the railway, which in its turn owes so much to their ministry. Two millions of money have been expended in providing for the signalling arrangements of the London and North-Western Railway; 600 men are engaged in that service; 1,400 signal cabins work 14,000 signals and 30,000 levers. The steel rods for the latter would reach from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and the wires would stretch from Liverpool to New York.\*

In another way the great developement of the postal service is due to the railway system, although rather as an example of evolution than of creation. With the great reduction of running friction, which was the first aim of George Stephenson, was associated a possibility of speed, which the utilisation of the steam blast enabled the Northumbrian engineer to carry into effect. To resist the shocks to which vehicles travelling at twenty miles an hour were exposed, the strength, and at the same time the capacity, of engines and carriages were progressively increased. We have before us a very interesting sheet, on which Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne (now a limited company), have traced twenty-two forms of locomotive constructed at their works, from the little 'Locomotion' put on the Stockton and Darlington Railway in 1825, to the 'No. 2650' constructed for the London and South-Western Railway, and exhibited

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\* Mr. Findlay's Lecture at the S. M. E., p. 18,

at the Royal Jubilee Exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1887. This magnificent engine is supported on eight wheels, two pairs of which are coupled driving wheels of 6 ft. 6 in. diameter. It has outside cylinders, thus avoiding the use of a cranked axle. It weighs in working trim  $46\frac{1}{2}$  tons, the water in the boiler being 730 gallons. The tender which accompanies it weighs 35 tons in working order, containing 2,800 gallons of water. The engine is designed by Mr. W. Adams. Mr. Stirling's express engine for the Great Northern Railway is of about the same weight. It has a pair of 8-foot driving wheels, with two pairs of leading and one pair of trailing wheels, of 4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. diameter, and will take from sixteen to twenty coaches up the hill for the first ten miles from London at forty miles an hour, running the remaining distance to Grantham, without a stop, at nearly sixty miles in the hour. Either of these engines, taken with its tender, weighs more than twice as much as the passenger trains, which, when they first began to run between London and Birmingham, attained what was then thought the considerable weight of 40 tons. The 'Rocket,' which won the prize offered by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company in 1829, is the fourth of this interesting series. It weighed  $4\frac{1}{4}$  tons, and its water supply was carried in a large barrel, in a truck attached to the locomotive. In 1835 the four-wheeled engines built by Mr. Bury for the London and Birmingham Railway weighed  $9\frac{3}{4}$  tons. In the previous year a six-wheeled engine, in which the type of this kind of locomotive was first distinctly attained—the 'Patentee'—was put on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Forty years later the passenger engines on the London and North-Western Railway weighed 29 tons, being able to draw a train of 293 tons at forty-five miles an hour; and for the special and peculiar service of the Metropolitan Railway Mr. Fowler constructed his powerful 42-ton engines in that same year.

With this steady and irresistible growth in the tractive power of the locomotive, the cost of transport proper became reduced, without any corresponding reduction in the cost of handling the goods conveyed. An appreciation of this fact was the *idée mère* of the penny post. To send an ounce packet from one street of London to another was found to cost nearly as much as to send it to Edinburgh by the new system. Collection and delivery would be alike in both cases. On this principle a uniform rate within the limits of the United

Kingdom was at once seen to be possible. And the enormous increase of correspondence stimulated by the penny rate converted the postal service into a lucrative source of revenue. Literature has been the chief sufferer; for the art of letter writing, as it existed early in the century, is now a thing of the past. We think and speak in telegrams; and already a new alphabet—the Morse system—has started into an existence, the forms of which bear no relation of descent to the dragon's teeth of Cadmus.

Without some means of telegraphy as rapid and accurate as that which we owe to the skill and genius of Wheatstone, it would be impossible to make the best of the capacity of the railway system for transport. Even in the simplest case, that where like trains continually follow one another at definite intervals, the block system is necessary for safety; and the block system is telegraphically worked. Where the traffic is mixed, the need of telegraphic communication is even more pressing. In her Majesty's journeys between Windsor and Balmoral, exceptional precautions are taken to secure the safety of the royal train. 'The goods working in the sidings adjoining the main lines is suspended, and the points locked; trains in the opposite direction are stopped; level crossings are closed and guarded, and the whole line patrolled by an army of platelayers.' To effect this 'the telegraph arrangements imply that on the North-Western line alone some three hundred and fifty telegrams shall be sent.' The telegraph system, girdling the earth, and sending its speechless messages beneath the sea, has far outgrown its parent, the railway system. But even independently of its own special and wide-reaching province, it still is indispensable as the minister and interpreter of the locomotive engineer.

Of the services rendered by the railway to the post office Mr. Acworth has given a lively illustration. He took a trip in a postal train on the London and North-Western Railway, apparently for the purpose of describing his experience. The train consisted of nine 42-foot vehicles, with a total length of fully one hundred and twenty yards. With the exception of a parcel van for Manchester, and a brake van at each end, the train was composed of post-office vehicles, through which ran a continuous passage. In front were two parcel vans, one for Edinburgh and one for Aberdeen. In the rear was a third, for Glasgow. In these, during the journey, the servants of the post office sort into large hampers the parcels that have been roughly grouped into districts at

the London receiving offices. About three thousand parcels had to be sorted into one hundred hampers and packages. Between Euston and Crewe the train only stops at Rugby and at Tamworth, so that if the parcels to be left at Rugby were ready by the time the train reached Blisworth the sorters would take twenty minutes of rest.

'The labour of the letter sorter, on the other hand, was like that of the Danaides, as the letters poured in and out all the way in a never-ending stream. In the middle of the train were three letter vans. In the centre one was worked the apparatus which took in and put out the letters. On either side was a sorting van, the one going through to Aberdeen, the other to Glasgow. Hardly had we got clear of London when at Harrow we received our first consignment of letters. As we approached the station the official in charge of the apparatus drew back a sliding panel on the left side of the carriage. Then with a lever (not unlike a signal lever) placed lengthways of the train, he thrusts out at right angles an arm with a net attached that had hitherto been lying folded against the side. The motion of the lever sets an electric gong ringing furiously, and warns all concerned that it is not safe to attempt to pass across the opening till the letters have been received. Crash! a shower of sparks flies from the iron arm; the train seems for a second to reel from the shock. Bang! and a great leather bundle, or pouch as it is technically termed, falls with a dull thud upon the floor. Formerly the pouch remained in the net, and had to be pulled in, no easy task if, as is sometimes the case, four or five are taken in at one station. Latterly, by a recent improvement in the apparatus (which, after nearly forty years' progress towards perfection, now seems to leave little further to be desired), the net catches the pouch obliquely, and then the force of the collision causes them to rebound off it straight into the carriage. The present writer was standing and watching the operation within a few feet of the opening. "You had better," said the official, "move a little further off; it was only a week or two back that a pouch flew up and broke the lamp glass just over your head."

This rapid method of collection, however, is not unattended with its disadvantages. Although the pouches are made of the toughest leather, bound round with straps nearly as stout as the traces of a carriage, scarce a night passes in which three or four of them are not crippled, the iron snapped short off, or the buckles torn out of the stitching. The Coventry watchmakers send their goods in registered letters. So many watches were damaged by the shocks above described that the Post Office have laid down the rule that no packet marked 'fragile' shall be sent in mails that are picked up by the travelling offices.

As soon as the pouches are taken into the van they are opened, the bags extracted and unsealed, and the contents



made over to the letter sorters. The operations of facing, stamping, and sorting into pigeon-holes are then carried on much in the same manner as at the General Post Office. As each pigeon-hole, labelled with the name of the place for which its contents are directed, is filled, the letters are tied in a bundle and transferred to the appropriate mail bag, forty or fifty of which hang on a row of pegs behind the sorters' backs. A separate clerk deals with the registered letters.

Special knowledge of the working of the train is required for the travelling sorters. Thus in coming from Rugby to Stafford letters are picked up by the net for stations to the south of Rugby. Dublin and Belfast letters are collected, although the Irish mail is running on the same rails seven or eight miles in advance of the Scotch mail; letters for Norwich and Bristol also occur. But the Irish mail stops at Stafford, and receives the Irish and North Wales letters that have been sorted on their way down, and the southward-going letters are called for by the up London mail. There is hardly a place north of the Thames that is not served by this single train.

The increase both in the magnitude of the trains and of the speed at which they are conveyed has been so extraordinary that it is natural to ask how far the present performances of the most rapid express trains are within the limits of possibility. Mr. Brunel, who added to the advantage of being the son of one of the first engineers of the day that of the education of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, brought to the practice which he so early attained a scientific audacity that was without parallel. Nothing could be more opposed than the methods of scientific investigation pursued by the Stephensons and the Brunels. In their noble rivalry they raced side by side, and the world is the better both for their successes and their failures. Mr. Brunel, on theoretic grounds, contemplated the attainment of a speed of one hundred miles an hour. George Stephenson, anticipating the power of travelling at one-fifth of that speed, was the first projector of lines which are now the fastest in the world.

The question "How fast can a locomotive run?" has been a good deal discussed recently in the engineering papers. The conclusion appears to be that there is no authentic record of any speed above eighty miles an hour. That speed was obtained many years ago by a Bristol and Exeter tank engine with 9-foot driving wheels—a long extinct species—down a steep bank. But it has, apparently, never been beaten. It is, indeed, not a little strange how sharply the line appears to

have been drawn at eighty miles an hour. Records of seventy-five miles an hour are as plenty as blackberries. Records of eighty are exceedingly rare. Records of any greater speed have a way of crumbling beneath the lightest touch.

The main limit to speed of travel is the resistance of the atmosphere, which is three times as much at sixty miles an hour as it is at one-fourth of that velocity. Hence it has been considered, even by practical men, that a heavy train, running very slowly, must be more remunerative than a light train, running very fast. And in point of fact the power that would draw a train of 211 tons at fifteen miles an hour would draw only  $70\frac{1}{2}$  tons at sixty miles an hour. But this increase of cost depends mainly on the increased quantity of fuel necessary to raise the steam. It only applies, therefore, to a comparatively small proportion of the cost of railway working. Had it been otherwise, the actual passenger speeds now prevalent in the United Kingdom would be unknown. Nearly two thirds of the total working cost incurred by the railway companies is unaffected by the speed of the trains. Other charges are inversely as speed; that is to say, are less per ton or per train, the less time the train takes in its journey. Thus, while fuel costs three times as much for a speed of sixty as for one of fifteen miles an hour, wages cost only one-fourth as much at the more rapid as at the lower speed; and the total cost is in consequence not so directly dependent on speed as might have been anticipated. Again, the carrying power increases with the speed, but decreases, and that very rapidly, with the difference in the speeds maintained by trains running over the same road. Somewhere about thirty miles an hour is, under the present conditions regarding both capital cost and annual expenditure, the most economical speed on the English railways as a rule. But now that we have taught the public that we can carry them at from fifty to sixty miles an hour, we cannot anticipate that the ordinary passenger speed will be allowed to fall off. At the same time it must be remembered that extraordinary speed, however instructive any successful effort to attain it may prove, is not so much the true object of the engineer as is the maintenance of such a steady rate of travel, applying with but little variation to the entire traffic, as will allow of the fullest developement of the carrying capacity of the railway. On lines organised for none but a rapid service the net return on capital from a traffic carried at from fifty to sixty miles per hour would be so much larger than any which could possibly

be gained from a heterogeneous traffic, that nothing but the want of distinct accounts can leave any room for hesitation on the subject.

The prodigious increase in railway traffic has very materially outstripped the annual increase of the population of Great Britain. During the last ten years it has been three times as rapid. There has not been such regularity in the rate of the increase as to allow of any reliable forecast as to its future progress, but take it how we will, the phenomenon is one of an unexampled character. In the decade 1866-1876 the number of passengers conveyed on the railways of the United Kingdom very nearly doubled. This is four times the rate of the increase of the population of London. Since 1843 the number of passengers has increased nearly fifty-fold. In 1887 the number of passengers conveyed, exclusive of ticket-holders, was 733,678,531, yielding a gross revenue of upwards of 30,500,000*l.* sterling.

To carry this enormous traffic, and to provide for an increase which, if the present indications of a revival of national prosperity are not delusive, is likely to be more rapid in the future than it has been in the past, the capacity of our great lines is fully adequate, if the necessity of maintaining a uniform speed be recognised. The only additions requisite would be for station room—an item of small cost for passenger traffic, as compared with that required for goods traffic. The Metropolitan Railway carried in 1887 more than 40,000 passengers per mile per week. The London and North-Western Railway carried last year a little over 600 passengers per mile per week. Seven hundred trains per day now run in and out of the Waterloo Station, and on the occasion of the Jubilee Review in July 1887 783 trains were there accommodated. The station now contains nineteen passenger platforms; and some of the trains consist of as many as eighteen or twenty coaches. These salient facts are enough to show what a mine of wealth lies open to the English railway shareholders if their directors and managers will only return to the sound and remunerative policy that produced so steady an increase of percentage on capital down to the year 1844. That policy simply consisted in providing road and transport for such traffic as sought the railway (without making any efforts of an aggressive nature to drive traffic either from the highways or from the waterways), and in refusing to carry heavy and low-priced articles of transport at freights which no less an authority than Mr. Robert Stephenson declared to be a robbery of the shareholders.

We regret not to have space to give an adequate account of an important subject to which Mr. Acworth refers in his chapter on the Great Western Railway. This is the Severn Tunnel, a great work in the execution of which facts have been ascertained which are likely to modify materially our practice as to subaqueous tunnelling, and which are enough to extinguish any smouldering hopes of the practicability of a passage beneath the Channel. We commend to our readers the simple, lucid, and unaffected account given by Mr. Thomas A. Walker, the contractor, of the construction of this gallery of 7,664 yards long beneath the Severn, in the neighbourhood of Aust. The novel facts to which we refer are those which show that water exerts a crushing power of a force hitherto unsuspected upon brickwork. The crushing weight given by Mr. Box ('Practical Treatise on the Strength of Materials') for brickwork in cement, ranges from 521 to 1,000 lbs. per square inch. For firebrick it is as high as 1,718 lbs. per square inch. It has thus been taken for granted that, if the difficulty of driving and lining a tunnel under water were once overcome, the work would be permanent, as the maximum pressure at any moderate depth would be only a fraction of that which a brick arch could bear. The Severn Tunnel is built of firebrick in cement. It runs through a spring, or subterranean watercourse, the spirited struggle with which should be read in the graphic words of Mr. Walker. But when all was done—the tunnel at length complete, and the contractor on his voyage to South America—'the bricks in the tunnel began to break, 'pieces flying off them with reports like pistol shots, and the 'water shooting through the broken bricks quite across the 'tunnel.' And this incipient destruction occurred under a water pressure of  $57\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. on the square inch; only a fraction of that indicated as safe by the tables. The consequence was that the company had to sink a large shaft at the side of the tunnel, 29 feet in internal diameter, in which are fixed six large pumps with six 70-inch Cornish beam engines; besides two 65-inch engines, with two new pumps, in a second; and two 41-inch beam engines, with 29-inch pumps, in a third shaft, Sir John Hawkshaw having 'determined 'that it was necessary to provide pumping plant to pump 'the whole of the water from the spring, and not to subject 'the brickwork of the tunnel to the enormous pressure it 'would have to sustain to exclude the water.' The bottom of the tunnel at the spot is only 130 feet below the high-water level of the Severn; giving a maximum calculated

pressure of about four atmospheres, and an actual gauged pressure, as before said, of  $57\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. on the square inch. The pumping power provided is enough to raise sixty-six millions of gallons of water per diem; and at the date of Colonel Rich's report on the tunnel, November 22, 1886, the maximum amount had been thirty, and the minimum twenty-three, millions of gallons per day. That huge expense has to be constantly maintained in order to prevent the collapse of the tunnel. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that silence was maintained as to so serious a misfortune up to the date of the publication of Mr. Walker's book. Since the line was first run for the railway from London to Birmingham, we are not aware that any disaster so unexpected, so unexplained, and so serious in its menace, has occurred on any public work. And the silence which has been continued since the state of affairs was made known by Mr. Walker is by no means calculated to lessen either the perplexity or the disquiet which is excited by this new hydrostatic paradox.

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ART. III.—*Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola*. By Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. Translated by LINDA VILLARI. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. London: 1889.

SAVONAROLA, the great Dominican preacher who for five years held in the hollow of his hand the destinies of Florence, is one of the most mysterious of mediæval figures, and his career is a striking episode in the brilliant history of the Italian Republic. It is peculiarly difficult to draw the portrait of men of such a type, and this for several reasons. No one in his lifetime appeals so strongly to the passions and prejudices of his day as a religious reformer; no one is more blindly worshipped or unscrupulously assailed. And especially is this true of Savonarola. To one section of his contemporaries he appeared as an impudent charlatan, a hard-mouthed agitator, a rebel against sacred authority; to another party he bears the palm and wears the spotless robe and halo-circled crown of the martyred saint. His enemies strangled and burned him opposite the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence; his friends treasured his relics for their wonder-working virtues. Nor in the case of Savonarola have the contradictions of party violence even now ceased to vibrate. Theologians have attacked or defended him as the harbinger

of the Protestant Reformation or the glory of the Dominican Order; lovers of art have praised his intuitive perception of the highest principles of ideal beauty or denounced him as a Vandal and an ignorant iconoclast; his life has been written by politicians who extol him as the champion of civic freedom or denounce him as the meddling ecclesiastic who left the sphere of religion to interfere in the province of politics.

Thirty-three years ago Dean Milman published in the pages of the 'Quarterly Review' an article which said the final word on the career and character of Savonarola, as they were then known to historians. Since that date an abundance of new material has been collected. The incessant labours of Bayonne, Capponi, Gherardi, Cappelli, the members of various historical societies in Italy, and above all of Professor Pasquale Villari, have thrown fresh light upon the subject; the evidence has been sifted by the critical genius of Ranke; the popular conception of the man has been formed for English readers by Mrs. Oliphant's fascinating study on the Convent of San Marco, or by the 'Romola' or 'Agnes of Sorrento' of George Eliot or Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

One result of the discussions which have centred round the name of Savonarola has been to narrow the disputed issues. No one would now claim him as the harbinger of the Protestant Reformation, the successor of Wycliffe, or the precursor of Luther. He is a reformer, but it is of practice, conduct, discipline, not of precept, thought, or doctrine. Though he raised the standard of rebellion against an individual Pope, he never swerved a hairsbreadth from his allegiance to the Roman Church. Nor would anyone now class Savonarola with the Mahomedan fanatic who consigned to the flames the library of Alexandria because all knowledge worthy of the name was contained in the Koran. He is not the ignorant bigot whom Roscoe, in his blind adulation of Lorenzo the Magnificent, has painted. Himself a poet, and the friend of the first painters and engravers of the day, he was neither deaf to the charm of poetry nor blind to the beauty of art, and it is impossible to charge the man who purchased for Florence the Medicean Library with indifference to literature. He recognised in culture a valuable agent of social improvement, though his æsthetic principles were those of the cloister, and it was not from ignorance but upon religious grounds that he opposed the exclusive classicism of the Renaissance.

These are questions which we may fairly consider to be finally determined. But Savonarola's latest and best biographer has raised fresh issues. Professor Villari paints his hero as the victim of political intrigues, which his enemies cunningly disguised as a religious dispute, and he represents him as the Columbus of modern ideas, the prophet of the new civilisation, the precursor of Galileo, Bacon, and Descartes. Our own conclusions upon these two points are widely different. In the first place it seems to us that Savonarola was monastic in his ideal of moral reform as well as in his tone of religious thought, and that, though he was driven by the pressure of circumstances to look to the future for the cure of present evils, it was the preponderance in his character of the mediæval elements which led to his violent death. In the second place, without attempting the hopeless task of defending Alexander VI., it seems to us that the Pope pursued the only possible course, and that the tragic conclusion of Savonarola's noble career was inevitable from the fatal moment when he supported his political programme by appealing to the revelations of the Divine will, of which he claimed to be the mouthpiece.

Savonarola was born at Ferrara in 1452. He was strangled and burned at Florence in 1498. His career between these dates falls into four periods: (1) his life in the world from 1452 to 1475; (2) his probation in the Dominican convent of Bologna from 1475 to 1482; (3) his career as a preacher at Ferrara, in the provinces, and at Florence from 1482 to 1493; (4) his domination over Florence as a moral reformer, a prophet, and political leader from 1493 to 1498.

The colour was given to the whole of Savonarola's life by the condition of Italy in 1452. Italy was then the centre of European civilisation, the fifth element of the world; but she was already on the fatal slope which led to her ruin. Italian society heaved and swelled in a sea of anarchy and discord, of foreign wars and civil commotions. The tide of intellectual life flowed strongly, but that of spiritual life was ebbing fast. It was a period of religious torpor and relaxed morality. The Papal schism and the removal of the Papal see to Avignon had fatally weakened the power which, with all its faults, was yet a witness on behalf of justice, law, and order. The attention of the Papacy was diverted from moral discipline to state intrigue. Religion everywhere turned her eyes downwards, not in pity for humanity, still less in humility, but in search of mundane pleasures and earthly ambitions. The title of 'His Holiness' passed into a

byword of reproach when Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. successively wore the papal tiara. The purity of the spouse of Christ was sullied; the chastity of the cloister was defiled. The successor of St. Peter was not a feeder but a devourer of Christ's lambs, a shearer, not a shepherd, of the flock, a fisher—but for money, not for men. In Florence the Archbishop lent himself to assassination and gave the signal for murder by the elevation of the Host. The concubinage, simony, avarice, and venality which disgraced the Papal court pervaded all classes of the clergy. Here and there, in cloister cell or peasant hut, men and women prayed as of old with faithful hearts; but elsewhere belief was a pretence and the service of God a show of words. The altar was a place of traffic. Money purchased the Papacy for a Borgia, or heaven for a murderer.

The authority of religion was shaken to its foundations by the immoralities of the priesthood, whose example brought spiritual death upon Italy. It was still further weakened by the revival of learning, which swept the world before it like a pent-up torrent bursting its bounds. The downfall of the Eastern Empire in 1453 gave a fresh impulse, strengthened by the activity of the universities and by the invention of printing, to the study of pagan art and pagan literature. Freedom of inquiry and of criticism was fostered by a movement which in its adoration of Nature revolted from the discredited dogmas of Christianity. Scholars studied the Greeks for themselves and not their monastic interpreters. The Scriptures and the Fathers were thrown aside for Ovid or Petronius; Plato supplanted Aristotle; the barbarous Latinity of the 'Gemma Gemmarum' was abandoned for the polished sentences of Cicero; the authority of Thomas Aquinas was disregarded by men who corrected his style and read languages which he knew only in translations. Some churchmen swam with the stream, like Pius II., who landed at Ferrara among the statues of pagan divinities erected in his honour, or like Cardinal Bembo, who urged his friends not to read the Epistles of St. Paul lest the elegance of their style should be corrupted. Others defended the scholastic phraseology as if it were itself the ark of truth, and contended for the solecisms of Christianity more zealously than they fought for its creeds. And while classic culture wrested the intellectual sceptre from the impotent hands of an apostate Church, it also contributed to the vices of the time. It was not the masterpieces of classic literature nor the glories of classic



civilisation that were seized upon with most avidity, but the vice, the cynicism, the indifference, the license, the prudence of the pagan world. This fruit of classic studies is seen in Poggio's '*Liber Facietiarum*' or Beccatelli's '*Hermaphroditus*.' Thus not only did pagan mythology dethrone the Christian cosmogony, but pagan morals banished Christian ethics. The stern virtues of the classic world were ignored; the gratification of the senses and the cultivation of taste were the prime objects which were pursued by the pagan voluptuaries of the Italian Renaissance.

Thus, then, in 1452 those who should have been the censors of vice were its leaders. 'Through the example,' says Macchiavelli, 'of the Papal Court, Italy has lost all piety and religion. We have to thank the Church and the priests for our abandoned wickedness.' Unprincipled men are prone to shift blame to the shoulders of others. But that evil was encouraged by the corruptions of the Papacy is undeniable. Violence, cruelty, treachery were the instruments of government; murder was a trade, poisoning an art; human life was as cheap as the Pope's oath. The gap between rich and poor widened day by day, and no sympathy between the classes bridged the chasm. Every vice with which we are familiar, and others which we dare not name, were practised, and practised openly and without a blush. Christ and his saints seemed to be asleep, and justice and mercy had fled the land, while beneath the glittering robe of classic culture Italy vainly strove to conceal the hideous deformities of her social life.

This was the world upon which Girolamo Savonarola, the third son of Niccolò and Elena Savonarola, opened his eyes on September 21, 1452, at Ferrara. In the grass-grown streets of the modern town the traveller can scarcely realise the splendid capital of the House of Este which was then in the zenith of its magnificence under Duke Borso 'the Just.' Giovanni Michele Savonarola, the grandfather of Girolamo, was a famous physician, whose treatises were textbooks of medical science in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His father Niccolò was a spendthrift courtier and hanger-on of the House of Este. His mother was a woman of high birth and noble character, to whom her son was always devotedly attached. Girolamo was designed for the medical profession; but the death of his grandfather interrupted his professional education. He attended the University of Ferrara, where he was seized with the contagion of classic enthusiasm, and became a diligent scholar, working, as his biographer Bur-

lamacchi tells us, night and day, a student of Plato, versed in the abstruse questions which engrossed the rival schools of Realists and Nominalists, a master of Aristotle, and, like John Wesley, a lover of Thomas Aquinas. But besides the study of philosophy, music, drawing, and poetry, he regarded the world around him with eyes that grew daily more indignant. Desiring to look upon the beauty of holiness, he discerned only the hideousness of sin. Day by day he became more deeply penetrated with disgust for the evils by which he was surrounded, more dissatisfied with the study of dead trifles or pedantic toys. To his ears, tortured by the cry of human misery and sin, the subtle dialectics of the schools sounded as the chatter of empty erudition. He grew up a sad and silent youth, wandering alone by the green banks of the Po, nurtured like Dante in that loneliness of soul which is the parent of great thoughts and noble actions, already haunted by ghostly apparitions, brooding over the mass of wickedness and wrong that festered and putrefied around him, silently feeding within his breast the fire of indignation by which he was consumed. He was taken to the ducal Court; but the grim palace of the House of Este only impressed upon his mind the harsh contrasts of mediæval life, with its combination of sensuality and ferocity; from the upper windows streamed the sound of music and of revelry, while the dungeons below echoed with the groans of tortured prisoners. Neither pageants nor learning satisfied his mind. The world lay dying of the plague of its own vices; yet men busied themselves with profitless studies or wanton pleasures. Abandoned to thoughtless enjoyment or useless learning, they heeded nothing of judgement or of mercy. Yesterday the streets ran with wine, to-day with blood; riots trod on the heels of revels, massacres succeeded to carnivals, and still the people feasted and danced, and still the pedants babbled of dead grammatical subtleties.

For a moment the hard-featured stripling forgot the misery of the world in love for a daughter of the exiled house of Strozzi. His rejection increased his gloom. His misgivings grew darker, his disgust deeper. It was his daily prayer, 'Lord! teach me the way in which my soul should walk.' And as the line recurred to his mind with torturing iteration,

'Ileu ! fuge crudeles terras, fuge litus avarum,'

the thought gathered strength that he would flee from the stifling atmosphere of sin which pressed so hot and thick around him, that he would escape within the walls of a cloister

from the cruelty and greed of the world. In a letter written from the convent he tells his father the history of the struggle through which he was now passing.

'Reflecting,' he says, 'that it was God who called me, and that He did not scorn to make me, a poor worm, one of His servants, I could not dare to refuse to hearken to the voice so sweet and holy that said to me, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden."'

The Divine love had sought him, filled him with the *tristesse apostolique*, and created within him a longing for a life of ideal purity. Yet he did not dare to tell his parents of his plan. Had he laid open his heart, so he tells his father, it must have burst. He wrote an essay on 'Contempt of the World,' and left it on the window-sill to explain his conduct. He sat by his mother's side on the evening of April 23, 1475, and played upon the lute airs of such heartbroken melancholy that, with the intuition of love, she turned upon him with meaning glance and said 'My son! that is a 'sign of parting;' and Girolamo dared not raise his eyes to her face or speak, but continued playing upon the lute with trembling fingers.

The 24th of April, 1475, was St. George's Day. All Savonarola's family had gone to attend the festival. But in Savonarola's mood, he had little fancy for the gorgeous procession of the consecrated Host; he loathed the rude roar of delight that rose from the mob at the drolleries of punchinellos, tumblers, and harlequins. His only thought was to escape from the motley crowd of sleek citizens, *condottieri*, peasants, ballad singers, musicians, beggars, and pilgrims that thronged the streets of Ferrara. He stole from the house and city, crossed the plain, and presented himself at the Dominican convent of Bologna for admission. He craved only for rest and the security of his own moral being; he did not aspire to be a monk. Sickened with worldly vanities, he asked to be a lay brother, to tend the garden, to make the Dominican cloaks—anything to escape from vain studies and the contamination of vice. The quiet of his new home restored his peace of mind. He yielded unquestioning obedience to his superiors, even when they appointed him to lecture to the novices on the philosophy from which he had fled. He only escaped from the Aristotle of the world to the Aristotle of the cloister. Strange irony of fate! He obeyed, as we have said, without a murmur. But who shall measure the struggle, the reluctance, the disappointment? One result of the internal contest was probably revealed in his poem

'De Ruina Ecclesiæ.' Already in rough unmusical verse he had expressed his sense of the corruptions of the world in his poem 'De Ruina Mundi.' Now that his eyes penetrated the veil within and without the cloister, he realised the corresponding corruptions of the officers of the Church. The flame of wrath and sorrow rises high within him. He pictures to himself the Church as a woman, wounded and impoverished, withdrawing to a cave, there to spend her days in bitter weeping. And it was Rome, 'una fallace, superba meretrice,' who had brought her so low. And when the fiery young monk would have broken the great wings of the harlot, the Church stayed his hand. "Mortal man cannot break them; weep and be silent; for this is best." Throughout the treatment is allegorical, and the interest of the poem lies less in its poetic promise—for of that there is little—than in the symbolism, Apocalyptic imagery, and strong presentment of the calamities that impended over Italy.

Seven years of prayer, fasting, study, and enforced silence broken only by distasteful work, were spent in the convent of Bologna. Savonarola taught the novices and lectured on philosophy as though there were no greater evil in the world than an ill-constructed syllogism or an inattentive pupil. But the interval was fruitful in results for good and evil on his mind and character. The Bible was his favourite study. He is said to have learnt the Scriptures by heart. And as he read and re-read the prophetic writings by the fire of indignation which smouldered within him, he applied their warnings and denunciations to the evils of his own generation. The Old Testament was to him not a history of the past but a picture of the future; the Jews and the synagogues were figures of the Church and Christendom. Storing his mind with its wild imagery, kindling his soul with its tremendous figures, he unfolded its parables, expounded its visions, heaped together in prodigal profusion allegorical interpretations of its meaning, not with the cold ingenuity of the commentator, but with the impassioned warmth of the prophet. This silent preparation at once weakened and strengthened his mind. To his excitable brain, eager temperament, and luxuriant imagination, the course of studies on which he had entered was no less dangerous than fascinating. Filled with the mystical ardour of poetry, steeped in the sophisms of the schools, indulging in the widest latitude of scriptural interpretation, entangled in the mazes of mediæval superstitions, fastening with eagerness on the Neo-Platonic

spiritualism or the utterances of Thomas Aquinas respecting angelic visitations, he believed himself to be visited during his ecstasies of prayer or protracted vigils by spiritual appearances, to be the chosen servant in whose favour were suspended the laws of nature, the participator in the councils of Heaven, the recipient of the revelations of the secret purposes of God. In other points both his mind and character were strengthened. The interval was rich in spiritual experiences as well as intellectual acquisitions. When he emerges from the cloister as a preacher, he is a master of philosophy and theoretical politics, an acute logician, a powerful reasoner, a profound theologian. He was disciplined by waiting for the real mission of his life; during his probation he learned to make the best of a lot which was not what he had hoped, to take up and bear a burden which he had not chosen. And at the same time this conventual discipline deepened the natural tenderness of his disposition. Years later he says in one of his sermons, 'I entered a cloister that I might learn how to suffer; and when sufferings visited me, I studied them and they taught me to love always and to forgive always.'

In 1482 Savonarola left the convent of Bologna to commence at Ferrara his career as a preacher. Thus we reach the third division of his life, which extends from 1482 to 1493.

At Ferrara Savonarola achieved but little success. In after years he complained that he had proved by experience the truth of the saying, '*Nemo propheta in patria sua.*' Late in 1482 he was transferred from Ferrara to the Convent of San Marco at Florence. More than two centuries before San Domenico had sent twelve of his followers from Bologna to convert the semi-pagan city. So now when, in 1482, the young Dominican crossed the Apennines and descended upon the city whose destinies he so strangely controlled, Florence was the Athens of a mediæval Greece, with Lorenzo de' Medici for her Pericles. Nowhere was the classic revival more enthusiastic or more general. Noble ladies kissed the hem of the robe of Filicino; pilgrims from Spain approached Bruni on their knees; illustrious citizens like Niccolò Niccoli spent their fortunes in the collection of manuscripts. Florence had utilised her unique opportunities of classic culture. Here Manuel Chrysoloras had lectured in 1396; here learned Greeks had found an honourable asylum; here the Emperor John Palæologus, scholarly prelates like Bessarion of Nicæa, and philosophers like Gennadius or Ge-

mistos Pletho, had attended the Council which Eugenius IV. convened in 1438; here the enlightened liberality of the Florentine Government procured instruction for the youths of the republic from the most eminent scholars of the day; here Argiropolo lectured on Thucydides, and Ficino on Plato; here flourished the Platonic Academy and the Studio Fiorentino. Admiration of the 'Attic Moses' became a religious worship. In the study of Ficino a lamp was kept burning before the bust of Plato, as though it were the shrine of a Madonna, and the day of his birth and death was commemorated by banquets, as it was celebrated at Alexandria in the days of Plotinus and of Porphyry. With such advantages, and with such enthusiasm, it is not surprising that classic culture was generally diffused. Both men and women knew Greek and Latin; and the people applauded the arrival at Leghorn of a cargo of manuscripts or statuary with the same delight with which they welcomed a Florentine victory. It was a period of great intellectual activity. Macchiavelli has pointed out how the mental energy which was fostered by the collisions of factions called into exercise abilities which in intervals of peace were directed to worthier objects, and raised Florence to the first place in European civilisation. The republic rose to the zenith of her glory under an Athenian tyranny which had genius for excuse and the citizens for accomplices. Civil discords were extinguished, and with peace the study of the fine arts and of letters was awakened to surprising activity.

But there were other sides to the picture. The intellectual advance was accompanied by moral corruption. The old love of civic freedom was extinct. Unbelief, cynicism, sensuality, indifference, poisoned the springs of social life and infected the sources of artistic genius. The cultured crowd was devoid of principle, indifferent to moral law. Selfish, dissolute, despising Christianity as a sign of intellectual weakness, men aped the graces and imitated the vices of the heathen world. They were at once profoundly superstitious and deeply sceptical. Dreams, visions, and portents ruled every detail of domestic life; learned historians like Guicciardini declared themselves to have had 'experience of aërial spirits;' philosophers, like Ficino, lectured from the professorial chair on the occult virtues of jewels and amulets. Lorenzo de' Medici was the leader and the representative of this brilliant but hollow society. His Circean rule appealed to the taste of the cultured, while it gratified the senses of the vulgar. Like Pericles and like Augustus, he gathered round him

men of genius from all parts of the country. He was the protector of the intellectual movement, the discriminating collector of pictures, statuary, gems, and manuscripts, the patron of architecture and the fine arts, the founder of schools, galleries, and libraries. Historians were his salaried panegyrists, and poets were the mock Horaces of a pseudo-Cæsar. Pico della Mirandola, the Admirable Crichton of the century, was his friend; Michelangiolo Buonarroti sat at his table. He could turn from grave affairs of state to discuss Thucydides with Argiropolo or Plato with Ficino. He was equally ready to criticise Greek epigrams with Angelo Poliziano or poetry with Luigi Pulci and to exchange repartees with Franco or to indite his own gay *Canti Carnascialeschi*. Himself abandoned to profligate excesses, he debauched the public mind with the intoxication of the senses. Triumphs of the Poets, of Bacchus, of Life, and even of Death, swept through the streets, gorgeously equipped and designed by Pontorno and the first artists of the day. Under such a ruler, life was a carnival. Florence gave herself up to present enjoyment with the wild pagan jollity which is the daughter of indifference and hopelessness—'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

On this splendid stage now enters the principal actor, in the full maturity of his intellectual and physical powers. His Dominican brethren of San Marco knew little of the thoughts which fired the soul of their new companion. They recognised his ability, for he was appointed to lecture upon philosophy and to teach the novices. But their conventual life forms a striking prelude to the stirring scenes of which San Marco was to be the centre. In 1430 the Dominicans, led by the saintly Antonino, descended from their banishment at Fiesole, and in their black and white robes, with joyous chanting of psalms, streamed along the Arno to take possession of the convent from which the Silvestrini had been ejected. Cosimo de' Medici was their munificent patron. He employed upon the building the genius of Michelezzo, and within the cloister which the piety of Antonino had sanctified and the genius of Fra Angelico had illuminated, was placed the magnificent library which the 'Father of the Country' had purchased from Niccolò Niccoli. Here the monks scribbled their simple uneventful lives, illuminating their missals, classic culture, manuscripts, meditating their sermons for fast 1396; here learning the skill of Fra Angelico trace upon the here the Emperor of his angels, the pensive grace of his Bossarion of Nicæa, and the innocence of his Christ. The devout

contemplation of Fra Angelico is the prelude to the reforming zeal of Savonarola. It is the breathless calm which precedes the tempest. Fra Angelico represents the spiritual idealism which preceded the classic love of the beautiful. He stands aloof from the geometrical or anatomical studies in which his contemporaries were engaged. He would have thought it sin to study from the nude; his landscapes are mystic, not copied from nature; his seraphic faces are ideal visions vouchsafed in prayerful solitude, not studies of the features of women of the day. His work expresses the devout ecstasy of a soul absorbed in God. He never, it is said, painted our Lord upon the Cross without his face being wet with tears.

In striking contrast to the pagan carnival of Florentine luxury, or the childlike innocence and pensive grace of the painter of San Marco, stands the figure of Savonarola, the reformer who denounces with holy fury the vice and immorality of the day, the prophet who foretells the speedy vengeance of the Lord, the republican who refuses absolution to Lorenzo the Magnificent, the Puritan who unmoved casts to the flames the rich pile of Florentine vanities. There was little in his appearance to arrest immediate attention. His portraits, whether the pictures by Baccio della Porta, better known as Fra Bartolommeo, or the *intaglio* on carnelian engraved by Giovanni della Carniole, present us with an unsymmetrical and even ugly face, full of concentrated force, both intellectual and moral; a face with bright blue-grey eyes flashing under black eyebrows; a massive forehead furrowed with the deep wrinkles that tell of arduous thought; a large mouth with full lips quick to compress into lines of resolve, or to relax into a smile of gentleness, and with the projecting under lip which gives an air of pugnacity to the whole. It is a face full both of energy and melancholy. His slight figure was so emaciated by asceticism as to be almost spectral, and his delicate transparent hands with long tapering fingers tell the story of his enthusiastic imaginative temperament. Long had the fire smouldered in his breast as he contemplated the sea of human vice and misery around him. He saw the Church plundered by false friends, and over her cold and pulseless form spiritual death stole like some quiet flowing tide. He saw Florence enslaved and vicious—she who should have been spotless and the freest of the free. And so he strives, with frequent intemperance of language but always with unselfish eagerness, to reclaim both from their degradation, now pleading and now chiding with the fervour of a brother



struggling to save a lost sister. Confident in his mission to purify a corrupt Church and a sin-stained city, he could not pause to dole out his enthusiasm in measured drops; his speech must be a flood, his life a torrent. And thus it was that he stood opposed, not only to all the evil, but, as we may be permitted to think, to not a little of the good of the Renaissance period. His overheated fancy was inflamed; his nerves were strung to the highest possible tension; and at such moments of excitement mysterious communications reached his ears ever strained to hear supernatural voices, and ecstatic visions passed before his eyes which were dimmed with protracted vigils, confirming the inspired prophecies, foretelling what was to come, and bidding him to make haste and spare not as the prophet appointed of the Lord to bear the Divine message of warning and reproof.

As a preacher he at first failed to attract an audience. Cultured Florence refused to listen to a man who spoke without grace of style in a harsh Lombard accent. His congregation at San Lorenzo dwindled to twenty-five persons. The fashionable preacher was Fra Mariano da Genezzano, of whose preaching Poliziano has left an account, who studied theatrical graces of action and composition, quoted elegant extracts from the classic authors, raised a laugh with witty anecdotes, interlarded his discourse with profane similitudes, and harped on the strings of Petrarch and Ovid, with Christ and Jupiter alternately on his lips. Against the meretricious popular preacher Savonarola was powerless. But in the provinces it was different. At Brescia, for instance, the town which gave its name to the 'standard-bearer of Abelard,' his hearers grew pale as he preached upon the Apocalypse of St. John and warned his hearers of the impending fate of the city. And so for some years he continued to pour forth the utterance of his full heart in provincial pulpits, or fire with his glowing oratory the novices who heard his lectures in the cloisters of San Marco.

A crisis in his life occurred when he was sent to represent San Marco at the Dominican Chapter which met at Reggio. There Pico della Mirandola heard him and was transported with his eloquence. The elegant 'Phoenix of Genius' recognised in Savonarola a mysterious force, which profoundly impressed him, and he was perhaps attracted towards the orator by some touch of that *urbanità humile* of which Fra Benedetto speaks in his 'Cedrus Libani.' Such was the influence which Savonarola acquired over Della Mirandola that, to use the language of Burlamacchi, the latter 'could

‘not live without him.’ Even in death he would not be divided from his master, and he was, at his own request, buried in the church of San Marco. To gratify his friend, Lorenzo de’ Medici influenced the Prior of San Marco to recall Savonarola to Florence. Thus, at the express desire of Lorenzo, Savonarola returned to the city in 1489. In this recall he recognised the hand of God. Already, as he tells us in his ‘Compendium of Revelations,’ it had been revealed to him by God that a terrible chastisement would fall upon the Church and upon Italy for the sins of her prelates and princes. For the proclamation of this message Florence, situated in the centre of Italy ‘like the heart in the human ‘body,’ was the appropriate theatre. The circumstances of his recall were noised abroad, and men were inquisitive to see and hear the man who had attracted the notice of Pico della Mirandola and Lorenzo the Magnificent. They flocked to hear his lectures, which, in spite of their rugged style, gave them food for thought. Under a damask rose tree in the open space of the cloister garden of the convent stood Savonarola in his white Dominican habit; round him clustered the novices; beyond stood the friars, and further still the open space was crowded with the first men of Florence. At first with curious interest, then with a feeling of awe, they listened to these strange lectures, compounded of St. Thomas Aquinas and interpretations of Apocalyptic visions, leading up through wild fancies and scornful protests to the perpetual burden of his preaching, ‘Repent, for the ‘kingdom of God is at hand!’

Soon the cloister could not contain his audience. At the urgent entreaty of his hearers he left the rostrum of the lecturer for the pulpit of the preacher. On August 1, 1489, he preached at San Marco. The church was thronged to overflowing; men rose in the middle of the night, and clustered round the doors before they were opened; some sat, some stood, some hung from the iron railings in their eagerness to hear and see the preacher. Savonarola continued his expositions of the Apocalypse, and Florence for the first time heard his three famous Conclusions—the Church shall be renewed; before this renewal God will send terrible chastisements upon her and upon Italy; and these two things shall shortly come to pass. For a whole year he continued to insist upon these three points with tremendous effect. People were wholly unaccustomed to the spontaneous utterances of a man who, carried away by his earnestness, poured forth a fiery torrent of reproof and denunciation.

His eloquence was of the kind which, as Pascal says, 'se moque de l'éloquence.' Too absorbed in his subject to cultivate style or choose his language, he seemed irresistibly impelled to tell his hearers something which to them and him was a matter of life and death. His audience were spell-bound as they listened to this man, who spoke as if every word were his and their last—as dying man to dying men—and with the supreme confidence of one who felt himself to be God's appointed messenger to denounce His vengeance on human wickedness. And as they heard, a strange undefined sense of coming evil crept over them, and all Florence crowded to hear the new Dominican. To their excited eyes angels seemed to stand on either side of the preacher, an aureole flashed its golden light round his head, and the Virgin herself stooped to bless him. From lip to lip ran the rumour of prophecies, which citizens believed to be realised in Savonarola, that a great preacher should arise who would save the city from the destruction which her sins had deserved.

In Lent 1491, the crowds that flocked to hear him compelled him to preach in the Cathedral. Even in that vast building every available inch of space was occupied. But there were many who sneered at this ranting preacher whose sermons were all sound and fury. As though to answer the taunts of the scholars, Savonarola produced his intellectual credentials. It was now that he published his 'Compendium of Philosophy,'\* and a number of religious tracts and treatises.† His philosophic work, which is in the main an abridgement from Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas designed for the use of the novices, is yet remarkable for independence and critical boldness. This side of Savonarola's mind has been, as Professor Villari says, unduly ignored. 'In philosophy,' testifies Guicciardini, 'he was the most powerful reasoner in Italy.' But the material by which the judgement of his contemporaries can be tested is extremely scanty. Of his various works there only remain the 'Compendium' and a short treatise on the division of the sciences, 'Divisione e dignità di tutte le scienze.' But even

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\* Compendio di filosofia, di morale e di logica.

† Among the religious tracts and treatises published at this time may be mentioned the following :—'Libro della vita viduale.' Firenze : mccccxxxi. 'Tractato dell'humilità.' Firenze : 1492. 'Tractato dello Amore di Iesu Christo.' Firenze : 1492. 'Tractato o vero sermone della oratione.' Firenze : 1492.

these works, elementary as they<sup>e</sup> are, are sufficient to show the vigour and independence of Savonarola's mind. He accepts no authority except his reason and his conscience. Common sense marks his whole attitude towards philosophy. In his later sermons he says that men who have studied philosophy and preserved their faith intact are profounder theologians and more powerful defenders of Christ than those who have never made it a study. But the ordeal is one through which only men of acute and powerful understanding can safely pass; and thus it is better for the mass that they should only learn grammar, sound rules of morality, and the Holy Scriptures. He considered the Neo-Platonic interpretation of Plato to be more contradictory to Christianity than Aristotle, and to its fatal influence he attributes the errors of Origen. For himself Plato will always be Plato, and Aristotle Aristotle; neither of them can be wholly Christianised. It seems therefore likely that Savonarola constructed for himself some eclectic, and probably mystical, system, which reconciled religion with philosophy, for he repudiates the idea that a man can hold one faith in his heart and another in his head.

Savonarola had gained the ear of Florence by his sermons. He appealed to its intellect and piety by his life and teaching. But he had not yet claimed prophetic inspiration. Already he believed—and believed it in common with the fashionable Neo-Platonic philosophers—in the Divine ecstasy, in the direct vision of God. Applying, as he did, the prophetic and apocalyptic imagery to the present conditions of Italy, and ever on the watch for parallels, analogies, and intimations, the Bible had ceased to be a book; it had become a living voice. Everywhere upon its pages he saw visions of futurity, not pictures of the past. His license of interpretation, though not greater than that of the Fathers or of the Neo-Platonists, assisted the passage from inferential exposition to the claim of direct inspiration. Every text contained a literal, spiritual, moral, allegorical, and anagogical meaning; every text could be interpreted in relation to facts, to the soul, to reason, to the Hebrew and Christian Churches, and to the New Jerusalem. There was no proposition which could not be proved or illustrated by such a process. For the present, indeed, his sway over the popular mind rested upon the purity of his life, the fervour of his faith, the kindling eloquence of a soul aflame with high enthusiasms, and a mind consumed by the one idea of saving a corrupt Church and city from their impending doom, and finally upon

the responsive chord which he struck in the minds of his hearers, and which vibrated with a vague presentiment of coming calamity. The corruptions which he denounced were undeniable; they cried to Heaven for vengeance, and Savonarola was confident that they would shortly be visited with terrible punishment. His inferences were close, his reasoning was powerful, his erudition enormous, his array of Scriptural examples appalling, and the whole was forced home with a passion and an earnestness which proved irresistible. The effect of the Lenten sermons which he preached in 1491 excited the alarm of the rulers of Florence. He himself doubted whether he should not discontinue his threats of coming evil. But he felt, he says, impelled by a power which he could not resist. All the Saturday before the second Sunday in Lent 1491, and throughout the night, he watched and prayed, hoping that some other doctrine might be vouchsafed to him. 'Towards daybreak, weary and dejected by my long vigil, I heard as I prayed a voice saying to me, "Thou fool! Seest thou not that God will have thee follow the same path?" Therefore I preached that day a terrible sermon.' And so he continues to thunder against the vices of the day, and to threaten God's judgement in the spirit of the Hebrew prophets, calling to his aid something of the impetuosity of Isaiah, the tenderness of Jeremiah, the imagination of Ezekiel, the indignation of Hosea, the poetic enthusiasm of Amos.

His position in Florence was still further assured when, in 1491, he was elected prior of the convent of San Marco. He had now become so great a power in the city that Lorenzo de' Medici tried to win him to his side. It was the custom for the newly elected prior to pay a visit of ceremonial to the prince; but Savonarola refused to go: he would thank God, he said, and not man. Lorenzo gave gold at the offertories, but Savonarola ordered that the money should be sent to the 'Buonumini di San Martino' for distribution among the poor; 'the silver and the copper are enough for us.' Lorenzo walked in the garden of San Marco, but when the friars came to tell Savonarola, he asked, 'Has he sent for me?' and, when they replied 'No,' 'Then,' said he, 'leave him to himself.' We may think the rejection of these courtesies churlish. On the other hand, Savonarola would not seem to dally for a moment with the friendship of a ruler who had enslaved the republic, nor could he endure the contact on terms of intimacy with the Pagan sensualist. As John Knox rejected the advances of Queen Mary, so Savonarola was

proof against the blandishments of Lorenzo. Foiled in his attempts to gain the friar, the prince strove to defeat him. Fra Mariano, the popular preacher, was set up as his rival; but the attempt ignominiously failed, and the once popular favourite left the city to settle at Rome, and there intrigue against the victorious Dominican. Then Lorenzo endeavoured to bring to bear on him the pressure of public opinion. Five of the principal citizens of Florence waited upon Savonarola to remonstrate with him on the violence of his language. He replied that he knew they came not of their own accord, but from Lorenzo. 'Tell him,' he added, 'to repent of his sins, for the Lord spares no man, and fears no prince of the earth.' Then they warned him of the risk of exile. But he replied, 'I care nothing for your punishments. But though I am a stranger in Florence, and Lorenzo is the first of your citizens, it is I who will remain in the city, and he who will depart.'

This prediction of the death of Lorenzo, to which Savonarola appeals in his '*Compendium Revelationum*' as confirmatory of his claim to the prophetic gift, did not long remain unfulfilled. In the spring of 1492, Lorenzo de' Medici lay dying in his beautiful villa of Careggi. Every costly appliance of rude medical science had been exhausted without success. In vain had the renowned doctor, Lazzaro da Ficino, come expressly from Pavia to administer his marvelous beverage of distilled gems. The end was rapidly approaching. A few only of his dear friends, such as Ficino and Della Mirandola, were admitted to Lorenzo's chamber, and Poliziano sat mute and tearful by his bedside. Before his death he had an interview with Savonarola, of which Professor Villari adopts the popular version. The account given by Poliziano, who was a courtier and not necessarily an eyewitness, was accepted by M. Perrens, who was followed by Dean Milman. In favour of the popular version may be alleged a large amount of contemporary evidence which at least justifies us in the repetition of the story.

As Lorenzo lay dying, all the spectres of his dissolute life thrust themselves before his eyes. No cheerful sophistry could explain them away: the maxim 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' had been often on his lips; but when that to-morrow comes it is cold comfort to think of past enjoyment. Absolution had not soothed the torments of remorse, for he had so utterly lost faith in humanity, that he doubted the sincerity of his priestly parasite. Suddenly the image of Savonarola rose before his mind, the one man

who had scorned alike his threats and his flattery. 'I know,' he exclaimed, 'but one truth-telling friar, and that is he.' A messenger was sent in haste to San Marco; but Savonarola returned answer, 'I am not the man he wants; we should not agree.' Then in response to a second summons, joined with a promise of obedience from Lorenzo, he went. 'There are three things,' said the penitent, 'which drag me down and fill me with the horrors of despair;' and he enumerated the sack of Volterra, the massacre of the Pazzi, the confiscation of the property of the 'Monte delle Fanciulle.' 'Ah, Father! will God pardon me?' 'My son,' replied the friar, 'God is merciful, and to you will He show mercy; but three things are needful. First, a living faith in God's mercy.' 'I have the fullest faith in it,' said Lorenzo. 'Secondly, that you restore, or charge your sons to restore, your ill-gotten wealth.' With an effort, Lorenzo nodded assent. 'Thirdly, you must give back liberty to the people of Florence.' Lorenzo turned his face to the wall in silence. He could not yield the object of a lifetime, even though an eternity of torment was the price of refusal. And Savonarola, drawing his cowl over his face, left him without a blessing. Such is the story. *Prima facie* it does not appear to be probable. But the contemporary reports of Cinozzi, G. F. Pico della Mirandola, the 'Biografia Latina,' as well as Burlamacchi, are explicit upon the point, and agree in giving Fra Silvestro Maruffi, the intimate friend and associate of Savonarola, as their informant.

The death of Lorenzo left Savonarola the foremost man in Florence. Piero de' Medici, a lad of twenty-one, nominally succeeded his father; but the rash, uncouth, inexperienced youth rapidly alienated the affections of the Florentines. They awoke to the conviction that they had lost their liberties. They felt the fetters which the tact of Lorenzo had concealed, and thought of the future with dismay. In July 1492, Innocent VIII. was succeeded by Rodrigo Borgia as Alexander VI. The last days of evil seemed to have arrived. All eyes were turned to Savonarola. It was remembered that he had foretold the deaths both of Lorenzo and of Innocent VIII., and his three Conclusions passed from mouth to mouth. Evil had apparently attained the climax of its triumph. The divine vengeance which he had prophesied seemed both to himself and to his hearers close at hand. In 1492 he saw two visions which are not without imaginative splendour. In the first, a black cross rose out of the city of Rome, and overspread the heavens,

and on it was written 'Crux Iræ Dei,' and the sky grew black with storm. And from the centre of Jerusalem rose a golden cross, illuminating the whole earth with its brightness, and bearing the inscription, 'Crux Misericordiæ Dei;' and to it gathered all the nations. His second vision was even more famous. In the year 1492, on the evening which preceded the last Sunday in Advent, 'I beheld,' he says, 'a hand in the sky, holding a sword, on which was written "Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter."' And upon this hand were also written the words 'Spiritus Domini super terram copiose et abundanter.' The arm of this hand proceeded from three faces crowned with aureoles of glory. The first of these faces spake thus, 'The iniquities of my holy sanctuary cry aloud to me from the earth.' The second face said, 'For this cause will I visit their iniquities with the rod, and their sins with the scourge.' And the third face said, 'I will have pity upon the poor and the miserable.' Then was the sword turned towards the earth, and the sky darkened, and the storm fell, and the world was devastated with wars, famines, and pestilence. For years he had seen similar visions, but he had only revealed them to the people in the form of parables, because their minds were not sufficiently prepared to receive the mysteries. At first he had based his warnings of the future upon reason, upon inferences from the Scriptures, upon the experience of his hearers, upon arguments from probability. Now in the intensity of his excitement he proclaims impending calamities upon the authority of his own divine inspiration.

'Then,' he says in his 'Compendium of Revelations,' 'I began to show that I had knowledge of things to come by another light than that which the comprehension of the Holy Scriptures had given me. And, finally, throwing away all concealment, I proclaimed the very words with which Heaven had inspired me, in language such as this: "Thus saith the Lord, 'The Sword of the Lord is about to strike the "earth."'"

Savonarola had definitely assumed the mantle of a prophet.

No one who has followed the history of Savonarola's mind during the preceding period will feel surprised at the assertion of this claim to direct inspiration. Nor does the assumption of the part of a prophet impair our confidence in the purity of motives by which the religious and moral reformer was actuated. By temperament acutely nervous and sensitive, with physical strength exhausted by study, vigils, and mortifications, he had worked for months at the highest possible pressure, and lived in a state of almost



delirious excitement from an inflamed imagination and an overheated brain. The direction of his studies, whether Biblical, scholastic, or philosophical, the tenor of his preaching, and his despair of the present, all concentrated his attention upon the future. Day and night he was haunted by hopes and longings which grew more definite to his mind, until to his eyes they assumed the guise of apparitions. Testing his dreams and visions by the rules of Thomas Aquinas concerning angelic visitations, or applying to them the mystic spiritualism of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, he came at times to regard himself as the direct channel of the Divine message to the sinful world. We say at times, because there is no subject on which his intellect appears so confused, his utterances so contradictory, his language so obscure, as on the claim to the prophetic inspiration. It is, however, distinctly asserted in the 'Compendium of Revelations:' it was as a prophet that he legislated for the republic; it was as a prophet that he was obeyed by the people. It was as a prophet, also, that he was strangled and burned. He had, in fact, now taken his first step upon the fatal slope which led to his inevitable ruin. Sooner or later the multitude would demand a miracle as the credentials of his prophetic mission, and if the demand was not satisfied, his destruction was certain. Nor can the Pope be fairly blamed, as Professor Villari has done, because he converted a political contest with Savonarola into a religious dispute. No other course was open to him. The difficulty in which Savonarola found himself was of his own creating. As the bulwark of popular government in Florence, and as the champion of the French in Italy, he was all-powerful, because he was believed to be the prophet of God. The expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy was fatal to the country; patriotism called upon Florence to join the league for the expulsion of 'the barbarians,' but belief in Savonarola's prophetic promises threw the Florentines into alliance with the French. After the flight of the Medici, the republican form of government which Savonarola established drew its chief strength from the assertion of its founder that it was established by God, and must necessarily prevail. If Savonarola thus fought political battles with religious weapons, his enemies are not to be condemned because they followed his example. The remaining portion of the Dominican's career contains his greatest triumphs; but it is impossible not to feel that his political victories were won upon false issues, and that the day must shortly come when the spiritual

weapons by which they were gained would be turned against himself with fatal effect.

The boldness of Savonarola's predictions so terrified Piero de' Medici that he seems to have procured the prior's temporary recall from Florence. In this enforced absence Savonarola procured from Alexander VI. the separation of the Tuscan order of Dominicans from dependence on the Lombard congregation, and was himself appointed vicar-general. San Marco was now independent of any power except that of the Pope and the superior of the Dominicans. Savonarola used his new power to effect strict reforms. He determined to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the original rule: 'Be charitable; preserve 'humility; practise poverty with cheerfulness.' Severe to himself, strict in the observance of the vows, frequent in fasts, frugal in diet, simple in dress, spotless in life, he wished to enforce the same severity among the brethren of his monastery and his congregation. But he liked poverty, not dirt, and was fond of repeating the saying of St. Bernard, 'Paupertatem sibi placere non sordes.' He had at one time desired to change the Convent of San Marco for a less decorated building, without superfluous ornaments, with a church in which no marbles or precious stones marred the most scrupulous simplicity. The site which he had selected was near Careggi; the funds were provided and the wood felled, but the scheme fell through in face of the resistance of the brethren. Now, however, his aims were less impracticable and more useful. It was no longer a question of retiring to a mountain solitude, but of training up a band of fervent soldiers of Christ, who should live in the world to rekindle its faith and purify its life. He sold the possessions of the order, reduced the expenses of the convent, stripped the cells of all superfluous luxuries. The money realised by the sale purchased for Florence the contents of the great Medicean Library, which the Republic, in sore straits of poverty, was compelled to sell. At the same time he increased the severity of the rules of the order, enjoining silence, solitude, and fixed hours for prayer and contemplation. To music he gave great attention, considering it to be a necessary adjunct of divine service. He established schools of design in the convent, and encouraged his friars and novices in the study of manual arts for their support, 'for who,' he asked, 'will give us any 'alms if we tell the truth?' All temporal cares were to be assigned to lay brethren. Thus the friars were free to study theology, philosophy, moral science, Hebrew, Greek, and

other Oriental languages, partly for the comprehension of the Holy Scriptures, partly for the conversion of the infidels.

As prior of the reformed San Marco, as vicar-general of the Tuscan congregation, Savonarola spoke with more weight than when he was a simple friar of saintly life. In Lent 1492, he began a course of sermons upon the ark of Noah as described in Genesis, always resuming the text where he had left off in the previous sermon. He expected to complete the exposition in a comparatively short time. But the subject developed under his hand; and more than two years later he was still occupied in the construction of this mystical Ark, which offered a refuge to all good Christians against the coming deluge. On Easter Day 1494, he announced that the ark was now ready; he warned all to enter it before it was too late; he reiterated his threat of the vengeance that was shortly to fall upon the world. He had foretold in other sermons that a new Cyrus should cross the Alps, like him of whom Isaiah prophesied, a Cyrus led by the hand of the Lord, to subjugate the nations, to put the rulers to flight, and to open the gates before him. He had warned the Florentines not to trust to their ramparts or their citadels, for the Lord would go before the invader to throw open their gates of brass and break in pieces their bars of iron. He had predicted that the governors of Florence would ruin themselves by their folly. And now came the hour of his triumph.

When, in September 1494, he resumed his lectures on Noah's ark, the 'sword of the Lord' was already gleaming on the heights of the Alps. Charles VIII., King of France, the new Cyrus of his prophecy, was about to enter Italy at the head of his army and to traverse it from end to end. In Lent 1494, Savonarola had left off his expositions of Genesis at the sixteenth verse of the sixth chapter. His last address was on the words 'Et tristega facies in ea.' Consequently, when he rose in the pulpit and gave out as his text the seventeenth verse, 'Ecce ego adducam aquas diluvii super terram,' a shudder ran through his congregation. It was known that Charles was at that moment entering Italy; it was remembered that Savonarola had threatened the world with the coming deluge, that he had seemed to linger over the construction of his mystical Ark, that at length he had declared it finished and urged all men to hasten to enter it. Now he resumed his course at the point where he had left it. But the conditions were altered. The new Cyrus was on his march; the sword of the Lord to avenge and destroy was

drawn. And the text which was next in order declared the coming of the deluge: 'Ecce ego adducam aquas diluvii super terram, ut interficiam omnem carnem in qua spiritus vitæ est subter cælum; universa quæ in terra sunt consumentur.' The people thought that they were in the presence of supernatural power; they believed what Savonarola felt, that this explanation of Genesis had been miraculously adapted to the conditions of the times by the secret disposition of God; and as he gave out the words men like Pico della Mirandola felt the hair of their heads stiffen with terror.

Hope was strangely mingled with foreboding. In their growing detestation for their rulers, the people trusted that the French king might prove their deliverer. As he marched through the country he was saluted with cries of 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' But as the invaders drew near, the citizens trembled for their fate. Word came that the defenders of Fivizzano had been put to the sword. Might not Florence experience the horrors of a sack as a punishment for her guilt? Piero de' Medici proved unequal to the crisis. The 'tall Lombard,' as they called him in the French camp, faltered, wavered, and at last determined to save himself at the expense of Florence. He went out to meet Charles, surrendered into his hands the strongholds of Sarzanello, Sarzana, and Pietra Santa, gave up Pisa and Leghorn, offered a loan of 200,000 ducats, and made no terms for the safety of the city. At the news of this cowardly surrender the city rose in tumult. Piero fled like a hunted chicken to Bologna, and thence, in the disguise of a liveried lacquey, to Venice. Exasperation, terror, patriotism, threw the people into a frenzy of excitement. They were capable of any excess, and there was no government to restrain their paroxysm. Business was suspended, and the streets swarmed with armed and angry men. Had any leader of weight cried 'Albasso le palle,' the palaces of the Medici and their friends would have been sacked and the streets would have run with blood. Without leaders or counsellors, they rushed with one accord to the cathedral to ask the advice of Savonarola, the man who had foretold the coming of the new Cyrus, predicted the folly of their rulers, and possessed the secrets of heaven. When he rose in the pulpit he looked down upon a sea of excited faces, filling all the dark places of the cathedral, and packed so tightly that no one could stir hand or foot. It was a powder magazine which a spark would explode. What an opportunity for a

self-seeking tribune or turbulent demagogue! Savonarola might have fired the mob to rush in one undisciplined outburst of patriotism upon the French army, or he might have despatched them on the road of cruel vengeance upon their treacherous rulers. He did neither one nor the other. He pursued a course which to us seems a convincing proof of his genuine sincerity. In subdued and solemn language, which assuaged their passions, he exhorted them to prayer and repentance: 'Pardon, O Lord, pardon those Florentines that desire to be Thy children!' Such was the burden of his address. They were chastised for their own sins, and rightly scourged for their own iniquities. He had seen again a sword suspended over the city, and blood flowing in the streets. Yet he hoped that if the Florentines repented God would in mercy lighten the punishment. Day after day he preached in this strain, bidding the people fast and pray, warning them to return to God lest He should turn away His eyes from them for ever. Voice failed him in the ardour of his preaching, and he fell to the ground exhausted with fatigue. But he had done what an army could not have done. He had kept the people quiet while the Signory debated their future policy.

An embassy was despatched to Charles at Pisa to make terms for Florence. Savonarola was asked by the city magistrates to become one of the ambassadors. He consented with some reluctance. Before setting out he reiterated his appeals to the people from the cathedral pulpit, and, calling together his brethren at San Marco, commanded them to stay at home and pray instead of boasting that their prior was the ambassador of Florence to the King of France. When Savonarola arrived, the other ambassadors had received their interview. They could extract nothing from Charles but the reply, 'All shall be arranged when once we have entered the great town.' They had already returned to the city to prepare for the worst. When Savonarola was ushered into the presence of the king, there was great curiosity to see the Dominican who, as De Comines says, had foretold the coming of the French, 'affirming that Charles was sent by God for the punishment of Italian tyrants, that no force could oppose him and no power defend itself from him; that he would enter Pisa, and that on that day the state of Florence would fall—as, indeed, afterwards happened, for Piero de' Medici was expelled the same hour.' As God's chosen prophet, addressing the chosen instrument of the Lord, Savonarola exhorted the

king to be just, merciful, and careful of the liberties and persons of the citizens of Florence, and threatened him with terrible chastisement if he forgot by Whom and for what purpose he was sent. 'These things say I unto thee in the name of the Lord.' His address produced a profound effect, and, though the king would make no promises, he returned to the city full of hope.

Every preparation was made for the unwelcome guest. The streets were decorated and pageants arranged for his reception. At the same time all the troops of the city were collected in the cloisters and courtyards of the palaces; the houses were stored with provisions, ammunition, and even with materials for barricades. If the 'great cow' lowed from the belfry, the citizens were prepared to fight. On November 17 the king entered the city, escorted by the Signory, riding in full armour, with his lance levelled in sign of conquest. It was strange that a mere boy should thus inaugurate the policy which made Italy the 'promised land' of outlying nations, and which eventually crushed out her power as the centre of European civilisation. Charles VIII. was a puny sickly youth of twenty-two, but 'just crept from the shell,' as De Comines says, and lately recovered from the small-pox. Short in stature, with disproportioned limbs, huge head and enormous mouth, he was totally without royal dignity. Neither was there anything in his character to inspire respect. Obstinate rather than firm, without money or good sense, surrounded by foolish courtiers, he was eager to rule, yet hated business. All Florence was in the streets or houses to see the king move by under his splendid canopy, followed by his Swiss mercenaries, his Gascon infantry, his splendid cavalry, and his 'beast-like' archers from Scotland. On the other hand, the French, as they marked the teeming population, the narrow tortuous streets, the lofty castellated houses, might have confessed to some misgivings of the result if the great bell tolled and they were assailed. Whether Charles was terrified by the attack which the Florentines made upon his Swiss infantry, or alarmed at the spirited attitude of Capponi, who on the threat that the French would sound their trumpets replied 'Then we will toll our bells,' or awed, as Burlamacchi states, by the reiterated denunciations of Savonarola, remains uncertain; but on November 28 he abandoned the Medici to their fate, and left the city.

The French were gone, and the Medici also; Florence was once more free. Here was the gain which Savonarola had

promised. But how was the city to be governed? The great bell was rung; the people assembled at the summons to Parlamento, and, at the proposal of the Signory, vested absolute provisional power in the hands of twenty officers (*accoppiatori*), without experience or capacity, and fatally disunited.

Business stood still while the partisans of the Medici, their oligarchical opponents, or the advocates of a democratic government discussed the future constitution of the state. Meanwhile the shops were closed; no employment was provided for the people; Pisa was already in open revolt; other towns threatened to follow her example. The time had come for action, and it was wasted in wrangling. Savonarola knew that all eyes were turned upon him with expectation; his advice was asked by the Signory, and he was invited to deliberate with the principal citizens on the best form of government. Still he hesitated to interfere in political controversy. At length delay became so dangerous that he felt irresistibly impelled to cut the knot of discussion by personal intervention. He summoned the Signory, the magistrates, and the whole adult male population to the cathedral. He began by urging the people to banish the 'infernal thirst for vengeance,' to forget their wrongs at the hands of the Medici, and worthily to inaugurate the new era that had dawned for the city. 'In your hands lies your fate; what you will it, that shall it be: great, noble, strong, revered, envied, or—weak, wounded, abject, unhappy, enslaved.' Then he discussed the theories of good government according to the doctrines of theologians and philosophers. Finally, he laid down four principles on which the best government of Florence could be founded. First, the fear of God; secondly, self-sacrifice for the common good; thirdly, a general amnesty; fourthly, a Great Council on the analogy of that of Venice, so constructed that no citizen could raise himself above his fellows. This, he assured the people, was the constitution which God had ordained; this was the government under which it was the Divine purpose that Florence should thenceforth live. Nothing, he said, could prevent its realisation, for God Himself would change the hearts of those who were most opposed to it; its bitterest enemies would become its warmest supporters. Finally, he promised that God would render His new Republic more glorious, more powerful, and more wealthy than it had ever been before, both in things temporal and spiritual. The weight of Savonarola's personal influence, backed by

the popular faith in his Divine inspiration, overpowered all opposition. On December 23, 1494, the Great Council of Florence was constituted on the popular basis for which Savonarola had contended.

In Savonarola's view a reformation of political institutions was closely connected with a reformation of religion. Freedom and Christianity were indissoluble. To purify the life of Florence was his great object, and upon this end were concentrated his preaching, his writings, and his legislation. His '*Triumphus Crucis*' (1497) or his tract '*De Simplicitate Vitæ Christianæ*' (1496) was not more directed towards this end than his treatise '*De Veritate Prophetica*' (1496) or '*Del Governo della Città di Firenze*' (1498). He became the despot of the new republic. Lorenzo the Magnificent himself was not more absolute. He was the Samuel of a Florentine theocracy, promulgating his laws from the pulpit of the Duomo. The people believed him to be the minister, the interpreter, the mouthpiece of God, when he expounded to the eager crowds his scheme of taxation, his reform of the judicial system, his proposal of general amnesty, his plan for the creation of banks where the poor could obtain pecuniary advances at low rates of interest. And the Signory proposed, and the Eighty discussed, and the Grand Council voted, the measures which Savonarola thus dictated from the pulpit. In his judicial reforms alone he suffered defeat. Political and criminal offences were tried by the Eight, and in certain cases by the Signory. Though the '*sei fave*' carried sentences of death, exile, or imprisonment, there was no appeal from the decision of the '*Six Beans*.' Savonarola urged the necessity of an Appellate Court, and the wisdom of the measure was recognised. But for his proposal of a court formed of eighty or one hundred members of the Grand Council chosen for their legal experience, his adversaries substituted an appeal to the comparatively tumultuous assembly of the whole Grand Council. With this one exception Savonarola's proposals were carried out by the legislature with almost verbal fidelity. The laws which he thus dictated were not only generous but wise. Popular freedom had been secured without a drop of bloodshed and with but one confiscation. The steps by which its enjoyment was secured were moderate and statesmanlike. Savonarola was a student of the theories as well as the practice of government. He owed much to the '*De Regimine Principum*' of Thomas Aquinas, in which political axioms are laid down with Aristotelian precision,



while the Council which he persuaded the people to copy was modified from that of Venice. His own treatise 'On the Government of Florence' should be read by the side of Macchiavelli's 'Prince.' On the art, history, and institutions of the city his administration produced a permanent impression. The Hall of the Cinque Cento in the Palazzo Vecchio was built by Cronaca for the meetings of the assembly which Savonarola had called into existence. In front of the Palazzo was placed Donatello's statue of Judith slaying Holofernes, as a symbol of Liberty destroying Tyranny, and the pedestal bore the inscription: 'Exemplum salutis publicæ cives posuere, MCCCCXCV.' When Gianotti, Macchiavelli, and Guicciardini ransacked history for the best forms of Florentine government, they confessed their inability to devise any better scheme than that of the constitution of 1494-5. Gianotti speaks of Savonarola's political wisdom in the creation of the Grand Council with eager enthusiasm; Macchiavelli urges upon Leo X. its reconstruction as the only safeguard of Italian states; Guicciardini acknowledges the debt which Florence owes to the man who arrested the rising storm of democratic excess by the wise concession of a just measure of liberal government.

Freedom was the Atlas of Savonarola's religious State. His personal character is immaculate. He used his power neither for self-aggrandisement nor in the interests of his Church or order. His political reforms were only means to the great end of wresting from the powers of evil one consecrated city to be the stronghold of the Lord. Often in his lonely cell he had mused upon an imaginary State, whose free citizens acknowledged no ruler but Christ and obeyed no laws but His word. He believed himself to be the chosen minister of God to achieve this ideal of a Christian Republic, to realise upon earth the Apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem. And he was fated to find that the passage from idea to execution was as keen and hazardous as Mahomet's bridge. So long as his voice sounded in the ears of the people the effect which he produced was little short of miraculous. But while popular government was to him a secondary, or at least collateral, end, to his supporters it was the primary and exclusive object. His moral influence depended upon his political success. The people worshipped him as the prophet who had founded the new republic, and not as the zealous religious reformer. The face and not the heart of Florence was changed. Below the surface the city

remained profoundly immoral, if not profoundly sceptical, swept by sudden bursts of excitement to some outbreak, now of fanaticism, now of vice, ready to cry 'Hosanna' to-day, and 'Crucify' to-morrow.

Savonarola might, indeed, legitimately pride himself on the effect of his moral influence. He foretold the judgments that were about to fall upon Italy, the pestilences, famines, massacres, and wars that were impending over the country, and he urged Florence to repent while there was yet time to avert the vengeance of Heaven. Women gave up their ornaments; men dressed in sober colours. Luxury fell out of fashion, and immodesty hid herself from sight. Rakes and libertines forswore their dissolute pleasures; the sensuous allurements and voluptuous enchantments of Southern cities were renounced. Theatres and taverns were closed; card-playing and dice-throwing ceased; fortune-tellers no longer plied their trade. Usurious practices were checked; sums of money fraudulently obtained were restored. Temperance and chastity reigned in the place of wantonness and excess. The confessionals were thronged with penitents; multitudes attended the sacraments, prayers were offered daily, and books of devotion supplanted obscene tales; instead of lewd songs hymns were sung in the streets. Every Sunday crowds of peasants streamed down from the hills into Florence like pilgrims on their way to a holy city, and the neighbouring villages were deserted by the inhabitants who flocked to Florence to hear the great Dominican. Even the children, wilder and more mischievous than our own street Arabs, fell under his sway. During his exclusion from the pulpit by the Papal brief at the beginning of 1496, he organised them into bands as a sacred militia, bound to attend the sacraments, to observe the commandments of the Church, to abstain from filthy language, and to live pure lives. He erected altars at the corners of the streets, at which they begged alms for the poor; or made them march in procession through the city singing hymns and 'lauds' composed for them by himself or Benivieni.

The following year (1497) he employed these bands of children to collect the famous Florentine Vanities. Against the intellectual idolatry of the Renaissance Savonarola had always inveighed with all the force of his eloquence, and with something of monastic narrowness. In this sense he interpreted the prophecies of Amos. The 'wine of the condemned' which the Israelites drank was expounded to the Florentines as Paganism with its voluptuous glamour and profane cere-

monies; those who swore by the 'sin of Samaria' are the young men who study the vain subtleties of the schools; those who said 'the manner of Beersheba liveth' are those who make an idol of science. Already he had reduced the carnival from a riotous pagan festival to scarcely less riotous religious Saturnalia. Now he would make it the occasion for a public abjuration of profane and pagan vanities. The children were sent to collect from the houses the objects which the preacher had condemned, and a huge pile was raised in the Loggia de' Lanzi. Here were heaped together lewd tales, lascivious poems, prurient paintings, and among them, it is probable, some priceless manuscripts and works of art which offended the stern puritanism of Savonarola. Here men brought their dice boxes, their cards, their backgammon boards; here women threw their cosmetics, their false hair, their perfumed waters; here were collected also the masquerade dresses, the veils, the masks, the lutes and harps of an Italian carnival. The whole pile was lighted with religious ceremonies, in the presence of a vast concourse of citizens, on Palm Sunday 1497, and a second burning took place in the following year. The fire seemed to Savonarola the sacrament of the New Republic of Christ, the consummation of the triumph of the genius of Christianity over the naturalism of the pagan world.

But the Burning of the Vanities in 1497, and still more in 1498, was only a flicker of the old enthusiasm. Savonarola's political power—on which, as we have said, so much of his moral influence depended—was already on the wane. He had been the minister of a theocracy; he was now to dwindle into the leader of a political party. He passed from a Samuel to a *Piagnone*. Within the city were arrayed against him the *Bigi*, who knew him to be the chief obstacle to the restoration of the Medici; the *Arrabbiati*, who saw their oligarchical influence reduced to nothing by his institution of a Grand Council; the *Compagnacci*, who chafed under the stern discipline of his puritan rule; the *Tiepidi*, whose sacred profession of the priesthood was disgraced by the apathy, if not the immorality, of their lives. His life was frequently attempted by steel and poison; he could not venture abroad without an armed escort. He could rely implicitly on the personal devotion of his own followers, who were nicknamed the *Piagnoni*, or Snivellers; but he held his ground mainly by the divisions in the ranks of his opponents. He had assailed many parties and attacked many interests. The Medici, who were eager to return; the aristocrats, who had lost their

privileges; the libertines, whose license was restrained; the priesthood, whose vices were reprovèd and whose lukewarmness was rebuked; the moneylenders, whose profits were reduced—all detested the Dominican friar. When his enemies dominated the Signory they filled the Pope's mind with false reports of Savonarola's personal attacks upon the Supreme Pontiff. When the popular party were in the ascendant they fought strenuously in his favour. And so for the next two or three years the combat sways to and fro, yet always drawing closer to its inevitable end.

Outside the city political events were turning against him. Alarmed at the success of the French invasion, a League had been formed by the Pope, Venice, the King of Spain, and the Emperor Maximilian to expel 'the barbarians.' Though Charles VIII. had broken faith with the Florentines in all his promises, though he had done nothing to reform the Church, Savonarola's personal influence kept the Republic loyal to the French alliance. Florence alone refused to join the League, which, after the departure of Charles VIII., was free to punish the Republic. As the bulwark of the popular party, and as the champion of France, Savonarola was obnoxious to Alexander VI., who was already smarting under his unsparing denunciations of the corruptions of the Church. It was not, therefore, difficult to convert Borgia into an instrument of party strife, and to make him the protagonist in the struggle against the prior of San Marco. A tragic interest is given to the contest by the vivid contrast in the personal character of the opponents. On the one side stands Pope Alexander VI., the father of Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia, stained with such infamous vices that his name has passed into a byword as a monster of iniquity. On the other side is Savonarola, whose prudence may sometimes be questioned, but whose noble enthusiasms, unsullied morality, unselfish patriotism, and fiery religious zeal cannot be disputed or denied.

Into the details of the struggle we have no space to enter. It began on July 21, 1495. In a letter couched in friendly and even eulogistic terms the Pope summoned Savonarola to Rome to confer with him on the subject of his predictions. Savonarola in reply acknowledged that obedience was the first duty of a monk, but excused himself for the time by pleading his ill health and the great danger which his absence would cause to the newly reformed Government.

'If your Holiness desires,' he adds, 'to be informed of my predictions respecting the chastisement of Italy and the renewal of the Church,

your Holiness will only have to read the work which I am at this moment seeing through the press, and which I will take care to send to Rome with the least possible delay.'

The book was the 'Compendium of the Revelations,' to which we have frequently referred. For the moment the Pope was satisfied; but in September 1495\* a second brief arrived, which, among other accusations, alleged against Savonarola that he claimed to hold communication with God, whose messenger he asserted himself to be, and that he had written and printed the statements which he had the rashness to preach. On this and other grounds he suspended Savonarola from preaching, both in public and private, until his cause could be heard. At the same time, to destroy his independence, Alexander reannexed the Tuscan congregation to that of Lombardy. Savonarola, in reply, states that he had never absolutely declared himself to be a prophet; that his teaching was in strict conformity with the Scriptures and the Doctors of the Church; that the Pope was misinformed respecting him; and that the submission of the Tuscan order to the Lombard congregation would only produce calamitous results. The Pope's reply did not reach Savonarola before the middle of November. In the interval he had preached an extraordinarily violent sermon. Three months before he had urged the people to use no half measures towards those who sought to undermine the power of the Grand Council, but to cut off the head of anyone who proposed a Parliament. So now, in October 1495, he exhorted the citizens to fight to the last for their popular government, promising them victory, for the cause of Christ was bound to conquer, and, crucifix in hand, counselled them to put to death anyone, 'were he even the chief and head 'front of thy house,' who sought to restore the Medici. His address produced the desired effect. A general summons to arms to resist the League was issued, and a price was put on the head both of Piero and Giuliano de' Medici.

Hardly had Savonarola preached this last sermon when the Pope's reply to his letter arrived. It was pacific, and even complimentary.

'In other letters we have expressed to thee our grief for these disturbances at Florence, which thy sermons have chiefly caused; forasmuch as instead of preaching against vice and exhorting to union, *thou*

\* Dean Milman, probably following Quétif, gives the date of this brief as October 16, 1497. The real date was fixed by Gherardi ('Nuovi Documenti,' p. 256) as September 8, 1495.

*dost predict the future* [the italics are ours], a thing which might well breed dissension among a pacific people, and much more among the Florentines, in whom there be so many seeds of discontent and faction.'

The letter concludes with commanding Savonarola by his holy vow of obedience to abstain from preaching until he could come to Rome to confer with the Pope upon the accusations laid to his charge. Savonarola was placed in a difficult position. To disobey the Supreme Pontiff was to cause a scandal in the Church; to obey was to suffer immorality to make fresh head, and to give his political opponents the opportunity to plot against the Great Council. Ultimately, he decided to yield. Throughout Advent 1495 he was absent from the pulpit.

His friends in the Signory of Florence were strong enough to obtain for him covert permission to preach in Lent 1496. The Pope had even gone so far as to offer him a Cardinal's hat. He had scornfully rejected the bribe, and now entered the pulpit in no conciliatory mood to deliver his famous course of sermons on Amos and Zechariah. With the most plainspoken boldness, and in scathing terms, he denounced the vices of Rome, described her pride, greed, ambition, and lusts, and threatened Italy and the Papal city with plagues, pestilences, massacres, famines, and foreign wars, as the scourges of their hypocrisies and wickedness. Then he defined his position towards the Papacy. 'I have ever believed,' he said, 'and do believe all that is believed by the Holy Roman Church, and have ever submitted, and do submit, myself to her.' But he denied that the Pope was entitled to obedience if his commands were contrary to the gospel or the laws of charity. And applying the principle to his own case, he stated that he disobeyed the Pope on the three grounds—that his sentence was inspired by lying reports, contrary to the laws of charity, and opposed to the divine commandments which he had himself received. The sermons produced a prodigious effect throughout Europe. Savonarola had definitely raised the standard of rebellion against the Pope, though not against the Papacy. It was war to the knife between them. At all hazards Alexander must crush the zealot whose austere Christianity rebuked the vices of Rome, who could neither be cajoled nor frightened into silence, and who had thus appealed against his sentence to the civilised world.

Savonarola was keenly alive to the difficulties of his position. In a sermon preached in October 1495, he exposed

the schemes of his opponents. 'The Arrabbiati,' he said, 'care little whether or not I go to Rome; all they desire is to get rid of me from Florence. "If he obeys," they say, "the fox is trapped; if he disobeys, we shall have him excommunicated, and then the people will be shocked at the scandal, and he will lose his influence."' No doubt his opponents attacked him through and, in the main, on account of his political position; but he it was who had thus identified religion with politics. He had, in fact, attached the sacred cause of morality to the precarious fortunes of the popular faction, and upon the vitality of his democratic government had staked the whole venture of his moral reformation. On three occasions he had excused himself from going to Rome; he had refused to permit his congregation to be reannexed to the Lombard order; he had availed himself of the covert permission to preach to rebuke the vices of the modern Babylon with just and unsparing severity. It is the greatest proof of his power in Florence that the Pope hesitated to strike an open blow. The consistory of theologians which Alexander appointed to condemn him for 'superstition, heresy, schism, and disobedience,' only found him guilty of 'causing all Piero de' Medici's misfortunes.'\* Their decision afforded the Pope no excuse for any decisive step. Another reason for the temporary suspension of hostilities was the revival of Savonarola's popularity in the city. Once more the people had cried aloud, 'The Friar's sermons have saved us again.' In October 1496, the Republic was hard pressed by the forces of the Leaguers. Within the city pestilence and famine claimed their victims by hundreds; well-to-do citizens died at the corners of the streets from hunger; the corn ships were shut out of Leghorn by the Venetian fleet. Beleaguered by powerful foes, and disunited within, the popular party were dispirited, while their opponents exhorted the Republic to surrender. At the urgent request of the Signory, Savonarola addressed the starving and murmuring people from the pulpit. It is, he said, the scourge of God, the punishment for the luxury, the sensuality, the gambling, the blasphemy, of which the city was daily guilty. Repent and turn ye to God; lay aside all

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\* This is the account which is given by the Florentine ambassador, Messer Riccardo Becchi, in his letter of April 5, 1496, and which is followed by Villari and Bayonne. It seems impossible, if the consistory condemned Savonarola in the terms given by Dean Milman, that the Pope should have taken no action upon their decision.

thought of surrender, all ideas of constitutional change. Prepare boldly for defence and be united. 'Have faith in my words and trust in the Lord, and we shall drive off our enemies.' Two days later a messenger entered by the Porta San Frediano, and rode at full speed down the Lung' Arno, towards the Signoria, with an olive branch in his hand. The corn ships, driven by a furious storm, swept through the blockade into Leghorn, and Florence was saved from the worst horrors of famine.

The Pope did not dare to attack Savonarola openly. In November 1596, he created a new Tusco-Roman congregation of the Dominican order, and annexed to it the convent of San Marco, thus degrading Savonarola from his position of Vicar-General. Savonarola published a tract ('*Apologetici cum Fratrum Congregationis Sancti Marci*'), in which he demonstrated the union to be impossible, unreasonable, useless, and dangerous; and declared that he would not obey the command because it was 'contrary to the rules of the order, the law of charity, and the welfare of our souls.' He would rather, he said, die a thousand times than yield. It was plain that he had abandoned all hope of reconciliation with Alexander. In Advent 1496 and Lent 1497, he preached a course of sermons on Ezekiel, in which he continued to inveigh against the abominations of Rome. Yet, in spite of splendid bursts of eloquence, the tone of these sermons differs from that of his earlier efforts. He feels himself to be standing on his defence, he has to make good his case for disobeying the Pope, and he has lost the strain of magnificent confidence. It is in these sermons that he first openly promised to take the lead in any general movement for the reform of Church life. Delay was now becoming as dangerous to the Pope as action. Every day seemed to consolidate the strength of the popular party, and to lead to further triumphs of Savonarola. Some decisive step was necessary. In May 1497, the Pope excommunicated his opponent, and in June the sentence was proclaimed with solemn formalities in all the churches of Florence. The delight of the 'Arfabbiati' knew no bounds. They surrounded the church of San Marco, shouting, singing, and hurling stones at the building; they returned to all the evil practices of the days of Lorenzo; they flooded the streets with ballads, sonnets, and tracts against the friar. The Signory still maintained the cause of Savonarola, who declared the brief to be invalid. But the struggle was now hopeless. The ravages of the plague, the discovery of a Medicean plot, and the ruthless execution of the conspirators



by the democratic government, were all events which injured the cause of the leader of the popular party. The contest drew rapidly towards its inevitable conclusion.

Since his excommunication Savonarola had remained silent, though not inactive. It was now that he brought out his 'Triumph of the Cross,' the most elaborate and beautiful of his devotional works. At last the daily increase of immorality stirred him to speak. On Christmas Day 1497, in defiance of his excommunication, he performed high mass, and administered the communion to a vast concourse of people. On February 11, 1498, he again began to preach, taking for his main topic his excommunication, the authority of the Pope, and the right to resist his decrees. Had his mind in the slightest degree resembled that of Luther, he would have avowed his Protestantism. But the only form in which the question presented itself to his Italian habit of thought was whether a simoniacally appointed Pope could be the true holder of the papal office, and was not rather a vile usurper, a false shepherd. During his silence he had brooded over the hope that a General Council might rid the Church of this contaminated ruler. He had even drafted rough copies of his 'Lettere ai Principi,' addressed to the kings of France, England, Spain, and Germany. Throughout these Lenten sermons he speaks of the Pope as a broken tool from whom the Higher Agency was withdrawn, defied his decree of excommunication, and hinted that he was only waiting a favourable moment to attack him openly before a General Council. Yet the appeal to the intervention of a miracle, with which he concluded his course, seems to indicate some doubt of the validity of his position. On the last day of the carnival he appeared, according to promise, in the Convent Square, which was crowded with people, ascended the pulpit erected for the purpose, and, holding the pyx in his hand, prayed that if he had deceived anyone, if he had said anything in the name of God which was not true, if the apostolical censure against him was valid, God would send down fire from heaven to consume him in the presence of the people. And so, with eyes raised to heaven, he prayed for half an hour, but no sign was granted to him from the unanswering sky.

The Pope retaliated by threatening Florence with an interdict unless the Signory either sent Savonarola to him at Rome, or confined him as 'a corrupt member,' separated from the rest of the people. The Signory compromised the matter by inhibiting Savonarola from preaching, and for once he had

the prudence to obey. His only hope now lay in a General Council. Before sending his '*Lettere ai Principi*,' he determined to consult experienced friends, to whom he forwarded drafts of the proposed letters. The original draft began thus: 'The moment of vengeance has arrived; the Lord commands me to reveal new secrets, and make manifest to the world the perils by which the bark of St. Peter is threatened, owing to your neglect.' He then proceeds to '*testify in verbo Domini*, that this Alexander is 'no Pope,' on the ground of his simony, his vices, his unbelief, and his heresy. One of these letters fell into the hands of Ludovico Sforza, who immediately communicated it to the Borgia. At this very crisis, the rashness of his own adherents, the election of a hostile Signory, and the death of Charles VIII., placed Savonarola in the hands of his enemies. In April 1498, a Franciscan friar challenged Savonarola to prove the truth of his doctrines by the ordeal by fire. Fra Domenico, the most devoted of Dominicans, at once accepted the challenge and offered himself to go through the fire on behalf of his superior. It is strange that Savonarola should disapprove of the ordeal; but the fact remains that he opposed the test. If he had not himself appealed to a miracle, it might be supposed that he saw the impious folly of such a trial. Perhaps he recognised the bad faith of the challenger; perhaps he felt that a General Council would be a better means of determining the illegality of his excommunication. He was in fact placed in the dilemma by which he was all along confronted. Unless a miracle intervened, his cause must be covered with discredit. Whatever the reason of his hesitation, it was too late to recede. The enthusiasm of his followers, the courageous confidence of Domenico, the visions of the hysterical Fra Silvestro, overpowered his reluctance. The great ordeal was appointed to take place on the Friday before Palm Sunday (April 7) 1498, in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The tragic story has been too often told to need repetition. The Dominicans were all confidence and enthusiasm; the Franciscans and their champion full of delays and objections. Hour after hour passed, and the crowd, wearied and tantalised by expectation, grew irritated and impatient. At last the Signory, finding it impossible to produce their champion, ordered Savonarola to withdraw Fra Domenico. He remonstrated, but in vain. The ordeal was indefinitely postponed. The blind adoration of the fickle crowd turned to sudden fury. They expected to see Savonarola himself leap into the

fire and prove the truth of his mission. Though the Dominicans had not provoked the conflict, though their champion, Domenico, was ready for the trial, it was upon them that the mob vented their disappointment. With difficulty Savonarola reached San Marco alive. His spell was broken. The final crisis was postponed till the following Sunday, when the convent was attacked, and Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and ultimately Fra Silvestro, were carried as prisoners to the Palazzo. From the moment that Savonarola entered the Signory, history ends. No reliance can be placed upon the so-called confessions, wrung from him by cruel and repeated torture, and falsified by his judges. His life and character stand or fall by his previous career.

On May 22, 1498, sentence was pronounced by the Papal Commissioners upon the three tortured prisoners. That night a Penitent of the Temple, Jacopo Nicolini, came, according to the vows of his order, to comfort Savonarola. His good offices obtained for the three Dominicans, who had been separated since Palm Sunday, a last meeting. By a strange coincidence, they met in the hall which Cronaca had built for the Great Council of Savonarola. On their knees, the two brethren received the blessing and encouragements of their prior, before they were once more separated. The next morning the three friars celebrated their last sacrament, repeated together a confession of faith which Savonarola had himself composed, and then were led forth to execution. Savonarola was executed last. All met their death in silence and with unflinching courage. For two centuries the place where his scaffold had stood was strewn with flowers on the anniversary of his death; lamps were kept burning before his picture; scraps of his tunic, ashes from the fire, splinters of the cross were treasured as relics; portraits were painted, and medallions struck, in his honour; and numerous apologies for his life were published in the face of the persecution of his enemies. Florence learned too late to regret the great champion of popular freedom when she fell again under the domination of the Medici, and Rome has wellnigh canonised the man whom Rodrigo Borgia burned before the Palazzo Vecchio in 1498.

ART. IV.—1. *The Battle Abbey Roll; with some Account of the Norman Lineages.* By the Duchess of CLEVELAND. Three volumes, small quarto. London: 1889.

2. *The Norman People and their Existing Descendants in the British Dominions and the United States of America.* 8vo. London: 1874.

IT is highly appropriate that the accomplished chatelaine of Battle Abbey should have devoted her literary skill, her unwearied industry, and her excellent taste to the illustration of that historic abode, which marks the spot where Harold fell and William of Normandy first planted the banner of the Conquest. In the course of eight centuries Battle Abbey has had no nobler or worthier owners and occupiers than the Duke of Cleveland and her Grace, and none more justly proud of the traditions of their house and of its annals. The Duchess has entered upon her task, which must have been a labour of many years, in no perfunctory or sentimental spirit. This is, as we shall presently see, a work of extraordinary research, and although from the nature of the subject it is a compilation from the records of the past, it embraces a large original portion of English domestic history. Records from 'Domesday Book' and the 'Pipe Rolls,' chronicles, county histories, baronages from Dugdale to Burke, and all the works relating to the Companions of the Conqueror, have been exhaustively examined, and we are not aware that there exists in our language so complete and varied a picture of the older families of the realm. These materials are so agreeably handled and interspersed with anecdote and incidents that the Duchess has made heraldry graphic and genealogy amusing.

It must at once be understood that no attempt is made in these volumes to repeat the record of those famous knights who fought with William at Senlac. That subject has been treated by many writers—by Sir F. Palgrave, by Mr. Freeman, and especially by Mr. Planché in 'The Conqueror and his Companions.' These personages are merely the point of departure of the present work, the object of which is not to penetrate the obscure lineage of the Normans, but to trace their descendants in Britain from the Conquest to the present day. This is the circumstance which gives a peculiar and present interest to this book. We are on our own ground; we are brought down by many devious paths to recognise hundreds of families and persons familiar to us in

daily life. These are not remote warriors and adventurers dimly seen through the mist of antiquity; nor are they exclusively members of the highest nobility, for, in fact, there are no instances of titles which have descended in the male line from the Conquest to the nineteenth century, and of the great array of time-honoured names very few are now borne by direct representatives. These exist rather amongst the old gentry than in the peerage. The Bigods and the Bohuns are extinct; but the Bastards, and the Burdetts, and the Malets survive. In a vast number of cases the later descendants of illustrious families have sunk into poverty and obscurity, unconscious of their origin; and this was more likely to be the case with the younger branches, since the name or title of the family went with the elder line, that inherited the estates. But it has been the purpose of the Duchess to trace these descents as far as any record remains of them, and this has been done with singular application and ingenuity through changes or modifications of names, transfers of property, and intermarriages, always provided that each line starts from a Norman *souche*.

In the lapse of eight centuries and more than twenty generations the whole of British society—and we might say, the population of the kingdom, high and low—has been permeated by the infusion of Norman blood, and it has formed an important element in the formation of the national character. Norman descent is not merely an aristocratic distinction. We doubt not that it has given a degree of energy and daring to our race which neither Saxon nor Celt possessed in an equal degree, and it may be added that the same qualities, from the same source, have crossed not only the Channel, but the Atlantic, and are shared by the people of the United States of America. In the natural course of births the descendants of five hundred men in twenty generations would amount to many millions. The line of hereditary descent can only be traced by property or by public services; but in human history the survival is not to the fittest only. When the psalmist inveighs against ‘them that trust in wealth and boast of the multitude of their riches,’ he adds—

‘Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever,  
And their dwelling-places to all generations:

*They call their lands after their own names.*

But mar that is in honour, and understandeth not,

Is like the beasts that perish.’ (Psalm xlix.)

An anonymous writer published, some years ago, an inte-

resting volume entitled 'The Norman People,' in which a considerable number of these Norman descents are briefly traced; but the present work records them on a much larger scale and with copious historical and personal details, which give it an interest far beyond that of a mere catalogue of names. The numbers of families more or less directly connected with the Battle Abbey roll will astonish the reader. The mere list of them in the index extends to more than a hundred pages.

It will be inferred from these remarks that the title of this book is in some degree a misnomer; it fails to convey the extent of the inquiry. It is not so much a roll of Battle Abbey and the companions of the Conqueror as the roll of their numerous descendants; and, instead of taking us back to the Norman Conquest, it takes us down to our own contemporaries. In point of fact the roll of Battle Abbey is not in existence. There was such a roll, suspended in the great hall of the building, and it bore the names of 645 knights; but it has disappeared long ago, as well as the other relics of the battle, which were removed to Cowdray and perished in the conflagration of 1793. We are therefore reduced to deal with copies or imperfect lists, of which there are several. The four lists which appear to be most authentic are (1) Duchesne's list, taken from the Abbey charter, containing 495 names; (2) Leland's collection, with 498 names; (3) Magny's catalogue, with 425 names; (4) Delisle's, called 'The Dives List,' with 485 names. These are all of a much later date than the Conquest, and it is well known that the heralds of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were not scrupulous in adding names to the 'Libro d'oro' of Battle. The most unquestionable record is that of Wace in the 'Roman de Rou.' He names 118 knights or barons, and he says he could have named many more. Twenty-seven of these are progenitors of noble English families or otherwise celebrated.

The difficulty of identifying these doughty personages is increased by the fact that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries family surnames were not commonly in use. Christian names were given in baptism, and territorial names, taken from the place of abode or from the estates or fiefs held by the family or the individual, were added. Sometimes the name of an office, or a nickname derived from some personal peculiarity, was assumed, such as Conestable, Le Brun, or Le Fort, which became in time the family names of Constable, Browne, Fortescue. The royal House of France

had no family name. We doubt if the descendants of Rollo the Norseman had any name; they became Robert or William of Normandy. Throughout the Middle Ages the families and their branches were known by their territorial possessions. Their place of origin or *habitat* becomes, therefore, the essential key to their genealogies. After the Conquest the Norman lords of British fiefs frequently added their foreign appellation to their English manors. The following are instances: Hurst-Monceaux, Tarring-Neville, Drayton-Basset, Melton-Mowbray, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Stanstead-Rivers, and many others.\* The transformation of Norman into English names is recorded in every page of these volumes.

This transformation was effected in two ways. In many cases the Norman name was retained in an English form; thus

Mesnil-Garin	became	Mainwaring,	Mesnières	became	Mamers,
De Gaste	"	West,	De Plugenet	"	Plunkett,
Malsalant	"	Maitland,	Saultchevreuil	"	Sacheverill,
De Bretignolles	"	Brudenell,	Vis de Lou	"	Fidler,
Binga-Gerault	"	Byng,	Coignières	"	Conyers,
Arques	"	Arch,	Gaugy	"	Gage,
De Curcelle	"	Churchill,	Gournay	"	Gurney,
De Albini	"	Daubeny,	Ferrières	"	Ferrers,
Chanteloup	"	Cantilupe,	Reviere	"	Rivers or Redvers.†

In other cases the Norman name was dropped altogether, and the family assumed the territorial name of its English

\* We may refer to an interesting article on English Surnames, by the late Mr. Pashley, which will be found in the 101st volume of this Review, p. 347, in which the whole subject is discussed.

† With regard to the name of Rivers, which occurs as Richard de Reviere on the Dives Rolls, the Duchess holds that Reviere, Rivers, and Redvers are forms of the same name and belong to the same family. William de Reviere was created Earl of Devon and Lord of the Isle of Wight. Baldwin, the second earl, founded three religious houses—Brummore Abbey in Wiltshire, Twyneham Priory, and Quarr Abbey in the Isle of Wight, where he was buried. We submit, however, that Twyneham Priory undoubtedly existed before the Conquest, though its constitution was altered and the name changed to Christchurch by the Normans. The Redvers family contributed largely to its possessions. In 1293 the line became extinct by the death of the Lady Isabel de Fortibus, widow of the Earl of Albemarle. Edward I. wrested the Isle of Wight from her daughter, and the inheritance passed through Lady May Redvers to her husband, Sir Hugh Courtenay, who received in 1335 the earldom of Devon from Edward III.

property. Thus the house of Gernon de Montfichet assumed the name of Cavendish from a manor in Suffolk; that of Buish became Bingham from a manor in Notts; that of Valescherville took the name of Stanley from a manor in Staffordshire; that of Peverel took the name of Wallop by marriage with an heiress; that of De Oissey (a Flemish family) became Wentworth from a manor in Yorkshire. These examples might be multiplied to any extent.

Such are the materials from which the Duchess, with a vast amount of industry and ingenuity, has sought to evolve the history of many generations. The Bayeux tapestry itself, which still records, it is said, by the needle of an 'imperial votaress,' the history of the Conquest, was not a more elaborate work. But the roll of the knights of Battle contains no more than the roots of these spreading genealogical trees, which have extended their growth not only over Britain, but over the face of the earth. It is not too much to say that the Normans, springing chiefly from a small peninsula of north-western France, the Cotentin, have become one of the dominant races of the world.

The same subject has been treated with great ingenuity and research by the anonymous author of the volume entitled 'The Norman People,' to which we have already alluded. It is impossible to overrate the patient industry with which this writer traced from the concurrent records of England and Normandy tens of thousands of facts relating to more than three thousand Anglo-Norman families, the ancient lords of the soil in this country, but not relating to high and noble lineage alone, for their descendants may be found in every rank of British and American society. The introduction to this work is a masterly summary of the whole record, and it establishes the fact that the Norman Conquest was not merely an invasion of the island by a few hundred knights, but the migration of a people, who have left indelible traces of their descent in the names they have bequeathed to their descendants to this day. The proportion of Norman names in the 'London Directory' is about one-fourth, and it appears that 22,500 surnames now existing in England are Norman. This writer then proceeds to give an alphabetical series of some thousands of names, tracing their origin, their descent, and in many instances their transmutations, with their armorial bearings. The chief defect in the work is its extreme succinctness, for but few lines are allotted to each family, and the most elaborate and minute researches are compressed into a single para-



graph. But it supplies a key to the whole inquiry, and whilst the errors and delusions of the heralds and pedigree makers of the last two centuries are mercilessly exposed, the origin of a family is brought back to what may be called its etymological test by a process not dissimilar from that of the philologists who trace the lineage of language.

It may fairly be assumed that the Duchess of Cleveland has derived much assistance from the labours of the author of 'The Norman People,' which she has in many instances gratefully acknowledged. For the more strictly scientific part of the investigation was supplied to her hand, and the alphabetical series in 'The Norman People' contains copious references to the original records on which the lineages rest, and to the armorial bearings which supply an auxiliary proof. But the Duchess enjoys an immense advantage over her predecessor. She is not confined for space or cramped within the limits of a catalogue. On the contrary, as each historic name occurs in her ampler volumes it expands under her fluent pen into narrative and anecdote, and she gives life to the labours of the genealogist.

It must be acknowledged that the author of 'The Norman People' is frequently carried away by his theory, and assigns a Norman name to many plain English surnames on the sole evidence of a slight verbal resemblance; for we see no reason to suppose that such names as Hooker, Hooper, Webb, Last, Plum, &c., were imported from France. He also lays too much weight on the identity or similarity of heraldic bearings and coats of arms. The Duchess is far more circumspect, and confines her Normans to undoubted foreign lineage, derived from the roll of Battle itself. It is probable that by far the greater number of Norman immigrants were *men*, and that they intermarried with the women of Britain. Such marriages, especially with the Saxon heiresses, were encouraged by the Conqueror. But invasion widely differs from the immigration of a people. The Northmen settled in Normandy and in Britain because they seized or acquired the land."

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers some specimens of these historical records, and we will begin with the familiar and not very chivalrous name of Browne, some of whose representatives had a very close connexion with Battle Abbey. Many are the Brownes who have no claim to rank with the knights of Battle, but there is a lineage bearing that name which may perhaps trace its descent from Hugh de la Ferté, of a great Norman house, who

fought at Hastings. He had two sons, called by way of distinction Le Brun and Le Blond, who settled in Cumberland and in Suffolk, where the descendants of Le Brun long flourished, the name changing to Broyne, Broun, and Browne. From them came in the sixteenth century Sir Anthony Browne, an able and astute courtier during the whole reign of Henry VIII., who not only kept his head upon his shoulders, but who received on the dissolution of the monasteries the splendid gift of Battle Abbey, once the 'pledge' and token of the royal crown,' with the lion's share of its possessions.

'The story goes that when he was holding his house-warming in the Abbot's Hall, with great rejoicings and festivity, a monk suddenly made his appearance in the midst of the guests, strode up to the dais, and pronounced a solemn malediction on the spoliation of the Church. He warned Sir Anthony that the curse would cleave to his latest posterity, and foretold the special doom that was to be their temporal punishment. "By fire and water your line shall come to an end and "perish out of the land." The prophecy sunk deep into the minds of men, for it was still well remembered and current in the country when it came to pass after the lapse of two hundred and fifty years.'

Another great estate accrued to the Brownes by the death of William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, and the beautiful domain of Cowdray, in West Sussex, was added to Battle. The family remained strictly Catholic, in spite of their spoliation of Church lands, and Queen Mary created the head of it Viscount Montague on her marriage with Philip of Spain. The Lords Montague retained the abbey until 1719, when it was sold to Sir Thomas Webster; but they resided chiefly at Cowdray, and to Cowdray the principal relics of Battle, the sword of the Conqueror and the Roll of the Knights, were unfortunately conveyed. Then at length, towards the close of the last century, the curse of the monk was fulfilled. It fell upon the eighth Viscount Montague, a young nobleman who in September 1793 made a foolhardy attempt to shoot the falls of the Rhine at Laufenberg and perished in the attempt. His valet clutched his collar as he was stepping into the boat, exclaiming, 'My lord! my lord! the curse of water!' but in vain. The boat capsized in the second wave of the Laufen, and even the bodies were seen no more. The messenger that carried these heavy tidings to England crossed another hurrying out to inform the young viscount of the destruction of Cowdray House by fire on September 14, 1793. The accumulated treasures of generations perished in the flames,

and the curse of Battle was fulfilled to the letter. By flood and fire the race of Sir Anthony Browne was overthrown and came to an end. The ruins of Cowdray House to this day mark the scene of the calamity, and the same fatality appears to have attached itself to some of its more recent possessors. But another branch of the Browne family survives in Ireland, wearing the peerages of Sligo and Oranmore.

No hero of English legend and romance is more popular than the bold archer Robin Hood, whose exploits were recorded in a hundred ballads and lived for centuries in the memory of the people. But even Robin had Norman blood in his veins, and it has been pretended, on the faith of a spurious epitaph, that he was the lawful heir of the great Earl of Huntingdon. The truth seems to be that he descended from the Norman family of Fitzooth or Fitz Otes, dating from Otho, the king's jeweller, who executed the splendid tomb of William the Conqueror at Caen, and the name Otes gradually became Ode and Hode. One of these Fitzooths, a Norman, Lord of Kyme, married a daughter of Gilbert de Gant, who came in with the Conqueror, and Robert Fitzooth, known as Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, was his grandson. This lineage gives him a place in these volumes. The Duchess has drawn a charming picture of that golden age when these rough freebooters of Sherwood Forest were supposed to do rough justice upon usurers and priests, whilst they protected the poor and defied the law. This is the language of poetry and romance; but there seems to be evidence that Robin lived to a great age, though he fell a victim at last to the treachery of a kinswoman, the Prioress of Kirklees, a woman 'skillful in physiqua,' but who bled him to death. There is a touching record of his last hour:—

'As he lay in that narrow cell, helpless and despairing, he "be-  
" thought him of his bugle horn," and raising it for the last time to his lips, he attempted to summon his comrades. The blast was thin and uncertain, and Little John, as he caught the sound in the green-wood where he lay, was struck with dismay. He sprang up on the instant, led his men to Kirklees, and, breaking open the convent gates, forced his way to his dying chief. He was too far gone for human aid, and Little John, thirsting for revenge, proposed to burn down Kirklees Hall and all their nunnery; but Robin would not hear of it.

"I never hurt fair maid in my time,  
Nor at my end shall it be;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I will let flee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave diggit be."

‘ His faithful benchman lifted him up, put the bow in his hand, and raised him in his arms, and with a supreme effort he struggled to his feet and bent it once again. He shot two arrows; the first fell in the river Calder, and the second lighted in the park at Kirklees, where he was buried according to his desire. A tombstone bearing an ancient cross was placed upon his grave, which was still in existence in 1750, just five hundred years after his death.

We turn, however, from the grave of the outlaw to more illustrious names, and in the roll of British nobility there is none more illustrious or more continuous to the present day than that of the great House of Neville. They represent in direct male descent the sovereign earls who ruled the North even in Saxon times. They became barons and princes after the Conquest, and more than once they disposed of the English Crown. Their domain in the county of Durham alone extended forty miles along the Tees, and seven hundred knights held their fees of the great Honour of Raby. The direct line of the Nevilles held the Honour of Raby for sixteen generations, and for more than five hundred years, when it passed to the Fanes in 1569. Since that time the castle has been owned and inhabited by the latter family and their descendants, and throughout the long lapse of ages reaching from the days of the Confessor to our own there has always been a hearth fire alight within its venerable walls. We doubt whether there is in existence any other of the ancient castles or baronial residences of England (with the exception of royal Windsor, and perhaps Arundel) of which this can be said, or which has procured so uniform a tradition and so striking an identity; and it is an interesting circumstance that the present mistress of that magnificent abode should have traced in these pages a record of its fortunes.

The Nevilles derived their name from the Norman fief of Neuville-sur-Touque, and it is said that Geoffrey de Neville commanded the Conqueror’s fleet. But the ancestors of the family were settled in the North of England long before the Conquest, and had intermarried with the Saxon lords of the North. Geoffrey, the son of a Saxon father and a Norman mother, first assumed his mother’s name of Neville, but retained his own coat of arms—the famous silver saltire that was to bear the proudest quarterings in England. The descendants of the house, male and female, literally fill a peerage roll. In the fifteenth century they rose to pre-eminence. Ralph, the son and heir of Lord Neville, was a faithful adherent of the House of Lancaster, though he had been created Earl of Westmorland by Richard II. He

accompanied Henry V. to Agincourt as Earl Marshal with a powerful retinue, and it was to him that Henry addressed the memorable words—

‘Who’s this that wishes for more men from England?  
My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin.’

This earl had twenty-one children, nine by his first countess and twelve by Joan de Beaufort, who was a daughter of John of Gaunt and the widow of Lord Ferrers. Her four eldest sons became the founders of the lines of Salisbury, Kent, Latimer, and Bergavenny, the last of which subsists to this day. Their youngest sister, Cecily Neville, was known for her beauty as the Rose of Raby. She married Richard, Duke of York, and was the mother of Edward IV. and Richard III. This marriage attached the House of Neville to the Yorkist party. Ralph was grandfather of the renowned Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the eldest son of his father’s second marriage, who espoused the heiress of the Beauchamps—

‘Proud setter up and puller down of kings,’

that stout Earl of Warwick, whose bodyguard consisted of six hundred retainers in russet coats embroidered with the ragged staff of Beauchamp, and whose ‘exceeding great ‘household’ fed some thirty thousand mouths daily at his various castles and manors.

Two daughters only had been born of his marriage—Isabel, Duchess of Clarence, the wife of ‘false, fleeting, ‘perjured Clarence;’ and Anne, whose singular fate it was to marry first the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, Edward, son of Henry VI., and afterwards the Yorkist King Richard III. Isabel was the mother of the last male Plantagenet, Edward, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, who suffered on the block in 1499; and of two daughters. The elder was Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, who succeeded her brother in his title and in his fate, being beheaded in her old age by Henry VIII. Her chapelty may still be seen in the choir of Christchurch Priory Church, with the arms of Neville and Plantagenet, deleted by the King’s order, in the sculptured roof. She became the wife of Sir Richard Pole and the mother of Cardinal Pole, and is now represented by the House of Hastings. The younger sister, Anne, whose life was ‘full of state and woe,’ left no issue, for the son she bore to Richard III. died young, and she shortly followed it to the grave. This branch of the Neville family lapsed with the Marquis of Montacute, brother of the king-maker.

Our limits forbid us to trace the lineage of his five sisters, who married into the families of Stonor, of Lord Scrope, of Wentworth, of Mortimer, of Sir Anthony Browne, and of their descendants. But the older branch of the Nevilles flourished for six generations more; and when the great Catholic rising of the north took place in 1569 it was in their castle of Raby that the leaders met in council. The rebellion was speedily followed by defeat, proscription, and exile. The Earl escaped with difficulty to Scotland and thence to Flanders, where he lived in misery for thirty years. Queen Elizabeth granted a pittance to his wife and daughters, but on her death they were literally in want of bread. The earldom was declared to be forfeited by attainder, and James I. conferred it on Francis Fane, whose descendants are the present Earls of Westmorland. But if the right line of succession had been observed that earldom should have passed to Edward, Lord of Bergavenny, who became the real head of the Neville family. From him the present Marquis of Abergavenny is directly descended, with a lineage of thirty generations, extending from Uchtred, Earl of Northumberland in the reign of Ethelred III., to the present day.\*

We turn now to another family, certainly of Norman origin, but whose principal services and honours belong to a much later period. In a recent number of this Journal we related the political career of Lord Grenville, and we have since had to lament the death of the last male heir of that eminent and patriotic family upon the demise of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The Grenvilles came from Grenneville, in the Cotentin, a fief of the Barons of St. Denis le Gaste. They intermarried with the Giffards, who accompanied the Conqueror, and soon after the Conquest Richard de Grenville acquired a knight's estate at Bideford, in Devonshire. Kilkhampton, in Cornwall, which became for centuries the chief seat of the family, also belonged to them from the time of the Conquest, and the name of 'Stowe' originated there. The first Lord Bath, who was a Grenville, or, as he first spelt the name, Granville, built a

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\* We are aware that Baroness le Despencer (now Viscountess Falmouth) is also regarded as the representative of the Neville family, from which she is descended. The daughter of the fourth Lord Bergavenny, who married Sir Thomas Fane, claimed the barony on the decease of her father in 1588. But the House of Lords decided that the barony passed to the heirs male. The barony of Le Despencer was then granted by the Crown to the female heirs. Lady le Despencer's descent from the Nevilles is in the female line,

magnificent house there, 'the noblest in the West of England,' which was pulled down by his grandson in 1711, and the contents transferred to Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, where, in our own time, we have witnessed a somewhat similar catastrophe.

The west-country Grenvilles gave birth to two heroes, whose exploits fill a glorious page in history. First Sir Richard Grenville, the gallant admiral who was the friend and companion of Raleigh, who carried out the earliest colonists to Virginia, and who was entrusted with the defence of Cornwall on the approach of the Armada. He lost his life in that memorable sea fight off the Azores, when the little 'Revenge' attacked the Spanish fleet of fifty-three ships and fought it to the last extremity. Evelyn, recording the action, exclaims, 'Than this what have we more? What can be greater?' And in later days Lord Tennyson has wedded to immortal verse the glory of the 'Revenge' and her commander.

Sir Bevill, his grandson, was not unworthy of his sires. Where, says Martin Llewellyn,

'shall the next famed Grenville's ashes stand?  
Thy grandsire fills the sea, and thou the land.'

At the head of a small body of Cornishmen in 1643 he cleared the county of rebels and marched on to Bath, where he fell in his most brilliant combat on Lansdowne Hill.

Probably it was this circumstance that induced Charles II. to confer on his eldest son, on the Restoration, the title of Earl of *Bath*, that being the scene of the battle. He was created Earl of Bath, Viscount Lansdowne, and Baron Granville of Bideford and Kilkhampton in 1661. His sons died without heirs, and the inheritance reverted to Lady Jane, the wife of Sir William Leveson Gower, from whom the present Earl Granville descends, and Lady Grace, the wife of Lord Carteret, who was created Countess Granville in her own right in 1714. Her daughter married Lord Shelburne, and was the mother of the third Marquis of Lansdowne, the grandfather of the present Viceroy of India; perhaps Lord Shelburne took the title of *Lansdowne* in memory of Sir Bevill Grenville, from whom he descended. But the lineage of the Grenvilles had not died out. One branch of the family had remained, and still remains, at Wotton, in Buckinghamshire, a manor depending on the great Honour of Giffard, of which their ancestor had been enfeoffed at the Conquest. From one Richard Grenville, the great-grandson of a seneschal to King John in 1214, the line

descended by fifteen generations to another Richard, born in 1677, who married Hester Temple, the great heiress of Stowe. Hence sprang a family not less distinguished in the Cabinet than their ancestors had been at sea and in arms. Among the descendants of the first Countess Temple may be reckoned three Prime Ministers, three Secretaries of State, two Lords Privy Seal, and four First Lords of the Admiralty. Above all, her daughter Hester was the wife of Chatham and the mother of William Pitt. It is needless to pursue the well-known tale of their great political services, which were rewarded by no less than eleven titles of honour. But it is melancholy to reflect that this illustrious house has fallen almost as rapidly as it rose, and that the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos was buried the other day at Wotton, after a well-spent and honourable life. The descent of those honours of the Grenville family which have not expired with the late duke is singular. Hester Temple, the heiress of Stowe, who married Richard Grenville, succeeded in 1749 her brother Richard, who had been created Viscount Cobham in 1718, with remainder, failing his heir male, to his *second* sister Hester and her issue male. This lady was created Countess Temple in the same year, and her descendants hold the Cobham peerage till the present time. But failing her male issue (which has now taken place), the title passes to the descendants of the *third* sister of the first Viscount Cobham, who was Christian, the wife of Sir Thomas Lyttleton. This reversion takes effect after an interval of 166 years, and Lord Lyttleton becomes Viscount Cobham.

When the Marquis of Buckingham obtained the dukedom from George IV. in 1822, he also received a fresh grant of the earldom of Temple of Stowe, with remainder (failing heirs male) to his granddaughter, Lady Anna, who married Mr. Gore Langton. This title, therefore, now passes to her representative. All the other English titles of the Grenville family are now extinct, but the Scotch barony of Kinloss passes to the late duke's younger daughter.

The incident which led to the great fortunes of the Russell family, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when Mr. John Russell, a Dorsetshire squire, residing near Bridport, served as interpreter to the Archduke Philip of Austria and accompanied him to Court, where he speedily won the favour of the Prince of Wales, soon afterwards King Henry VIII., is too well known to be related here. The Duchess gives us an excellent sketch of the subsequent rise of the great House of Bedford to one of the highest



positions in the realm, in rank, in wealth, and in hereditary services to the nation and the Liberal cause. But it is less generally known that the family had no obscure origin. It traced its descent from a Norman source, the lordship of Rosel, in the Cotentin, and the name appears in some of the lists of the Roll of Battle Abbey. Mr. Wiffen states in his history of the house that Hugh de Rosel came to England with the Conqueror, and is mentioned in a charter of the reign of Stephen as father of Robert Russell. In Domesday he appears as holding lands *in capite* in Dorset by the serjeantry of being Marshal of the Butlery of England, a feudal dignity which conferred rank and was hereditary. His grandson, another Robert de Rosel, held the fief of Kingston, in Dorset, to which the Norman name was added, and thus it came to pass that Kingston-Russell was one of the abodes of the gentleman who was summoned about four hundred years later to accompany the Archduke of Austria to Court. But in this long interval the family had not been undistinguished. It had contracted several important marriages, and in the reign of Henry VI. Sir John Russell was Speaker of the House of Commons for eight years, and presided over that assembly, which it fell to the lot of his namesake and descendant, about four hundred years later, to reform. This personage was the grandfather of the John Russell, of the Court of Henry VIII., who was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Russell of Chenies, having married the heiress of the Cheneys, and Chenies to this day is the burial-place of the family. Upon this fortunate mortal the King heaped titles and honours, and upon the dissolution of the monasteries a prodigious share of their property—the whole of the rich Abbey of Tavistock in 1546; Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, ‘fell to him on easy terms’ in 1547; part of Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, in 1549; and Covent Garden, with the Seven Acres (now called Long Acre), ‘the choicest morsel of Somerset’s forfeited estates,’ in 1552. If the origin of so great a fortune was sacrilegious in the eyes of the devout, it has borne with it no curse like that which fell on the lords of Battle and Cowdray; and having been administered for more than three centuries with consummate prudence and liberality, it is one of the few large territorial possessions of England which have suffered in the lapse of years no change, dispersion, or decline.

The name of Pounce or De Pons became eventually in English Poyntz, and is now borne by Lord Spencer, and there is a manor of Sutton-Poyntz in Dorset, but it does not

awaken any great historical recollections. But the De Pons were one of the most powerful families in France, and upon their settlement in England, after Walter de Pons married the heiress of Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, he assumed the well-known name of Clifford. The eldest daughter of that marriage was the Fair Rosamond, mistress of Henry II. and mother of a host of warriors who fought for generations on the marches of Wales and the Scottish border. Roger Clifford married Isabel de Vipont, an heiress who brought him the four great castles of Brough, Pendrago, Appleby, and Brougham, and the hereditary office of High Sheriff of Westmorland, which her successors retained for three hundred and twenty-six years. The great Clifford estates remained with the Earls of Thanet (descendants in the female line) till 1849, and the family is still represented by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

There is not a more romantic story in these volumes, rich as they are in such records of the past. The Cliffords were fierce Lancastrians, especially that 'black-faced Clifford' who slew young Rutland at the battle of Wakefield, and was slain himself the year after by a headless arrow from a bush the day before the battle of Towton. After that defeat the Lancastrian nobles were attainted, and the life of his young son was only saved by a disguise. The lad was despatched to the wild fells of Cumberland, where he lived among the hinds for five and twenty years, totally ignorant and unknown. In 1485, when Henry VII. reversed the attainder of the Lancastrians, Henry, Lord Clifford, emerged from his retreat with the manners and education of a shepherd. He never could learn to write, or sign more than the letter C; but he had a taste for alchemy and astrology, and, in spite of his retired habits, when the war-cry sounded on the Border in 1513 the old martial spirit of his forefathers blazed out in the recluse of sixty, and the shepherd lord held a principal command in the army that fought at Flodden. His son Henry Clifford was of an opposite character; he shone at Court, dissipated his property, and was said to have turned outlaw. The Duchess will have it that he is the hero of the ballad of 'The Nut-brown Maid,' who does, in fact, declare that he is 'an 'erly's son' and that Westmorland is 'myne heritage.' If that were so, the faithful 'nut-brown maid' would be no other than the Lady Margaret Percy, who became his second wife, and became, on the death of her brother, the sixth Earl of Northumberland, a great heiress. She brought

about the half of Craven to the Cliffords. But we are inclined to think that the ballad is of an earlier date. It was certainly printed as an ancient ballad in 1521 in Arnolde's Chronicle.

The name of the Grosvenor family bears evident marks of its French or Norman origin, although there is no evidence to connect it with the Roll of Battle. The term *Venoure*, or *Venator*, occurs no less than seven times in Domesday, in as many southern counties, but it was borne by tenants of Saxon origin. It occurs again in some of the northern counties (sometimes entered as *Venables*), and there it is borne by Normans. From the Cheshire *Le Veneurs* sprang the wealthy House of Grosvenor. But the name of Grosvenor never occurs earlier than the reign of Henry III. The office of Grand Huntsman of Delamere Forest would be rendered in Norman *Grand Veneur*, and could never be translated *Gros Veneur*. The greater probability is that the prefix *Gros* was a nickname, from the personal bulk of one of the family. In later times it was corrupted into Gravenor.

In the fourteenth century Sir Robert le Grosveneur married the heiress of Pulford, for the family have been fortunate in their marriages. But Lord Scrope challenged his right to the coat of arms—azure, a bend or—then borne by the Grosvenors, and which Sir Robert himself had borne in the train of Edward the Black Prince and at Poitiers. The *Le Veneurs* of Normandy bore nearly the same coat. But this great heraldic cause was decided by the Court of Chivalry against Sir Robert, who thereupon was allowed to assume one of the wheat-sheaves of Chester, azure, a garb or, being part of the arms of that city.

After this little more is heard of the Grosvenors for the next three hundred years. The elder line ended with Sir Robert's grandson in 1464, through one of whose six co-heiresses Holme passed to the Shakerleys; but a younger brother, Raulyn or Ralph, who about twenty years before had married the heiress of Eaton, took his place as heir male. Ralph's descendants were plain country gentlemen, content to live quietly and unobtrusively at home, who did their duty when called upon as sheriffs or knights of the shire, received a baronetcy from James I., and were impoverished by their loyalty to his successor. But in 1676 Sir Thomas, the third baronet, made the marriage that was to work a momentous change in the future and build up one of the greatest fortunes in the kingdom. His wife, Mary, the heiress of Alexander Davies, of Ebury, in Middlesex, brought him the freehold of a few grass fields, then only used for pasturing cows, which in process of time became of immense value as building land and the site of Grosvenor Square and the surrounding streets. One of

these, Davies Street, commemorates her name. It was not, however, till nearly fifty years afterwards, in the time of her son Sir Richard, that the buildings were commenced and the golden tide of wealth set in, bringing with it a rapid accumulation of honours. In 1761 this Sir Richard's nephew and namesake was raised to the peerage as Baron Grosvenor, and further created Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor in 1784. His son became Marquess of Westminster in 1831, and the third Marquess received a dukedom in 1874.

'The good fortune of the Grosvenors had not culminated even in the match with the Ebury heiress, for about 1761 the first lord made another extraordinary acquisition. Soon after George III.'s marriage the ground on which Grosvenor Place now stands, with the adjacent estate, then the property of the Duke of Atholl, was offered for sale for 20,000*l.*, and, as it adjoined the grounds of Buckingham House, the King wished that it should be bought by the Crown. But Mr. Grenville, who was then Minister, refused to sanction the expenditure. It was finally sold by auction, and Lord Grosvenor became the purchaser, paying for it a price considered rather above its value. Another noble lord had sent to bid for it, and was disappointed when his agent returned unsuccessful. "How was it," asked Lord — (whose descendants recall the transaction with unavailing regret), "that you did not buy it?" "My Lord," replied the agent, "I could not conscientiously have offered what Lord Grosvenor did. He gave at the very least 200*l.* more than it was worth!"

'To all outward appearance he had made but a poor bargain. The site of the future Belgravia was, up to the year 1826, a clayey swamp called the Five Fields, intersected by mud banks and occupied only by a few sheds. The soil "retained so much water that no one would build there, and the 'Fields' were the terror of foot passengers proceeding from London to Chelsea after nightfall." Many people believed them to have been one of the burial-places in use during the Great Plague of London. Nobody, in their wildest dreams, would have thought of inhabiting them.' \*

The extracts we have been able to make from these interesting volumes convey but an imperfect notion of the amazing variety which the authoress has thrown into the lineages of Battle. There are, in fact, hundreds of these, and scarcely one from which some ingenious suggestion or

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\* George IV., on the day of his coronation, having been warned not to return home by the way he came, lest he should be torn in pieces by the infuriated rabble that was clamouring in the streets for the Queen's rights, escaped from Westminster by this unfrequented route. One of the officers of his escort, Lieutenant (afterwards Lord) de Ros, who had been a Westminster boy, piloted the royal carriage through the back slums to Tothill Fields, and thence, past Millbank, through a squalid and little known region, to the Five Fields, from which, by Constitution Hill, they reached the back door of Carlton House at eleven o'clock at night.

curious trait of manners may not be selected. Society and social life in Britain has lived for centuries by family tradition. Legislation has, it is true, favoured the maintenance of the collective interests of family, sometimes to the prejudice of the living persons who compose it. But those who belong to these races, which are institutions in this country, are bound by their position and inheritance to look before and after. They live not for themselves alone, but to maintain the good name of their progenitors and to hand it down to their successors. Nor is this the characteristic of an aristocratic class alone. Every man who rises by his industry, valour, or ability to wealth and honour becomes an ancestor, and it is not necessary that his name should figure in old rolls or parchments to make him an object of pride and reverence to his descendants. This sentiment has powerfully contributed to give stability to British institutions. Some other nations have conceived that the cause of liberty and progress demanded the sacrifice of old traditions, however venerable and respectable, but they have not fared the better for it and they have blighted feelings which ennoble mankind. Even in democratic America, where political equality is absolute and complete, the unwritten law of descent is respected and the traditions of the ancestors of the commonwealth are held in high honour. Amongst ourselves the study of these domestic annals has never ceased to be carried on with zeal and interest. For these reasons the volumes which we owe to the Duchess of Cleveland are of no common value. They have the accuracy, without the aridity, of an official record, and they present in a singularly attractive form the records of a very large number of the families of England.

ART. V.—*The Land of Manfred.* By JANET ROSS. 8vo.  
London: 1889.

**T**HERE is hardly a spot on the face of the earth which has been the scene of more strange vicissitudes in its history, though others may have been the theatre of greater events, than the fair land of South Italy which forms the subject of this pleasing, and at the same time very instructive, little volume. From the mythical Diomedes to the only too real Bombalino this region has experienced rulers and governments of every variety of character and race. Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Germans, French, Spaniards have played their part in these dissolving views of history, till, in these latter days, the country has sunk (or shall we rather say risen?) from a second-rate independence to become a portion of the young and vigorous Italian kingdom. In disappearing from the stage of history it has also strangely fallen back to the position of a *terra incognita*, and in spite of its multifarious claims upon our attention, the variety and importance of its remains, the beauty of its scenery, and the interesting character of its people, there is perhaps no region so easily accessible which is so little known to, and so generally neglected by, the civilised world. From this undeserved oblivion it is to be hoped that, with English readers at any rate, Mrs. Ross's book will do much to rescue it.

The variety of interest of '*la fortunata terra di Puglia*' (as Dante calls it) cannot be better expressed than in Mrs. Ross's own words:—

'The country is like a palimpsest: Greek civilisation, philosophy and art is written over the remains of the ancient Japygian, Lucanian, Bruttian, and other primitive races; Roman glory and poetry over that again, until the Lombard, Saracenic, Norman, Suabian, French, and Spanish memories bring us down to united Italy ruled at last by an Italian king.' (P. 65.)

Several traces of the 'palimpsest' character of the country are mentioned by Mrs. Ross from time to time, such as the admixture of Greek with Italian in some parts, of which an interesting specimen is given in a Greco-Salentine popular song, 'illustrating a language which is fast disappearing.' A similar admixture of languages occurs again near Otranto.\*

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\* An example of this is given on p. 258, which is curious not only on account of its mixed jargon, but as illustrating the primitive custom of the peasants to give vent to their feelings in verse.

Also 'the shapely hands and ears and well-poised heads' met with in the dirty alleys of Taranto 'show the evident 'Greek descent of the people.' The Spanish influence survives in the universal employment of the titles of Don and Donna in the south. The Arabs have left their trace in the 'look, gesture, and passion for gay colours' of the people in the neighbourhood of Taranto, as well as in some of the preparations of food and the architecture; and it is needless to add that the ecclesiastical art is often Byzantine in its character. So within a few pages in the description of the town of Taranto Mrs. Ross has occasion to mention evidences still remaining of the ancient Greek, Byzantine, Saracenic, and Spanish occupations.

There is no period in this varied record which exceeds in romantic interest that with which Mrs. Ross has specially chosen to connect our thoughts when she describes this country as 'The Land of Manfred.' The very title at once calls up the vision of the meteoric splendour of the illustrious Hohenstaufen family, whose brilliant course, though scarcely a century in duration, reached a height that has never been surpassed in the long history of the most enduring of the great ruling families of Europe, such as the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs. The Hohenstaufens might not inaptly be described as the Atridæ of mediæval history; the fateful family whose steps were dogged by a relentless Nemesis, a *δριμύς ἀλάστωρ* from generation to generation, till in the final tragedy on the scaffold at Naples—one of the most touching scenes in all history—when the last of the Hohenstaufens, the boy Conradin, was mercilessly butchered—

ἰσχύτας ὑπὲρ  
ρίζας ὃ τέτατο φάος ἐν . . . ᾠμοῖς,  
κατ' αὖ νιν φοινία θεῶν τῶν  
νέπτερων ἡμῶ κοίτις.

The great Barbarossa was drowned in some nameless stream in Asia, and buried in an unknown grave. His son Henry VI. died at the early age of thirty-two, though, considering the cruelty, ingratitude, and perfidy of his career, we need not much regret that it was so brief. His son, the great Frederick, had to suffer the rebellion of his firstborn, Henry, an Absalom in the family, who died, aged about twenty-five; the capture and cruel imprisonment (terminated only by his death) of his best beloved son Enzo; the treachery and desertion, real or supposed, of his most trusty friend and counsellor in his later days, till he ended his weary and restless life at

the age of fifty-six, amidst disaster and defeat. The same cruel destiny pursued his family after his death. His son and successor, Conrad, died at twenty-six; the noble Manfred at thirty-four; the unhappy Conradin, last of all his race, perished on the scaffold at the tender age of sixteen. And so, though Frederic had been four times married, and had male issue by each marriage,\* yet 'in the next generation' (indeed, less than twenty years after his death) 'his name was clean put out.'

In the annals of that great family there is no name surrounded by such a halo of tragic interest—not even that of the great Frederic himself, unapproachable as he is in the loftiness of his genius and character—as that of Manfred, 'il bello e biondo,' whom his rough soldiers, whether Saracen or Norman, loved with almost feminine enthusiasm; whose name still lives in the traditional folklore of the uninstructed peasants of 'the Land of Manfred;' whose tragic fate has inspired one of the most touching and splendid episodes in the divine poem of Dante.†

While Frederic, though ubiquitous in his activity, always turned to Sicily as the home of his choice and the seat of his highly cultured and luxurious court, Manfred seems to have been very little in the island portion of the dominions of which he was first regent and afterwards king. It was on the mainland that in his time the ceaseless battle had to be waged with the implacable and undying enemy of the house of Hohenstaufen, the Papacy, and with its contemptible jackal, the intrusive house of Anjou. Of all Frederic's sons, Manfred seems to have inherited most of his father's brilliant and versatile genius,‡ and, like him, might probably have excelled in literature, the patronage (and, moreover, intelligent patronage) of arts and learning, jurisprudence, administration, as well as in arms, had not his early death, at the close of a most troubled and adventurous life, prevented the fulfilment of any such promise. 'Had the Hohenstaufens,' as Mrs. Ross justly reflects, 'not been dispossessed by the 'dynasty of Charles of Anjou, and the whole land thrown

\* Fuller ('Holy War,' iv. 20) quaintly observes: 'It is much 'that succession adventured in so many several bottoms should mis-carry.'

† Purg. iii.

‡ He is thus curiously described by a contemporary chronicler: 'Manfredus, id est manus Frederici; Minfredus, minor Fredericius; 'Monfredus, monus Frederici.' (P. 7.)



‘back many centuries, the social and intellectual development of the world would have made rapid progress.’ This remark is fully justified by an account of the extraordinary services to literature, jurisprudence, commerce, &c., rendered by the enlightened wisdom of Frederic II.

The same power which we have seen that Manfred possessed in so singular a degree, of firing the imagination and kindling the enthusiasm of all around him, seems to have characterised the Hohenstaufen princes generally. It is certainly conspicuous also in the case of Barbarossa and Frederic II. The hold which this remarkable family, themselves, as we may say, but recently strangers in the sunny South, quickly gained and firmly maintained, and the strange fascination which they exercised, and still exercise, on the minds and hearts of the people, are very striking phenomena. The Aragonese dynasty, which held sway in Sicily for so many generations, was welcomed there solely on the very slender title that Peter of Aragon had married Constance (*‘la buona Costanza’* of Dante), the daughter of Manfred, himself an illegitimate scion of the Hohenstaufen stock.\* The Hohenstaufen rulers themselves were often cruel, revengeful, and licentious, but there was something grand, generous, and dignified about them, with all their faults; while the cruelty and perfidy of the Angevins were always petty, mean, and contemptible. A Hohenstaufen (except perhaps Henry VI.) would probably not have committed such a crime as the murder of the hapless Conradin, but, if he did, he certainly would not have been guilty of the unparalleled brutality of ‘assisting’ at the execution.†

Such were some of the principal actors of that period of history in connexion with which Mrs. Ross introduces us to ‘the sunny Apulian land.’ And it should be added that in the same period the Papacy also is represented by some of the most powerful and masterful rulers that ever sat upon the throne of S. Peter—such as Hadrian IV., Alexander III., Innocent III., Gregory IX. Truly ‘there were giants in the earth in those days.’

\* The ingenuity and delicacy with which Dante conceals this defect of his birth are to be noticed. He says nothing of his parents, but introduces him as ‘*Nipote di Costanza imperadrice.*’ (*Purg.* iii. 113.)

† Barbarossa ‘was severe and often ferocious against such opposition as he could break down by force or in the impetus of war, and showed his ferocity sometimes calculatingly, sometimes in real anger, but never was coldly or uselessly cruel.’ (Balzani, ‘The Popes and the Hohenstaufen,’ p. 25.)

Mrs. Ross does not, of course, profess to be writing a continuous history, though by her title she invites us to regard the subject of her book from the point of view of a period, and, as we have seen, a deeply interesting period, of its history. When we come to cities or places which were the theatre of some of the stirring and tragic incidents with which that period abounds, she gives us graphic pictures of these scenes. Also, in the case of the more important towns, we have a rapid sketch of their history and fortunes from the earliest times. Good examples of this will be found in the case of Bari (chap. vi.), Taranto (chap. ix.), and Benevento (chap. xxv.). As an instance of some of the many effective descriptions, we may take that of the marriage of Manfred, 'dressed in his favourite green,\* the colour of hope and 'youth,' with the young and lovely Helen, at Trani. Only five short years afterwards 'Trani saw the beautiful and unhappy Helen, a fugitive and a widow with four small children, basely betrayed to Charles of Anjou. The treachery of the commander is still talked about as a shame which blackens the good fame of the city, and is a sore point with its inhabitants' (p. 23).

As instances of two other episodes of thrilling interest we may refer to Manfred's adventurous ride and the fatal battle at Benevento, in which he perished. Nor must we omit the description of the great fortress of Castel del Monte, built by Frederic II. to command the whole country, still well preserved, and in a position of unrivalled magnificence:—

'The view is glorious; at our feet an immense rolling green plain, with here and there a white farmhouse and large herds of cattle, sheep, and horses grazing. Now and again the soft melancholy tones of the shepherd's pipe broke the perfect stillness, or the long drawn-out notes of an eastern-sounding song. The whole sea-coast, from the promontory of Mount Garganus and the Bay of Manfredonia to Bari, and right away to Monopoli, dim in a purple golden haze, lay to the east and north. Barletta, Andria, Trani, Bisceglie, Corato, and Ruvo shone white in the sunlight; fishing-boats dotted the brilliant blue sea, and we understood why the peasants call Castel del Monte "La Spia delle Puglie" (the spy of Apulia). On the west rose the dark, purple, rugged hills of the Basilicata and the fine cone of the extinct volcano Mount Vulture, and southwards the long chain of the wild hills of Le Murge faded away out of sight.' (P. 48.)

\* Is it just possible that Dante may intend a side allusion to Manfred's 'favourite colour,' when he put into his own mouth the words (which certainly do not require any such special explanation):

'Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde' (Purg. iii. 135)?

Castel del Monte has also a tragic interest as the prison of the unfortunate children of Manfred and Helen. These four infants, the eldest only four years old, were shut up in this dreary prison-house, and in a state of semi-starvation, for thirty-two long years. With a refinement of cruelty their ill-fated young mother was imprisoned elsewhere, but death released her from her sufferings at the early age of twenty-nine. Charles of Anjou, who had captured his victims by the basest treachery at Trani left them to languish in this prison until his death in 1285. His magnanimous successor, Charles the lame ('the cripple of Jerusalem,' as Dante, in allusion to his empty title of King of Jerusalem, contemptuously styles him), remembered them suddenly in 1298, and ordered, in a 'writing of his still 'extant, that they should not be allowed to die of hunger'! They were then transferred to another prison, and their fate afterwards is unknown. With such rulers as these can we wonder at the signal vengeance of the Sicilian Vespers?

Another very interesting episode is the description of the death of Frederic II. at 'Firenzuola' or 'Castel Fiorentino,' near the great fortress of Lucera, a building so vast that 'it took full twenty minutes to walk round the inside of the 'walls,' which he built for his faithful Saracens. He had been warned that he should 'die among flowers,' and hence had always carefully avoided Florence ('Firenza'). When striving to reach Lucera his strength failed him at this place—in the name he recognised his doom.

Mrs. Ross says that his death was hastened \* by two events, occurring in quick succession in 1249. The first was the imprisonment of his beloved son Enzo, aged twenty-four, captured by the Bolognese, and cruelly imprisoned for life. The other is described by Mrs. Ross as 'the treachery of 'Peter de Vineia, the emperor's most trusty counsellor,' of whose fate she proceeds to give a graphic narrative. But ought she not to have said, in justice to the memory of the great chancellor, '*alleged* treachery'? This remarkable man, whose influence over the mind of Frederic was unbounded, and to whom, no doubt, much of Frederic's success as a jurist and civil administrator is really due, had raised

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\* Compare Fuller's account of his death ('Holy War,' iv. 20), 'Whatever is reported, he died of no other poison than sorrow;' and iv. 1, 'For though this emperor's heart was hard as stone, yet it was furrowed, dented, and hollowed at last with the Pope's constant dropping and incessant raining of curses upon him.'

himself to his commanding position from a very humble origin by sheer force of genius. The noble episode of 'Inf.' xiii. 58, &c., in which his fate is described and his memory vindicated by Dante, is well known. Dante puts into his mouth a solemn protestation of his stainless and unflinching fidelity to his master. The most careful search into documentary evidence has failed to connect Peter in any way with the plot to poison Frederic, or to make his having been so connected even intelligible. We may well believe, therefore, Dante's noble vindication of him to be as historically true as it is poetically beautiful.

This little book does such ample justice to the great 'variety of interest of little known Apulia,' that it is difficult to know where to begin in selecting samples. Not only in the country itself will 'classical scholars, artists and architects, lovers of the Renaissance, and students of queer dialects, all find constant occupation,' but they will all also find matter of interest and instruction in the volume before us. The authoress does not weary us, like so many writers of books of travel, with the petty details of her food, her journeyings, her hotel accommodation (or rather the absence of it), or with her personal affairs generally, except so far as to give an individual and vivid character to the narrative. This is seasoned throughout with a charming sense of humour; enlivened by anecdotes, and graced by classical quotations, both introduced with judgement and moderation; it is also illustrated by a large number of interesting sketches of architecture, costumes, and incidents occurring by the way; and, finally, Mrs. Ross reproduces the music of many of the strange and wild melodies popular with the country folk, which one may safely say have not before been accessible to the world outside.

We are often reminded as we read that the oblivion of the outside world is not without its compensating advantages. In respect of its architectural remains, if Apulia lacks the benefit of a 'Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments,' no doubt sometimes to be regretted, it is also free (or, perhaps, after Mrs. Ross's experience at Lucera, we ought to say, nearly so) from the ravages of the 'restorer,' often more terrible than those of Time, which, combined with those of the commonplace 'Philistine,' have wrought such sad havoc at Venice and at Rome, and threaten now not to spare Florence. Even in Apulia 'the plague is begun.' For Mrs. Ross found that the Cathedral of Lucera, having been declared 'a national monument,' was being 'restored'



by one of the railway engineers! On the occasion of her visit 'he was on the works of the line . . . and had the 'key in his pocket!' At Taranto the 'noble castle (built by 'Charles V.) is, alas! being destroyed by the Italian Government in order to build a dwelling for an admiral, and the fine 'round tower which guarded the entrance into the Mare 'Piccolo has already disappeared.' So at Luperano a recently discovered Greek tomb was found to have been destroyed because 'it took up too much room in the field.' It is pleasant to be able to record the following instance of judicious conservatism, only too rare in Italy, where names that have been familiar for centuries, as the Via di Toledo at Naples, and even the 'Campo' at Siena, immortalised as it is by its mention by Dante in the 'Divina Commedia' ('Purg.' xi. 134), have had to give place to the inevitable Via Garibaldi and Piazza Vittorio Emanuele! 'A thing much 'to be commended at Lecce is that the names of the streets 'have not been changed. A burgher may almost learn the 'mythical Greek, Roman, and Renaissance history of his 'fatherland as he walks through the town.'

Further, in respect of the people themselves, it is inevitable that civilisation, the schoolmaster, and the railroad, in spite of their undoubted advantages, should soon level down, or level up, the distinctive features of national character, its simplicity and independence, its quaint habits, its picturesque beliefs. Mrs. Ross has seized the happy moment for depicting the portraiture of this peculiar and primitive people, in their strange, though probably now shortlived, isolation from modern and external influences.

It would scarcely be an unfair representation of the general popular conception of this unknown land to say that it is supposed to be a wild and thinly populated region, whose scanty inhabitants are in a semibarbarous condition, mostly brigands and smugglers, with an admixture of half-clad shepherds 'wandering about in sheepskins and goatskins,' but all alike, as a general rule, ignorant, grasping, cruel, treacherous—

*ἀνήμεροι γὰρ οὐδὲ πρόσπλατοι ξένοις.*

How far this picture is from the truth may be judged from the following extracts, from which it will appear that, if the people are in any sense 'barbarous,' the virtues of the barbarian are at least more conspicuous than his vices:—

'To anyone coming from Tuscany three things are most striking in Apulia: the absence of beggars (save at Bari), the absence of swearing

and cursing, and the extreme hospitality one meets with everywhere. From the cabman up to the duke, all are anxious that a *forestiere* (stranger) should be as comfortable as possible, not be cheated, and take away a good impression of much-maligned "Italia Meridionale." (P. 177.)

Ignorant the people may be, and certainly are, in the way of book learning, and measured by the 'standards' of even the most lenient educational board. For after the suppression of the monasteries 'nothing took their place, and the 'generation of the end of the last century, and the beginning 'of this, hardly knew how to read and write.' In illustration of this state of things a curious anecdote is given of Sir James Lacaita's early educational experiences. The very lowest classes of the peasantry, however, display an extraordinary amount of natural intelligence, and the middle or *bourgeois* classes have done a good deal in the way of self-help to make up for the disadvantages under which they labour.

'The amount of education of a queer, out-of-the-way kind in Apulia is wonderful, excepting at Taranto. Almost every town of any pretension has its club, its professors, and generally its historian, who spends years in writing a history of his native town in three or more ponderous volumes. Some very creditable weekly and monthly papers exist, which are well printed on good paper, at Benevento, Trani, and Lecce; to my surprise I found Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and various other of our modern authors *correctly* quoted in them. C. T. Ramage, who visited Italy in 1828, was also struck by the superior intelligence of the Apulians; he says, "I feel that I have got "into a part of Italy where the inhabitants are much more alive and "active than those I have hitherto visited."' (P. 178.)

The following passage will serve to explain the reservation above made in the case of Taranto:—

'Learning and philosophy have long disappeared from Taranto, and Horace's epithet *molle* is as applicable as in his day. Though a town of over forty thousand inhabitants, I searched in vain for a bookseller. What a change since Plato came from Athens to visit the famous schools of the proud city, and was received by his friend Archytas and a crowd of Tarantine philosophers!' (P. 112.)

As instances of the native genius or imagination of the people, we may take the unconscious poetry of the description of the country when the almond tree was in blossom given by a *vetturino*, who said it looked 'as though rosy snow 'had fallen all over the land;' or the impromptu poetical *brindisi* (too long to quote here) of the old guardian of Castel del Monte, the fortress of the Hohenstaufens, built by

Frederic II. about 1238. The same old guardian, by the way, affords a curious instance of the dangerous influence of a little knowledge in tending to bring into contempt and oblivion the popular beliefs, traditions, and superstitious which are so valuable to the scholar and the philologist. Hence the importance of the service rendered by an intelligent traveller who will go about among the people, and collect and preserve, as Mrs. Ross has done, before it is too late, the fading and perishing fragments of these interesting survivals.

'The old guardian said he had heard something about it [the asphodel] in relation to King Manfred; but as he had a sublime contempt for all "dicerie stupide del popolo" (stupid sayings of the people), he could not tell me what. He was almost angry when I inquired whether the great Emperor or his handsome son Manfred were never seen at night in the castle, or riding in gallant array with their hawks on their wrists on All Souls Eve. Such things were only fit for poor peasants, not for educated people who could read, and I had better come and amuse myself with the visitors' book, and write down my name.' (P. 52.)

Another curious example, of a slightly different style of intellectual developement, in which a little knowledge in the way of book learning forms a veneer to an undiminished credulity, is recorded by the authoress as having occurred when she visited Oria, the ancient Menapian capital, claiming to have been founded by Japyx, son of Dædalus.

'Few places,' she writes, 'are grander than Oria crowned by its splendid castle standing on the apex of the watershed between the Adriatic and the Ionian Sea. It looks quite as though it had been

"Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old."

My admiration of the town delighted an Orian gentleman who had come to meet us at the station, and he proceeded to prove that his birthplace was two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five years old. My head spun round with his calculations. A generation was thirty years; now Oria had been founded by the Cretans three generations before the fall of Troy; Troy was burnt nine hundred and seventeen years before the birth of Christ; add ninety to nine hundred and seventeen, and it is clear that Oria was founded 1007 B.C. Homer, Herodotus, Hesiod, and Cavaliere Newton (Sir Isaac) were all cited; and I was told that if I inclined to the opinion that a generation was more than thirty years, then the foundation of Oria really became so ancient that it might be called fabulous; a statement which I was not disposed to dispute.' (P. 170.)

Next let us take a few extracts exhibiting some of the

estimable qualities of this primitive race. First, their honesty:—

‘The large orange gardens are unguarded, and the cattle remain out in the fields for six months in the year. The long ladders for pruning the tall olive trees are left out night after night miles away from the *masserie*; and as they are worth some ten or fifteen francs, and the people are miserably poor, I think it says wonders for them.’ (P. 150.)

Next, their civility and respectful habits, which are such as to involve no loss or lack of self-respect. ‘The dependants kiss their master’s hand and say, “Eccellenza,” but have a pleasant, frank way with them, and a sense of their own dignity which is delightful; very different from the cringing buffoonery of the Neapolitans.’ Next, their honest pride and independence. On several occasions even the poorest peasants refused to receive any payment for services rendered to, and in some cases even for value received by, the travellers. There is an interesting account of a picturesque old shepherdess at Lucera, her son, ‘extremely courteous and refined in manner,’ and his little boy, to whom at parting Mrs. Ross offered a franc to buy sweets, upon which

‘his father’s face became as black as thunder. He snatched it out of the little fellow’s hand, and held it out to me with quite a tragic air: “You want to insult us; are we beggars?” I begged his pardon, and, to pacify him, said I was going to ask him to give me a present—one of his sheep collars, made of wood. He gave it me with the air of a prince, but with it handed me the unfortunate franc; so I said I could not accept the collar unless his little son took the money, in order to “have a sweet mouth,” as they say in Italy, when he next went underground to Lucera. The shepherd did not like it at all, but his old mother took the franc; and I promised to go and stay with them at Campobasso if ever I went into the Abruzzi mountains. We shook hands and said goodbye quite like old friends; but the young shepherd said to me, “I see you don’t know our customs. When you come to Campobasso do not give money; a shake of the hand and a smile is the payment we accept;” and he added, with a graceful nod, “the Signora can smile!”’ (P. 276.)

A similar scene occurred when a franc was offered ‘for cigars’ to a peasant who had sat for his portrait. His face became so fierce and threatening that they feared that they ran some chance of a stab from his knife. Even so ordinarily prosaic and rapacious a person as an innkeeper, and that at so large a town as Manfredonia, refused payment for anything beyond money actually ‘spent in the market for the Signora.’

‘In vain I argued, Don Michele was inflexible; so my companion



ran upstairs and deposited what we considered fair payment with Don Michele's eldest daughter. I heard afterwards that he was very angry, and threatened to close his inn against Englishwomen who insist on paying for their rooms.' (P. 320.)

That the country is in a very backward state is of course undoubted. One of the most striking, and at the same time disagreeable, ways in which this is brought home to the notice of the traveller is the strange absence of hotels, or even inns. Thus at Andria, a town of 47,000 inhabitants, there is no inn of any kind. At Monte Sant' Angelo, with over 30,000 inhabitants, and the seat of an important pilgrimage, the same was the case, and the inquiry for an hotel even created some astonishment. This shows how little intercommunication takes place between neighbouring towns. Another indication of the same backwardness is the curious survival of the town or city (*πόλις*) as a political unit, reminding us of the local jealousies and animosities of ancient Greece or of mediæval Italy :—

'A singular feature in Italy is the hatred existing, not only between the different provinces, but between neighbouring towns and villages. Thus at Trani they told us that the people of Andria were all thieves and assassins, uncivil to strangers, and perfect savages; while at Andria we were informed that Trani was a nest of robbers, and its inhabitants "maleducati e gente di nessuna fede."' (P. 33.)

The strange deficiencies of inns and shops in towns of large population is partly explained by another 'survival':—

'In former times all this country was subject to perpetual inroads from the Turks, and the general insecurity was so great that the peasants were forced to live in the large towns. This custom still prevails, and explains the size of the Apulian cities and the dirt of their streets. I was told that every morning, at daybreak, over ten thousand labourers leave Andria, many of them mounted on donkeys, mules, or horses, as their fields are miles away. The shepherds drive their flocks of goats and sheep and the herdsmen their cattle through the streets, making sleep impossible. After sunset the town is again filled with its peasant population, who are said to be quiet and orderly.' (P. 28.)

We have already noted the absence of booksellers' shops at Taranto. It sometimes happened that shops, when they existed, disappointed expectation, like 'the barren fig tree,' as, for instance, at Lucera, with its magnificent and justly celebrated castle.

'We heard there was a photographer in the town, and after some trouble we found him, and I asked for photographs of the castle. He stared at me in blank amazement. "Perhaps the Signora does not

know that I am an artist; I only occupy myself with portraits." I then inquired whether he had photographs of the peasants and shepherds, "fit subjects for an artist." Whereupon he explained to me with great condescension, that he did not look upon such people as men and women. He only photographed gentlemen and ladies; but he had done the *gendarme*, if I cared to have his likeness, "because it was always useful to stand well with the authorities!" (P. 279.)

We are not surprised to learn that agricultural operations and appliances are of a very primitive description.

'Agricultural implements are curiously primitive: the spade is unknown, everything being done with a short-handled, much-bent hoe. Earth and stones are carried, as in Egypt, in small rush baskets on one shoulder, each basket containing about fifteen handfuls. I tried in vain to convince a peasant at Leucaspide of the merits of a wheelbarrow, but he thought it would be "troppo complicato" (too complicated), and ended with the true conservative reason: "My forefathers always used baskets; what was good enough for them is surely good enough for me."

'The plough, weighing eight or ten pounds, consists of two slender bent boughs of olive or ilex for the shafts, and a tiny wooden coulter, roughly shaped with a hatchet, which slightly scratches the soil when the ploughman leans on a stick which fits into the upper part.' (Pp. 147, 148.)

Medical science also appears to be in a condition so backward as to threaten perilous consequences to all but the strongest constitutions. The following notice was posted over a doctor's door at Trani:—

'PROFESSORE RICCA. •

'Il medesimo Professore Ricca, per fare i suoi unguenti, comperà Serpenti e Serpi grosse, vive; Lupi, Orsi, Scimmie, Marmotti, Faine, e tante altre razze di animali selvaggi vivi e sani.'

('The said Professor Ricca will buy, for making his salves, live Snakes and big Serpents, Wolves, Bears, Monkeys, Marmots, Weasels, and many other kinds of wild animals, alive, and in good condition.') (P. 17.)

The religious ceremonies and practices of the people are of a sadly rude and barbarous description, such as the 'batteria 'di Jesù' at Trani. In some cases they are such as even to move our disgust, especially in regard to the conduct of the priests, who can permit, and even encourage, the continuance of such degrading practices on the cynical ground that 'it amuses them.' They are not likely to improve under such spiritual guides as these, or the yet baser sort described in the following extract:—

'The priests whose turn it is to officiate at the sanctuary of the

Incoronata during the festival are considered fortunate, as the offerings they receive during the month of May enable them to live in affluence for the rest of the year.

'At the church door was a vendor of wax and silver ex-votos, who wanted me to buy one to offer at the shrine. As he had a very small stock of limbs to choose from, we asked him how he replenished it. He ingenuously related that every evening the priests resold to him some of the ex-votos at one-third less than their original price; "so," he added, reverently raising his hat, "I and the Holy Virgin both do a good business."' (P. 292.)

A very interesting feature of the book will be found in the attention paid to the superstitions of the people, which, it may well be imagined, are most numerous, and, though often implying the most abject ignorance and the most unlimited credulity, are frequently very picturesque and poetical.

'The lonely stretches of country; the fantastic shapes of the great olive and caroub trees, in whose misshapen trunks the brigands used to hide; the innumerable old tombs, crypts, and caverns; and the remains of ancient buildings scattered about on every side, are all calculated to impress an ignorant population.' (P. 147.)

Fairies, ogres, and sirens are as real to these happy peasants as to any of us in our childhood. One of the most curious and original of these strange creatures is the '*Laùro*,' who appears to be a very vicious and troublesome sprite.

'I observed that some of the flock the old shepherd was guarding looked tired and hung their heads wearily. I asked whether they were ill, and he answered, "No; but I must get rid of them, because the *Laùro* has taken an antipathy to them." On further inquiry, he told me that the *Laùro* was a little man, only thirty centimètres high, always dressed in velvet, and wearing a Calabrese hat with a feather stuck into it.

'The *Laùro* is most capricious: to some who ask him for money he gives a sackful of broken potsherds; to others who ask for sand he gives old coins. He took a particular dislike to a cousin of the old shepherd's, sitting on her chest at night and giving her terrible dreams. At last she was so worried by the *Laùro* that she determined to leave her house. All the household goods and chattels were on the cart; nothing was left but an old broom, and when the goodwife went to fetch it the *Laùro* suddenly appeared, saying, "I'll take that; let us be off to the new house." His antipathies or likings are unaccountable: he will steal the corn from one horse or mule to give it to another, twist up their manes and tails in a fantastic way, or shave them in queer patterns. The *Laùro* would not allow the sheep I had asked about to rest at night, and any animal he hated had to be sold.' (Pp. 126, 127.)

It need hardly be said that the dread of the *jettatura*, or evil eye, so common generally in Italy, and by no means

confined to the most ignorant classes, is in full swing in this primitive country. So also is the belief in witches and enchantments, incantations, the significance of dreams, and so forth.

'A person born on a Friday in March is fortunate, for he cannot be bewitched, and the word *Sabato* (Saturday), if pronounced in a peculiar way and at a proper time, is a preservative against the evil eye and witches. Signor Gigli told me a most poetical way of warning off an approaching tempest, which is common in and around Manduria. When black clouds menace hail or a violent storm, a child under seven years of age is placed in the middle of the street with three small pieces of bread in its hands. One piece of bread is thrown straight forward, one to the right hand and one to the left, while the child says aloud, with a supplicating voice :

"Oziti, San Giuanni, e no durmiri,  
Ca sta vescu tre nubi viniri;  
Una d'acqua, una di jentu, una di malitiempu;  
Dò lu portamu stu malitiempu?  
Sott'a na crotta scura,  
Dò no canta jaddu;  
Dò no luci luna,  
Cu no fazza mali a me, e a nudda criatura."

('Arise, St. John, and do not sleep, for I see three clouds coming—one of rain, one of wind, and one of tempest. Where shall we carry this bad weather? Into a dark cavern, where no cock crows; where no moon shines; in order that it do no harm to me, or to any other creature.') (P. 194.)

'No peasant woman will comb or brush her hair on a Friday, unless she desires the death of her husband, and the melancholy hoot of the big owl portends a death in the family; indeed, in Apulia its common name is "bird of death."' (P. 195.)

'One of them asked me whether I played "*Scopa*" (a favourite game of cards in South Italy); when I said yes, he told me, with a sigh, that he was very unlucky at cards, and for years had been trying to find a lizard with two tails, which invariably brought good luck, only it was so difficult to find. He had heard of a man who was now at Naples "doing the gentleman" on the proceeds of money won, thanks to the possession of a lizard with two tails.' (P. 288.)

The following is a very curious custom, which certainly is not to be classed as a superstition, but rather as a curious survival of a religious practice, the origin and meaning of which are no longer known to those who adhere to it. In this sense it may be compared to the hymn sung on May morning at the top of the tower of Magdalen College in Oxford:—

'An ancient custom prevails at harvest time, which I thought might date from the worship of Apollo; but Sir James Lacina told me it

was the prayer ordered by the Pope at the time of the first Crusade, to be said at sunrise, noon, and sunset for the Crusaders. When the sun is about to sink on the horizon work is stopped, and the labourers kneel in a semicircle, with their faces turned to the setting sun. The headman recites a prayer, which all repeat in chorus after him, and then they go home.' (Pp. 195, 196.)

The following singular belief as to the devil's marriage reminds us how Machiavelli has embodied this 'happy' thought' in his 'novella piacevolissima' of Belfagor:—

'At Lecce there is a proverb, "La donna non la sopportò neppure il Diavolo" ("Even the Devil could not stand a woman"), which has its origin in an old belief that the devil once married, but was so bothered by his wife that he divorced her within a week. Now he only has his old grandmother, "Donna Silvia," a good old woman, who is fond of coming up on to the earth. She cooks and keeps house for her grandson, who is very fond of her, and when he is tired he lays his head on her lap and she sings him to sleep.'

We will conclude with some extracts illustrating the curious superstitions associated with the bite of the poisonous spider (tarantola) found in some parts of the country. The *rationale* of the 'dancing cure,' so far as it may have any efficacy, is, of course, that it induces a violent perspiration, by which the feverish effects of the venomous bite are thrown off. So prevalent, in any case, is the belief in the efficacy of this particular mode of cure (not necessarily, however, as associated in the people's mind with the above or any other theory of its *modus operandi*), that it has given rise to a distinct and familiar class of popular dance music known as the 'Tarantella.' Mrs. Ross has given a sample of one of these melodies, still much in request for Tarantati. The following extract brings together some of the sober facts as well as the wild superstitions associated with this curious subject:—

'I asked Don Eugenio also about the famous Tarantola. It was too early in the year for us to see the spider, or the effects of its bite; but I found that the common people and many of the gentry still implicitly believe in "Tarantismo," in spite of the verse—

"Non fu Taranta, nè fu Tarantella,  
Ma fu lo vino de la carratella."

("It was not the Taranta, or the Tarantella,  
But it was the wine of the little barrel.")

'The account given by Don Eugenio, who told me he had witnessed hundreds of cases, differs from any I have seen. He said, "There are various species of the insect of different colours, and two different kinds of 'Tarantismo,' the wet and the dry; women in the cornfields are most liable to be bitten, because they wear so little clothing on account

of the intense heat. A violent fever is the beginning of the disease; the person bitten sways backwards and forwards, moaning violently. Musicians are called, and if the tune does not strike the fancy of the 'Tarantata' (or Tarantato, the person who has been bitten), she (or he) moans louder, crying, 'No, no; not that air.' The fiddler instantly changes, and the tambourine beats fast and furious to indicate the difference of time. At last the 'Tarantata' approves of time, and, springing up, begins to dance frantically.

"If she has the dry 'Tarantismo' her friends try to find out the colour of the 'Tarantola' that has bitten her, and adorn her dress and her wrists with ribbons of the same tint as the insect, white or blue, green, red, or yellow. If no one can indicate the proper colour, she is decked with streamers of every hue, which flutter wildly about as she dances and tosses her arms in the air. They generally begin the ceremony indoors, but it often ends in the street, on account of the heat and the concourse of people. When the 'Tarantata' is quite worn out she is put into a warm bed, and sleeps, sometimes for eighteen hours at a stretch. If it is a case of wet Tarantismo, the musicians sit near a well, to which the 'Tarantata' is irresistibly attracted. While she is dancing, relays of friends deluge her with water, and," said Don Eugenio, "the amount of blessed water used is not to be believed."

"He spoke feelingly, as occasionally crops and cattle are lost in Apulia from drought. Wet "Tarantismo" seems to be the worst, as the fever lasts seventy-two hours, but in either case I was assured that if musicians were not called in, the fever continues indefinitely, and is in some cases followed by death." (Pp. 183-185.)

An interesting fact of natural history should not be overlooked. 'The Tarantines' (says Mrs. Ross) 'have one great claim on our gratitude: they first imported the cat.' The Greeks and Romans, she adds, used the weasel to keep down rats and mice, and neither they nor the Hebrews, Assyrians, or Babylonians appear to have been acquainted with the cat. This is the more curious from the honour paid to the animal in Egypt. In Tarentum the cat appears, from the evidence of coins, to have been introduced four or five centuries B.C., and to have become a domestic pet there, though it 'only came into general recognition among the Romans about the fourth century, and from thence spread 'over Europe' (p. 137).

Here we are compelled to stop by want of space, not for lack of ample materials for further extracts. Those that have been already given will, we hope, be thought sufficient to justify our hearty recommendation of this book as full of most varied interest and instruction for the traveller, the historian, the scholar, and the philologist, as well as for the general reader.

ART. VI.—*Marie-Thérèse, Impératrice.* 1744–1746. Par le Duc de BROGLIE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1888.

THE Duke de Broglie's detailed examination into the secret and diplomatic history of the wars of the Austrian Succession does not lose in interest as it advances: alike in painstaking research, in careful exposition, and in artistic elegance, the present are worthy successors of the earlier volumes, and the praise with which we greeted those is equally applicable to these; though we still notice several instances of the chronological confusion to which we formerly called attention. These are indeed the more to be regretted on account of the extreme importance of exact dates to a right appreciation of the threads in the tangled skein of diplomacy and intrigue which he has undertaken to unravel. That he has succeeded in this difficult task shows that he must have kept the sequence of time carefully before him; and yet we are not sure that even he does not occasionally lose sight of it; as for instance in vol. ii. p. 231, where a letter (D'Argenson to Vaulgrenant) written in Paris on September 22, 1745, seems to be discussed by the light of another (Chavigny to D'Argenson) written in Munich on the same September 22. Whether this be so or not, we can say positively that a more prominent attention to dates would be a great help to the reader. With this exception, the high standard of general merit leaves little room for criticism; while the author's personal researches in the archives of France and England, and their comparison with recent publications in Austria and Prussia, give results which are not unfrequently of new and exceptional interest.

The former volumes ended somewhat abruptly with a notice of the Prussian invasion of Bohemia on August 10, 1744, and of the withdrawal of Prince Charles from Alsace, his retreat being unopposed by the French under Noailles, who, in the absence of the king, then sick at Metz, did not feel called on to take any decided action. It was not till August 31 that Frederic learned that the Austrian army had safely crossed the Rhine eight days before; and even then he did not fully realise the danger to which he was exposed, or he believed that he could anticipate it by the celerity and vigour of his movements. He laid siege to Prague on September 1; captured it on the 16th; wrote to Count Podewils that, notwithstanding his gloomy forebodings, the nut had not proved so hard as they thought it in Vienna; and then pressed southwards, hoping, apparently, to strike at Vienna itself. He soon,

however, found that further advance was impracticable. The positions in front were occupied in force, large masses of irregular cavalry threatened his left, and he knew that by this time the Austrian army of the Rhine must be approaching. His situation became daily more difficult, and his wrath became more bitter, though he was somewhat mollified by an undertaking, that as soon as Freiburg, which the French had invested, should have fallen, a French division should join the imperial army in Bavaria and so threaten Austria or the rear of the Austrian army. The undertaking however came to nothing: Freiburg made a stout resistance and did not surrender till November 7, when the season was too late, the French troops too exhausted, and Louis in too great a hurry to get back to Paris, to permit any further campaign. The promised division for Bavaria dwindled down to some small detachments to the auxiliary corps already there, and the rest of the army went into winter quarters in Westphalia, where it remained inactive and inert, not only by reason of its own weakness, but mainly on account of the uncertainty of the domestic politics in Paris, where no one knew or could guess at the probable course of the king's conduct.

Louis, at Metz, had forsworn his useless and sensual mode of life, but no one supposed that his good resolutions would hold; and speculation, not to say intrigue, was rife as to his selection of a minister and of a mistress. Chambrier, the Prussian ambassador at Paris, wrote that everything would depend on the return of the Duchess de Châteauroux. The king, he said, was well-meaning enough, but as he had not the strength of will which could impress his opinion on his ministers, they were sure to get the upper hand. The duchess was the only one who could prevent this 'because she says 'things which goad him to action.' It was round the name of Madame de Châteauroux that the court intrigues now centred; and foremost of her supporters was the Duke de Richelieu, through whom her success seemed probable. The Duke de Chatillon, governor of the Dauphin, who had too publicly expressed his satisfaction at her fall, was banished from the court; and the king was scarcely established at Versailles before the duchess was admitted to a private interview. The next day, M. de Maurepas, who was known to be opposed to her reign on both political and moral grounds, was made the bearer of a message to her, 'that all that had happened at Metz was to be as if it had not occurred, and that 'she was to resume her place at court.' Maurepas asked to be allowed to write it down, so that there might be no pos-



sibility of mistake. 'Useless,' said the king; 'take this,' and handed him a paper ready written beforehand. Maurepas could only bow and obey. He found the duchess a little feverish and keeping her room; but she received the message pretty much as a matter of course, though, somewhat disdainfully, she permitted the king's messenger to kiss her hand. The same evening the news was all over the town, to the scandal of decency and morality, and the ridicule or contempt of the streets. 'Puisqu'il reprend sa catin,' said the fishwives, 'nous ne dirons plus un *Pater* pour lui.'

'There are writers,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'of a libertine or pseudo-philosophical turn of mind, who find something comic in this popular feeling about the royal caprice. But if the maintenance of the moral law is the most sacred duty entrusted by Providence to our rulers, the people were in the right; their instinct did not mislead them. For royalty in France that was a fatal day when, in the hearts of its humblest subjects, love was turned into contempt. Never has the curse pronounced by the Evangelist on him by whom offence cometh, fallen more justly on a human institution.'

In this particular case, too, he goes on, divine justice declared itself at once. The feverish symptoms from which the duchess was suffering at the time of Maurepas' visit increased during the night and the next day. The day after she was seriously ill of a fever, analogous, apparently, to typhoid, and before the week was out she was dead. For a few days the king mourned her loss: his grief seems to have been real, but it was short; and before Christmas the frail beauty was as though forgotten.

The excitement about the king's choice of a foreign minister was almost equal to that about the prospective return of his mistress. It was by many considered doubtful which appointment was the more important. Since the death of the Cardinal de Fleury, nearly two years before, Louis had reigned without a minister, transacting all business himself through the agency of clerks; a system which had led to extreme inconvenience during his illness at Metz and his absence at Freiburg. He had himself acknowledged this, and it had come to be understood that a minister for foreign affairs would be appointed as soon as possible after the return of the court. But speculation and intrigue had vainly endeavoured to learn who this minister was to be; and all Paris was astounded when it was reported that the king had offered the post to M. de Villeneuve, whose very name was scarcely known, but who had, in reality, been for many years ambassador at Constantinople, and in that very delicate position had conducted

affairs with tact and ability. He had, however, no personal acquaintance with the men who would be his colleagues, was ignorant of the under-currents of court and society in his own country, and, being advanced in years, was unwilling to begin life again with the study of strange men, strange customs, and strange intrigues. The social world had been astounded when it heard of Villeneuve's nomination; it was still more so when it learned that the old man had begged leave to decline the office. On his arrival at Versailles, he could scarcely pass by reason of the crowd of courtiers who thronged around to pay their compliments to the new minister. As he came out of the king's cabinet, his disobedience had been bruited abroad, and everybody avoided him, as though fearing to be infected by the contagion of disgrace. The king, nevertheless, seems to have taken the refusal in good part, and shortly afterwards again astonished the court by nominating the Marquis d'Argenson, elder brother of Count d'Argenson, minister of war, and by reason of his aversion to society, his taciturnity, and his awkward manners, commonly distinguished from him as 'D'Argenson la bête.' He was indeed much more of a student than of a courtier or a statesman; a politician of the closet, guided by books and abstract theories rather than by hard matter of fact and knowledge of human nature. As a minister, his character was perhaps unique; and some of the Duke de Broglie's most interesting pages are filled with an examination of the studies, the aims, and the genius of one who was fated to exercise such a prominent influence on the affairs of France. His memoirs and papers have been long before the world, and we now know, what certainly the bulk of his contemporaries did not, that, sombre and taciturn in society, he was, in his study, a free and indefatigable writer; that for more than twenty years he had kept a journal of passing events, examining and criticising in no sparing manner the principal persons of the state and their actions; and that abstract speculations on social or political problems had been so long his favourite amusement as to have become almost ingrafted on his intellectual developement. Amongst other papers on these subjects, he had drawn out, in fullest detail, a revolutionary scheme which, in its scope and aims, seems to be antedated by more than fifty years: it amounted, in fact, to the suppression of privileged classes, the abolition of exemptions, the institution of popular assemblies, and, in general terms, the establishment of a constitutional government based on the

ancient monarchy. All this was reduced to correct official form, fairly written out, ready for immediate presentation or even proclamation. He had pictured himself as destined to play in the time of Louis XV. the part of Sully in the reign of Henry IV., and to begin by inducing the king and Cardinal Fleury to adopt his proposed reforms.

'D'Argenson's idea of confiding his revolutionary views to Fleury is so rich that it appears to me,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'a thousand pities that he never had the opportunity of putting it into execution. Between the idealist, who wanted to change the face of France with his theories, and the politic nonagenarian, who held that the monarchy was to be treated as he treated himself, and its existence to be prolonged by quiet and a strict *régime*, the conversation would not have been long, but would have been exceedingly curious. Since the days of La Fontaine's fox and stork there has never been a dialogue between people less fitted to understand each other; and the very mildest conclusion which Fleury could have drawn from it would have been that—common sense and knowledge of the world being indispensable to a diplomatist—a dreamer, so utterly destitute of both, was of all men the very last to whom the ministry of foreign affairs should be entrusted. As it was, however, this conversation, which never could have taken place, was unnecessary. Fleury, with a remarkable natural instinct, sharpened by the jealous exercise of power, had early understood the character of the man, and was openly on his guard against him. Whilst treating the younger D'Argenson with favour, and even confidence, he persistently kept the elder at an ungracious distance . . . and whenever his name was suggested for any office or honour, the cardinal disdainfully struck it out, saying, if he was asked his reason, "He is the friend" of Voltaire, and Voltaire is his worthy friend."

The friendship between Voltaire and D'Argenson was indeed of long standing and of exceptional intimacy, and brought the French minister for foreign affairs into very curious and abnormal relations with the King of Prussia, whom he had been taught to admire as a philosopher, and whom he conceived as aiming, from his regal eminence, at a theoretical and enlightened humanitarianism. It would be interesting to inquire how far the ills which overwhelmed France during the next twenty years were due to the fact of her government being entrusted, at this very critical period, to a sentimental visionary, rather than to a man of the world and of common sense.

But whilst at Paris the government was in the unsettled state consequent on a change of ministry, the position of Frederic in Bohemia had been one of extreme danger, from which he had but narrowly escaped. As he marched south, he found the people determinedly hostile; Tabor, Budweis, and

Neuhaus he occupied without difficulty; but he held only the ground on which his army was encamped; and further advance was impossible. On October 2, Prince Charles of Lorraine had joined hands with Batthyany at Mirotitz, to the west of his position, and the necessity of immediate retreat was forced upon him. He hoped, indeed, that the prince, with the unthinking courage of youth, would attack him where he lay; but the virtual command of the Austrian army had been entrusted to Marshal Traun, who, having realised the superiority of the Prussians on the field of battle, saw the immense advantage the Austrians had, in the command of the country and their swarms of irregular cavalry, so long as they confined themselves to harassing the movements of the invader and cutting off his supplies. And thus, in a campaign of six weeks, without ever risking a serious engagement, he drove Frederic, discomfited, discredited, and with heavy losses of men, of guns, and of stores, out of Bohemia into Silesia. The incidents of the campaign have long been familiar to students of military history; and Frederic, in examining into the causes and circumstances of the disaster, was himself ready to admit the admirable strategy of Traun, whom he repeatedly spoke of as his instructor in the art of war. The lessons were severe, and the price paid for them was high: that it was not still higher was due to Frederic's own conduct, which, in the earlier part of his career, was never more brilliant than in extricating his army from the untenable position in which his own faithlessness and the ineptitude of his allies had placed it. This, however, at the time, was lost sight of, if indeed it was known; and whilst in England and Holland Frederic was held up to scorn and ridicule in the grossest caricatures, the disaster which had befallen him was proclaimed throughout Germany to be the Heaven-sent chastisement of his insatiable ambition, which, 'not content with a first success obtained by fraud and violence, had endeavoured for a second time to bring on the fatherland the evils of civil war and foreign invasion.'

An event, still recent, had paved the way for this patriotic outburst. A packet of letters from Marshal Schmettau, Frederic's military envoy to the French headquarters, had fallen into Austrian hands, and had been published for the information of Europe and more especially of Germany and of those Frenchmen whose characters were rudely criticised. The queen's manifesto which accompanied the publication had roused a feeling akin to fury: she had learned that German sentiment was most susceptible on the score of French

interference and French policy; and these she had cleverly put in the foreground.

'The real destiny of the Bavarian troops,' she said, 'is to serve the Crown of France, not only in destroying Germans by Germans, but also in overturning the whole empire, in preventing by force several of the free states from the enjoyment of a neutrality they had agreed to, in extending the flames of the war even into circles hitherto untouched . . . in domineering over the empire, and, in one word, in securing to the said Crown for ever the determination of the fate of all Europe, to make the French king and his posterity for ever arbiters of the balance of Europe.\*'

On Frederic himself the moral effect of the defeat was most wholesome; and the French minister at Berlin, the Marquis de Valori, who was well acquainted with the bitterness of his tongue and the violence of his language, was agreeably surprised to find him, on his return, almost gentle in speech, and in manner even embarrassed.

'After all,' he said, as the interview terminated, 'I am far from disheartened. I should die of shame if I had less courage than the Queen of Hungary has shown under circumstances much more difficult. She will probably now attack me in Silesia, and tempt my subjects to throw off their allegiance. In that case I shall appeal to the guarantee of the Treaty of Breslau, and England and Russia will be obliged to fulfil their undertaking.'

This conversation is reported in Valori's letter of December 15; on the 18th Frederic learned that his anticipations were justified, and that an Austrian manifesto, calling on the people to throw off the Prussian yoke, was being freely circulated in Silesia. He at once sent orders to proclaim that anyone, native or foreigner, found giving publicity to this manifesto should be punished with death; and on the 19th wrote to the Kings of France and England and to the Empress of Russia, invoking their assistance, under the terms of the Treaty of Breslau. From England he did not expect any satisfactory reply, though he wrote as a matter of form; neither from Russia did he count on any active assistance. 'That,' he wrote to his ambassador at Moscow, 'I hope in this instance to be able to do without; but if you can bring the tsarina to send a serious remonstrance to the Court of Vienna, to deter them from attempts of this sort, you will have obtained all that I want.'†

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\* Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xiv. pp. 608-9, where abstracts of the intercepted letters are given.

† Politische Correspondenz, iii. 355, 358-367.

France, on her part, was desirous of making what amends she could for the negligence which had led to such fatal results, and the Marshal Belle-Isle, as the one French soldier in whom Frederic would place confidence, had already been sent on a special mission, to arrange with him the scheme of the next campaign. Belle-Isle was, in fact, making a circular tour, and had gone, in the first instance, to concert measures with the Emperor Charles VII., who had hastened to Munich on the news of Frederic's successes in Bohemia, where Belle-Isle found him in the depths of despair in consequence of the retreat of the Prussians. Now that Austria was free from pressure in Bohemia, Bavaria was in imminent danger; and Belle-Isle had been able to see for himself how bitter was the sentiment which had been excited throughout Germany against the French and against the Bavarian emperor, who had brought the French into the country. Between sobs and tears, the emperor explained his situation and his want of assistance. Belle-Isle had no authority to promise any such force as the emperor asked for, and could only soothe him by undertaking to transmit his request to Versailles; and this he did, dwelling on the state of the emperor, whom he represented as almost beside himself, scarcely accountable for his actions: he would certainly throw himself into Austria's arms if something were not done for his relief; adding that it did not seem at all sure that he had not already opened negotiations with Vienna, and was asking for French troops, mainly in the hope of strengthening his hand, and forcing the queen to a favourable decision. But having sent off his despatches, Belle-Isle was in haste to start on his more important errand to the King of Prussia; for, with the strong anti-French feeling that was abroad through Germany, he began to fear his journey might not be quite so easy as he had expected when he crossed the frontier with a little army of secretaries, gentlemen-in-waiting, surgeons, cooks, and servants, to the number of twenty, in some half-dozen carriages.

From Munich he went to Hanau to conciliate the Prince of Hesse, who had some 6,000 men then in the army of the Union; and, having finished his business, further consulted him as to his best route to Berlin. The prince advised him, on account of the better postal service—which, too, was Prussian—to take a road somewhat to the west of the more direct way through Halberstadt and Magdeburg: \* by send-

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\* The account here given of Belle-Isle's reasons for taking this route

ing on a courier in advance, he would be sure of finding horses at each posthouse, and his journey would thus be both quicker and more comfortable. The prince, however, omitted to warn him of the perhaps scarcely remembered fact, that one of the posthouses on this route, at Elbingerode, though Prussian, was actually in Hanover. Any other warning was unheeded; and Belle-Isle, on arriving at Elbingerode in expectation of finding horses ready without delay, found instead a party of some 150 men of the local militia, commanded by the bailiff of the town, who demanded his passport, and, failing that, his sword. Belle-Isle attempted to bluster; but, finding that his remonstrances were unheeded, gave it up, saying, 'Take it; I surrender myself prisoner of war to his Britannic Majesty.' The expression was in every sense a blunder: in matter of fact because, though England was at war with France, Hanover was neutral; though a military envoy, he was not there in a military capacity, and he was arrested solely on the ground of having no passport; as a matter of policy, because, by placing himself in the category of prisoners of war, he took from his friends all power of active interference in his behalf; otherwise, as, in some sense, ambassador from the emperor, he had a claim to safe conduct through all the states of the empire where the emperor's authority was not openly disputed. As it was, the governor of Osterode, to whom, as the nearest responsible authority, he was handed over with scant courtesy, had no power to release him, and after some weeks of close detention he was sent to England.

To Belle-Isle his arrest was embittered by the feeling that there was in it a strong comic element, and that he was the laughing-stock of Europe; but his angry complaints passed virtually unheeded. D'Argenson did indeed write a letter of remonstrance to the English court, but could scarcely have expected any satisfactory answer. Frederic, too, wrote at the request of the King of France, but said plainly that no good could come of it. It was not only, he pointed out, that Belle-Isle had declared himself prisoner of war, but that he had since written to the Hanoverian regency claiming the benefit of the cartel: 'this unfortunate step,' he said, 'so changes the face of the affair that our enemies have a plausible pre-

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follows his own letter to Vauréal, the French ambassador in Spain. It differs in important details from that given by Frederic (*Hist. de mon Temps*, ii. 149), but in these details Belle-Isle's statement, written at the time, is clearly of the higher authority.

'text which seems to authorise their action, and against which 'nothing convincing can be urged.'\* Any more active demonstration he declined to make; and on one of his officers proposing to set Belle-Isle free, on his journey to the coast, he negatived the proposal, saying that the affair was a very delicate one. He seems indeed to have been very doubtful about the whole business. Why, he asked, had Belle-Isle taken this road through Hanover? he had been specially cautioned against it before leaving Cassel: † why, too, had he declared himself a prisoner of war, thus depriving himself of his diplomatic character? But besides the doubts which Frederic might have as to the perfect honesty of the French government or the French envoy, he was unwilling to embroil himself with the King of England, whose aid, as a guarantee of Silesia, he had just claimed.

Meantime the excitement about Belle-Isle's arrest gave place to that caused by the unexpected death of Charles VII.: he was only in his forty-eighth year, when, worn out with disease and anxiety, he expired at Munich on January 21, 1745. This seemed to offer an occasion for recasting the politics of Central Europe. The Union of Frankfort was, by the mere fact, at once dissolved; the nominal cause of the war no longer existed, and there seemed no reason why peace, at any rate between France and Austria, should not be at once concluded. On January 29, Chambrier wrote to Frederic:—

'The ministers here, with the exception perhaps of Cardinal de Tencin, are unanimous in the opinion that France is freed from an alliance which was excessively burdensome to her, by reason of the wretched conduct of the emperor, his ministers, and his generals. The whole expense of the war has fallen on her, and has been for the most part dead loss, from the bad use made of the money she contributed, or of the troops which she supplied. The opinion here, then, is that much has been gained by the death of the emperor, and some are inclined to believe that France may now resume the ideas which she had at first, after the death of Charles VI., but from which she was turned, unfortunately they say, by your majesty's entry into Silesia. These were simply to play the part of looker-on, to keep up the fire which would be kindled in Germany, and, for the rest, to let the empire

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\* Frederic to Louis, Jan. 19, 1745; Pol. Corr. iv. 18.

† The Duke de Broglie, quoting from Valori's despatch, gives this interrogation: 'Pourquoi avoir pris par le Hanovre, quand tout le monde l'aurait averti de n'en rien faire?' But Frederic himself, in a letter to Klinggräffen of January 15 (Pol. Corr. iv. 11), says, 'les miens l'ont averti, même lorsqu'il était encore à Cassel, de ne prendre point son chemin sur cette route:' which is a good deal stronger.



squabble and weaken itself by its own divisions. The condition of the young prince, the son of the emperor, excites some compassion; but what this government is principally afraid of is plunging into as deep a gulf with the son as with the father, and so finding itself in the same embarrassment. . . . The detention of the Marshal Belle-Isle causes here a lamentable gap in respect of suitable advice in so important a juncture. No one is at all capable of filling his place. These people go from one day to another without plan or principle, and thus it is impossible to know what they will do.'

It was not surprising that both the government and public opinion of France should be opposed to further meddling with the internal affairs of Germany. In four years, it was argued, three large armies had been lost there, and three marshals of France—Belle-Isle, Maillebois, and Noailles—had there compromised their reputation. And on the other hand, a young king, without any practical knowledge of war, and Count Saxe, a foreign adventurer, had in a few weeks restored the honour of the French name and brought a series of brilliant operations to a successful issue—simply, because they were fighting at the gates of France. Nothing could more clearly show that if it was dangerous for France to engage herself in the quarrels of Germany, it was easy for her to profit by them to extend her frontier and to strengthen its defences. And it was just at this moment, when everybody was bewailing the blunders which had been committed and was shrinking from the prospect of new sacrifices, that by an unexpected piece of good fortune they were put back four years, and were freed from the bonds in which France had imprudently allowed herself to be entangled. As the imperial throne was again vacant, it was clearly their duty to profit by experience and abstain from all interference with the election; making the Queen of Hungary pay, by an advantageous peace, for an abstention of which her dear husband, the grand duke, would reap the profit. Commenting on all this, the Duke de Broglie thinks that—

'if at this critical moment the French Cabinet, without haste, without weakness, retaining the advantage it had won, had taken the initiative in proposing a general peace on the basis of abandoning, on her part, all pretensions to interfere in the election of the new emperor, this act of abnegation would have been approved by all the real statesmen of Europe, and the generous voice of France would have found an echo in the hearts of all the suffering populations. Far from reproaching France with selfishly deserting them, her allies would have been grateful to her for guiding them in the way they wished to go, and for earning, by a sacrifice of her vanity, the right to plead the common cause with greater authority. They would more willingly

have seen her at their head in a peaceful congress than on the field of battle. Once the troublesome question of the imperial election was removed, the conditions of such a settlement were prearranged by the events of the war and the respective situation of the belligerents. Prussia and Austria were left face to face, having proved their inability, the one to conquer Bohemia, the other to regain Silesia; the fortune of war had confirmed the terms of the Treaty of Breslau; it was a naturally prepared "*uti possidetis*." The integrity of Bavaria would be secured by the restoration of Freiburg and the Breisgau. In Italy it might have been more difficult to satisfy the maternal ambition of Elizabeth Farnese; and probably neither England nor Holland would have willingly accepted the extension of our frontier which the success of the last campaign [in the Low Countries] gave us a right to demand. But during the century much more serious complications had been disentangled by the ability of diplomatists. It was not even necessary to look for instances so far back as the Treaty of Utrecht, in which, amid the fiercest passions and the most confused interests, the repartition of Europe had been equitably arranged. It would have been sufficient to refer to the much more modest treaty by which, only ten years previously, after the war of the Polish succession, Lorraine had been secured to France: the recollection of this, which honoured the memory of Fleury, was not a thing to discourage his successors.'

We can scarcely think the Duke de Broglie quite happy in his instances. In England, at any rate, we are accustomed to consider the Treaty of Utrecht as the triumph of chicanery or selfish ambition, rather than of diplomacy; and we doubt if the Austrians would have considered the treaty of Vienna, which included France's guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, an honour to the memory of Fleury; but in any case the maritime powers had nothing to do with it. Whether in the spring of 1745 England would have sanctioned any considerable extension of France's northern frontier, or whether Maria Theresa would have concluded a peace with Prussia on the '*uti possidetis*' basis, appears also more than doubtful; though we may admit that the course of policy which the Duke de Broglie has outlined would, in any case, have tended more to the advantage of France than the determination, ultimately come to, to contest the imperial election and to pose as the unflinching opponent of the House of Austria. It appears certain, not only that the prosecution of the war in Germany was very unpopular, but that France had not the means of carrying it on, except by withdrawing her armies from Italy and Flanders, where the advantage had hitherto been entirely on her side.

But it was just at this time that D'Argenson was selected as minister for foreign affairs; and though his position gave him little opportunity for developing his views of in-

ternal reform, he conceived that he was called on to carry out an almost equally vast scheme of foreign policy, in accordance with which France, contented and powerful, was to rule Europe from a height of beneficent disinterestedness. The moment was scarcely well chosen; for France was neither peaceful nor powerful; and though her arms had been successful in Italy and the Low Countries, she certainly did not dominate either England, Holland, or the Empire. Circumstances must, therefore, D'Argenson argued, be allowed to modify her claim to political supremacy; and as a first step to establishing it, Maria Theresa must be taught that she cannot be permitted to disturb the peace of the Empire and to fill Germany, not with soldiers, but with brigands. Against this new invasion of the Huns all must unite. This whole fancy was elaborated in a letter, aptly described as half satire, half idyll, which was published as though addressed by a German to Germans. It was thus determined by the French Government that the war was to be continued, and a circular letter to be sent to the several neutral and allied courts announcing the determination.

'It has been agreed on this day,' \* noted D'Argenson in reply to some doubting suggestions of his chief clerk, 'in two councils and after much deliberation. . . . The result will be what it will, though I hope good; but as to peace and an armistice in the *status quo*, it is not to be thought of . . . we remain firm to our engagements . . . our troops are in the empire only to support our allies.'

Meanwhile Frederic, who posed among sentimentalists as a man of sentiment, but was a practical and very unsentimental man of business when affairs of state had to be considered, on the one hand, wrote to the King of France bemoaning the inopportune death of the emperor and the consequent discouragement of their allies of the Union of Frankfort; and, on the other, wrote to his agent in London directing him to point out to Lord Harrington that this seemed a suitable opportunity for peaceful negotiations; that he was quite willing to support the candidature of the grand duke, if that was most agreeable to England—always, of course, on certain conditions: namely, the confirmation of the cession of Silesia, with, if possible, an extension of the frontier in the way detailed. On this the Duke de Broglie remarks:—

'Regretting, as I am compelled to do, that the French Cabinet did

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\* The date is here printed January 20. This is clearly impossible; probably the 20 is a typographical error for 29.

not, itself, seize the opportunity to turn Maria Theresa's conjugal affection to its own profit, I have no right to blame Frederic for having shown that political acuteness which, in my opinion, was wanting in the ministers of Louis XV. No doubt loyalty required that an agreement of this kind should not be concluded, nor even entered on, without all the allies being warned of it, and invited to participate in it. But, with the exception of this reproach, for which Frederic would certainly have cared very little, it is impossible not to admire the promptitude with which he altered his plans under the unforeseen circumstances; and more especially after witnessing the indecision and confusion which, at the same moment, were reigning at Versailles.'

What gave Frederic the best hopes of success in his proposals to the English Government was the change in the Ministry which had just been accomplished. Carteret, who was generally considered as being, next to the king, mainly responsible for the Hanoverian policy, had been dismissed but a few weeks before; and it was understood that the reformed administration would act on a more popular and more thoroughly English basis, and that if the war was continued, it would desire to be at least free from Hanoverian complications. A war with France, and mainly at sea, would not be unpopular; it was the system of continental entanglements and heavy subsidies that was objected to.

Meantime France had resolved to put forward Augustus III., the Saxon King of Poland, as a candidate for the imperial crown, and that without consulting the person apparently most concerned—the King of Poland himself; taking it for granted that he could not possibly have any objection. The idea, however, was far from pleasing to Frederic. That the centre of the empire should be at Munich suited him very well; to have it at Dresden was quite a different thing. The Elector of Bavaria, both by the small size of his dominions and by the distance, could not be a menace to Prussia, and, on the contrary, was in need of support either against France or Austria. Saxony was too near, and, joined with Poland, possibly also allied with Russia, was too powerful. When Valori mooted the proposal, Borceke said bluntly, 'A nice sort of neighbour we should have!' And Podewils added, 'Of the two, him and the grand duke, I do not know which would be the worse for our interests.' Frederic, more astute than his ministers, saw in the candidature of the King of Poland a means of bringing pressure on Maria Theresa. If the opposition appeared serious, his vote would rise in value, and might be worth concessions which he had otherwise but faint hopes of obtaining. He thus would not

declare himself adverse to Valori's proposal, and, indeed, let it be understood that he approved of it, asking only if Augustus would allow himself to be put forward. He himself, he said, could not take any steps in the matter; Augustus hated him to such a degree that he would be suspicious of a proposal that came from him. Valori, of course, could go to Dresden and broach the matter himself. 'Only,' he repeated, 'don't speak of me; my name would 'spoil everything.' In this he would seem to have been especially guided by his negotiations with England. If those came to anything, if by means of the English alliance and the candidature of Augustus he could obtain the terms he wanted from the Queen of Hungary, it was necessary for him to reserve all promise of his vote and interest; for, once pledged to the Elector of Saxony, it would lose all market value; with Valori at Dresden, he would not be called on for a decision till the English negotiations were settled one way or the other.

But before Valori was well out of Berlin another French envoy arrived, the Chevalier de Courten, appointed as a successor to Belle-Isle, to discuss the plan of operations for the next campaign. Frederic, in no very good humour, received him indeed, but avoided all confidential conversation, overwhelming him with questions without giving him time to reply; and Courten, writing to D'Argenson on February 15, said:—

'The little interest which the king appears to me to take in our plans, the little desire which he manifests for concerted action, makes me fear that he is arranging some accommodation with the Court of Vienna, and is only waiting to make his final determination till he knows what success M. de Valori's negotiation at Dresden meets with. . . . He several times repeated, "What are we to do if M. de Valori "should fail? . . . Whom are we to make emperor?" . . . He never once mentioned our army of the Lower Rhine, nor yet that of Bavaria, which, as I have said, appears to me very suspicious. Whilst I was with him a paper was brought to him, which he opened hastily. I watched him carefully whilst he was reading it. He appeared much interested in it, and read the same page several times with evident emotion. I have not been able to find out whence the packet came.'

The Duke de Broglie thinks there can be little doubt that the letter had come from either London or the Hague with an answer to his overtures, and that it was evasive, leaving him as much in doubt as to England's intentions as he was before. This is probably a correct explanation, for it appears from the '*Politische Correspondenz*' that the letters from

the Hague were regularly due on Sundays. The date of the interview referred to is not stated exactly, but Courten's letter was written on Monday, February 15. On the following Sunday, February 21, Frederic wrote to Podewils:—

'The post from Holland has come in, but has brought nothing of any interest; that of next Sunday will no doubt be more decisive. I am thinking of pretending to be sick till then, when we shall probably have some categorical reply. In the present state of affairs, how can I arrange anything with the Chevalier Courten? If we agree on a plan, and, after all, the English make peace, the French will say I have deceived them; if I do not agree on one, they will say I am treating. Some conclusion is necessary, and I do not want to say anything which will draw on me the reproach of having deceived them; neither do I wish to estrange myself from them without being sure that my business with England is in a fair way to be concluded. The case is embarrassing; something must be done to get out of it. If I pass myself off for sick till next Sunday, I avoid all their perquisitions, and shall then be in a position to act more decidedly than at present. Let me know what you think about it.'

And he had written, two days before, to his agent in London, directing him to press for a decided answer. 'It 'is impossible,' he said, 'to remain longer in this state of 'uncertainty.' Meantime Valori's experiences at Dresden were far from satisfactory. In fact, says the Duke de Broglie,

'Frederic showed his usual knowledge of human nature when he affirmed that Augustus III. entertained towards him a feeling of unpardoning hatred. There is nothing which rankles so deeply in the mind of a timid and vain person as the memory of insults which he has not had the courage to avenge, or of degrading actions which he has had the cowardice to consent to. For the last four years, Augustus, sometimes a friend of Frederic, sometimes an enemy, sometimes the object of his abuse, and sometimes of his ridicule, had never ceased being his butt. He lived in continual dread of his objectionable neighbour, a veritable monster in his eyes, a mixture of cleverness and of cunning, whose friendship appeared even more to be dreaded than his enmity. It was to him as a perpetual nightmare. War or peace, do what he might in concert with such a man, it would always be putting himself into his hands. So to guarantee himself against this dreaded contact, he had, on January 3, a fortnight before the emperor's death, concluded at Warsaw a secret treaty with Austria, England, and Holland, by which the four signatories reciprocally engaged themselves to defend each other from attack, and a subsidy of 500,000 thalers was allowed by England for the payment of the Saxon troops.'

The treaty was only provisional, in view of possible contingencies, and it had not been ratified; but by breaking off

from it, Augustus would gravely offend the Queen of Hungary, would incur the risk of being attacked by the coalition which he had deserted, and all to gain the perfidious promises of Frederic and the support of France, whose reputation in Germany was then very low. Had it been necessary for him to give an immediate and categorical reply to Valori, it would no doubt have been a decided negative; but as the election was not to be for several months, it appeared to be worth while waiting to see whether the course of events might not render a change of policy necessary. Austria might be driven to make terms with the enemy; the possibility of opposition might obtain some concessions for Saxony, and, perhaps, Maria Theresa herself, giving up the hope of obtaining the imperial crown for her husband—a measure, in fact, contrary to the Golden Bull—might favour the election of Augustus, accepting the title of King of the Romans for her eldest son. At any rate there was no hurry, no necessity for an immediate decision; and that, to a weak and unstable mind, such as that of Augustus III., was in itself always a relief. But, of course, whilst he would not refuse the proposals which Valori was instructed to put before him, still less would he accept them, and after a few days Valori began dimly to perceive that he was being trifled with. He ventured to suggest golden arguments to Brühl, who was supposed to be specially susceptible to that sort of logic. In this case, at any rate, he refused to listen to them. ‘The generosity of his king,’ he said, ‘left him nothing to desire.’ Father Guarini, the king’s confessor, appeared more favourably inclined, but said, ‘There is really nothing for the king to do, for no one else can possibly be emperor. As to the grand duke, he is out of the question, for he is not a German.’

But, in fact, at this very time, Augustus was treating at Vienna for the price of his vote in the coming election, and had proposed, as an addendum to the Treaty of Warsaw, ‘that if the fortune of war should restore Silesia to the queen, she should cede to Augustus three of the duchies conterminous with the Saxon territory, in consideration of the withdrawal of all opposition on his part, and of the assurance of the Saxon vote in the Electoral Diet.’ Maria Theresa, however, absolutely refused to discuss any such conditions. She believed that the election of her husband was secure. The days of the usurper were numbered, and the patrimony of which she had been bereft was on the point of returning to her possession; to let the smallest

part of it again go from her would be sacrilege. And the grand duke, apparently on her behalf, declared that the maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction was to the queen a matter of conscience, and that she would consider as a traitor any minister who should consent to any new dismemberment of the Austrian heritage.

So far, then, the outcome of D'Argenson's attempt to interfere in the imperial election was that neither at Berlin nor at Dresden were his proposals seriously considered, but that at both they gave an unintended support to designs which were independent of, and even contrary to, the wishes and interests of France. It was his maiden essay in diplomacy, and as complete a failure as was well possible. He was loth to admit this, and, under cover of letters from Louis to Frederic, or by the more direct agency of Valori, continued to urge his scheme, even after the campaign had begun, and after the Saxon contingent had joined the Austrian army in the neighbourhood of Ratibor, face to face with the Prussians at Neisse. Frederic was naturally annoyed with this insistence, and was not backward in saying so. He had repeatedly assured Valori that his efforts were futile; that Saxony was pledged to Austria; that Russia would never allow the King of Poland to be emperor, and had, in fact, made a public declaration to that effect; that the election of Augustus would be of no advantage to Prussia, and, as far as he could see, of none to France; and on April 9 he wrote in stronger, but not more explicit language:—

'I am annoyed to see how you and your court have gone cracked about the Saxons; after all the harm these people have tried, and are even now trying to do me, you seem to think that I am to be as fond of them as you are. I am surprised that you should be the dupe of fellows who are only trying to cheat you. . . . My good Valori, you ought to be bled three times a day, drink quantities of cold water, and take several doses of magnesia, to cure you of the burning fever from which you must be suffering.'

In respect to this matter the Duke de Broglie scarcely seems to do Frederic justice, when he speaks of him as taking but '*un médiocre intérêt à une opération dont il jugeait le succès douteux.*' Frederic was assuredly not in the habit of carrying either his heart or his plans on his sleeve, nor did his words and actions always correspond with each other; but by the beginning of April, at any rate, he was writing to Valori in terms of unwonted clearness, which are, indeed, indicated in the extracts and paraphrases given



by the Duke de Broglie, but are still more decided in the full text of the letters.\* Being then perfectly well assured that Frederic would not support the candidature of the King of Poland, it did not need much perspicacity to judge that he had some other definite plan in his mind. On his part there seems to have been little attempt at concealing the fact that both in London and at the Hague there was a frequent and unusual correspondence between the secretaries of state and the Prussian ministers. The French agents and ambassadors were everywhere well aware that negotiations were going on. If the French Government was alone ignorant of it, it was that D'Argenson, full of sentimental admiration for the philosophical Frederic of his imagination, was incapable of receiving impressions which represented the Frederic of real life as something very different; and thus, having eyes, he would not see, and having ears, he would not hear nor understand. It was in vain that he was told from England, from Holland, and from Berlin, that Frederic was negotiating with England, and that he would assuredly leave France in the lurch the moment he saw his way to a separate treaty; he could only reply that his Most Christian Majesty placed the fullest confidence in the King of Prussia's honour, and would listen to no accusations to his discredit.

It was, however, none the less certain that negotiations with England were afoot, and would have stood a good chance of being brought to a happy issue before April but for the personal antipathy of George II. to his ill-tongued nephew. The intermediary, through whom they were conducted, was the English ambassador in Holland, the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, whose talents as a diplomatist the Duke de Broglie estimates very highly; not, we think, too highly, but more highly perhaps than they are estimated by the common run of English opinion, misled to some extent by the idea that the author of the 'Letters' cannot have been anything but a mixture of fop and fribble. From Chesterfield's Parisian intimacies and known partiality for French manners, the French ministry was led to suppose that his arrival at the Hague might possibly give them a second representative there; and M. de la Ville was instructed to find an opportunity of conversing with him—of extolling the virtues of the King of France, whose only desire

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\* To the King of France, April 3; to Valori, April 3, 9. Pol. Corr. iv. 102-3, 115.

was to make his people happy, and himself loved by his neighbours in a manner unknown since the days of Henry IV. As the minister of France could have no direct correspondence with the minister of England, these instructions, in themselves extremely vague, bothered La Ville not a little; but, as Chesterfield was equally desirous of making his acquaintance, a non-official introduction was effected without much difficulty, and led to several interviews, the account of which, as told from his own correspondence, and of the dexterous way in which Chesterfield baffled his inquiries, is amongst the most amusing and by no means the least interesting of the many interesting scenes here brought before us.\*

But side by side with these curious interviews Chesterfield was holding others with young Podewils, the minister of Louis' ally; and as early as February 21 was able to write to the Earl of Harrington his conviction that if Silesia were guaranteed to the King of Prussia it was really all that he would insist on. It seems probable, therefore, that the treaty would have been then concluded but for the opposition of George and the refusal of Maria Theresa, who had declared in so many words that 'the imperial crown, without Silesia, would not be worth having.' To overcome these difficulties was a work of time, and more than ever when in April the sudden and complete success of the Austrians in Bavaria gave the Queen of Hungary new courage and strengthened her determination to make no concessions.

Maximilian, the young Elector of Bavaria, left at the age of eighteen heir to all his father's rights, was compelled by respect to his father's memory, and by the representations of his father's allies, to put forward claims to the archduchy of Austria and the throne of Bohemia. The moving influence to this was that of Chavigny, the ambassador of Louis to the emperor, who on his deathbed had entreated his friendly offices towards his young son. Chavigny took advantage of the position to induce Maximilian to throw himself into the arms of France, writing at the same time to the king: 'This young man is soft wax. The precepts which his father has bequeathed to him are as the law and the prophets. He has more confidence in me than in any one else, and may be led almost as we will;' but, he added,

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\* Chesterfield, on the other hand, was very well satisfied with the results of their conversations. 'I have often found means,' he says, 'to fish out from him whereabouts he was.' Letters to his Son, September 29, 1752.

the relief of his necessities would be acceptable. These necessities were, indeed, very pressing. For months before the late emperor's death the imperial treasury was empty, and the young elector, notwithstanding his high rank and higher claims, was absolutely destitute; without means even to purchase clothes and body linen. D'Argenson, not able, apparently, to understand the situation, was utterly unsympathetic. He replied that it was no part of France's duty to supply an allied prince's larder or wardrobe; he must draw his sustenance from his own subjects. He would next be asking for water or air.

Maria Theresa, with a keener insight into the state of affairs, was equally unsympathetic, but more practical. She wrote to the widow of Charles VII., herself an Austrian archduchess, who, she judged, would be doubly anxious to assure her son's position and to regain the friendship of her own family, demanding, on the part of the young prince, complete renunciation of all pretensions to the empire and to every part of the Austrian succession. She further demanded his adhesion, pure and simple, to the Pragmatic Sanction, the promise of his electoral vote for the grand duke, the immediate breaking off of his alliance with France and Prussia, and his pledge to take part in the defence of German freedom against the foreigner. On these conditions she would evacuate the posts which she held in Bavaria, and restore to Maximilian his hereditary domain in full, but without an addition of an inch of territory. Meantime no suspension of arms would be granted, and if submission was delayed the invasion of Bavaria would be pushed further, and the conquest would be considered definitive.

It is difficult quite to agree with the Duke de Broglie's verdict that this was not offering peace to an adversary, but pardon to a culprit. Taking her stand on the Pragmatic Sanction, the Queen of Hungary demanded nothing more from a material point of view. Bavaria had attacked that settlement and had failed. Was her faithlessness then to be rewarded by an accession of territory? Surely not. The prescribed rupture with France and Prussia was, so far, a limitation of sovereign rights; but as that alliance had been entered into solely with a view to the partition of the Austrian domain, and as Prussia had actually seized on and still held part of that domain, we cannot but hold that Maria Theresa's demand was not only just but moderate. *Væ victis!* has become proverbial in its universally recognised truth; and if the Queen of Hungary, having at her mercy

one member of the coalition against her, had chosen to compensate herself, at his expense, for the loss she had sustained by the flagrant breach of faith of the others, she would have been morally, though not perhaps politically, justified. As it was, what she demanded was virtually a return, so far as Bavaria was concerned, to the *status quo ante*; and as her demands were not complied with, whilst Prussia was coquetting with England, whilst Chavigny was urging the necessity of immediate and efficient support, and D'Argenson was reprimanding Chavigny for exceeding his powers, Maria Theresa ordered her troops to advance. They crossed the Inn on March 21, and, capturing all the fortified towns on the way, without difficulty, and almost without opposition, drew nigh to Munich. Then, turning against the French contingent, they drove it, in headlong flight and closely pursued, beyond the Bavarian boundary. The elector hurriedly left for Augsburg, there to gather the remnants of his army; the empress, his mother, remained at Munich; but neither troops nor citizens had any spirit or any desire to resist; and the elector, on pain of being left alone, was obliged to submit. The treaty, on the basis already laid down, was signed at Füssen on April 22; the only mitigation of the terms being that the elector was not required formally to become the ally of Austria against France and Prussia, but agreed, by a secret article, to place 12,000 men at the disposal of the maritime powers, in return for a subsidy equal to that which France had formerly granted.

The effect of this rapid conquest and capitulation was enormous. In Bavaria the rejoicing was universal; French influence was at an end; and Chavigny was advised not to travel without a guard. Throughout Germany there was a general reaction in favour of Austria. The Prince of Hesse withdrew the 6,000 men whom he had engaged in the service of France; the Elector Palatine and the Duke of Würtemberg made an ostentatious display of neutrality; the petty Rhine states burst into a series of joyous *fêtes*, and the French agents were treated with coolness if not with insolence. 'France is a good cloak,' said the Elector of Trèves; 'the pity is it's too short.' The excitement was everywhere so great that Courten, returning from his mission to Berlin, considered it prudent to travel by the public coach, disguised as a commercial traveller; and the Marquis de Vaulgrenant, going to Dresden, wrote: 'I have been eight days on the road from Mannheim to Eisenach, without stopping to dine or to sleep. There is no sort of ill turn, trick or delay,

‘ which I have not experienced, even in Saxony, notwithstanding the King of Poland’s passport.’

When the news of the overthrow of the French interest thus excited the petty states, whom it concerned in but a small degree, it may readily be understood that its effect on the principals was still greater. Frederic had, to some extent, foreseen the result, and had endeavoured to provide against it, trusting that his own encouraging messages, and reinforcements from France, would enable Maximilian to hold out for a time, till his negotiation with England could be concluded; or, at the worst, that he would be included in the peace with Austria, by a recognition of the Treaty of Breslau. The rapid success of Austria now left him stranded, with Maria Theresa, in the pride of conquest, more determined than ever to abate nothing of her claims, and with King George more averse to a friendly understanding. At the Hague the States-General voted the naval and military contingents with enthusiasm; and the Elector of Saxony, withdrawing his pretensions to a share of the to-be-conquered Silesia, sent instructions to his minister at Vienna to ratify the Treaty of Warsaw, promised that his troops should join the Austrian for the coming campaign, and that he would offer no opposition to the election of the grand duke. The question of the further curtailment of the King of Prussia’s territories was mooted; and, though nothing was then decided on, it was agreed that Frederic’s aggression and breach of faith ought to be punished by the loss of some part of Brandenburg, out of which the good service of Augustus could be rewarded. This, of course, Frederic did not know; but he knew enough to show him that his position was extremely critical, and his correspondence at this time teems with references to his determination to fight it out, to lay waste Saxony with fire and sword as soon as the Saxon forces entered Silesia, and to perish rather than give in.

And it was just at this moment of supreme anxiety that the Tsarina, whose support he had so laboriously won, renounced her part of mediator, and declared that, looking on Frederic as the aggressor in the present war, she could no longer be a guarantor of the Treaty of Breslau. There was, and has been, much speculation as to her motives for this sudden change of front; the commonly received idea being that her minister, Bestucheff, had been bought by English gold. He had previously accepted 50,000 ducats from France; but it was generally considered as not incompatible with his character that he should accept a second bribe to

reverse his former policy. The Duke de Broglie, however, shows that the change was made on the very day, if not on the very hour, that the news of the Austrian successes in Bavaria was received in St. Petersburg, and thinks that alone sufficient to explain it. But, whatever may have been the cause of it, this threat of the possible hostility of Russia enormously increased Frederic's difficulties, which were further added to by his running short of money. The treasure he had inherited from his father had been exhausted by the five years of war, and he had no longer the means to pay his soldiers, or even to meet the current expenditure. In Berlin the greatest terror prevailed; it was reported that Frederic was overwhelmed in Silesia, and that, from the several points of the compass, Austrian, Saxon, and Russian armies were advancing on Brandenburg. Podewils, despairing of success, advised the king to make terms with his enemies. 'If, with profound respect, I might venture to say it,' he wrote on April 24, 'your Majesty will be responsible to yourself and to posterity if you persist in risking the fortune of your State on the chance of being utterly overthrown beyond the possibility of ever again raising it up.' To which, on April 27, Frederic replied:—

'I have received the bad news and the sinister forebodings which you send me at the same time. I can say nothing as to the intelligence from Bavaria. Events there have been determined by this time, and there is nothing for me to do but bear my ills with patience. . . . In case of everything failing me, I shall choose rather to perish with honour than to live with the loss of glory and reputation. I have made it my boast to have contributed more than any other to the aggrandisement of my house, and I have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. These are so many personal engagements which I have taken, and which I am determined to sustain at the cost of fortune and of life. Your sentiments are those of an honourable man, and, if I were Podewils, I should have the same; but I have passed the Rubicon, and am resolved either to maintain my power, or to perish together with the very name of Prussia. . . . My part is taken; it is useless to attempt to dissuade me from it. What captain of a ship of war, surrounded by enemies, having done all in his power to escape, and seeing himself without chance of succour, would be so cowardly as not rather to set fire to the powder and baulk the enemies of their prize? Think that the Queen of Hungary, a woman, did not despair of her fate when her enemies were before Vienna, and her richest provinces in their hands; yet you would show less courage than this woman, when as yet we have lost no battle, have experienced no check, and when some stroke of good fortune may enable us to mount higher than ever. Adieu; keep up your own courage and that of others, and if a disaster should happen, from

which I shall assuredly be the greatest sufferer, bear it with magnanimity and constancy. It is all that Cato, all that I can tell you.'

'Noble and right royal language!' ejaculates the Duke de Broglie, 'if only he who uttered it had not drawn on himself the storm which he was preparing to brave with such greatness of soul. "When one has nothing to reproach one's self with," he said. Did he then forget that if he was reduced to stake his destiny on a single card, it was because he had sought to double what he had fraudulently gained in his first attempt? Nor is it the only time in this memorable life that, after having roused the public conscience by his abuse of power, he won admiration, and almost esteem, by his firmness in danger; as if he made a sport of provoking Fortune to abandon him, in order to constrain her by force and genius to range herself again on his side.'

France, though astounded at the turn of events in Bavaria, was perhaps least affected by it. Louis and his ministry and his people were in accord to make their principal effort in Flanders. This, they represented to Frederic, would be of the greatest use to him, as it would compel the Austrians to detach considerable reinforcements to the Low Countries, and so take the strain off Prussia. Frederic replied that he was not newly escaped from a lunatic asylum, and that there was not a drummer-boy in his army who could not see that the only place the French could help him in was in Germany itself. As to Flanders, it was nonsense. Their taking Tournay would be nothing more to him than if Thamas-Chouli-Kan were to besiege Babylon. The French, however, persisted in their idea; and Marshal Saxe, who during the winter had commanded their army in the Low Countries with credit and success, now assuming the offensive, by a rapid concentration of his forces invested Tournay (April 30), before the allies had realised his design. They had, in fact, taken Frederic's complaints of being deserted too literally, and, arguing from the inertness of the French army on the Rhine and their failure to relieve Bavaria, had concluded that France was too exhausted, or the French Government too weak, to render a French army a cause of anxiety or danger. They now woke from their dream of careless security to hasten, but without misgiving, to the relief of the place.

In the allied army the wildest nonsense was talked. It was said that, as the French king commanded the French army, the English, under a son of King George, were going to repeat the glories of Cr cy or Poitiers. The Sardinian minister at the Hague, looking at the flags, the trophies of

Ramillies and Malplaquet, said they would now replace them by new and brighter ones; and the Elector of Cologne, at a large dinner party at Lord Chesterfield's, asked to whom the prisoners would belong, on which Chesterfield muttered that it was difficult to say what might happen to a cart drawn by a horse, an ass, and a monkey. The Duke of Cumberland himself, accepting a plan by which he, after defeating the French on the Scheldt, and the Duke of Arenberg, after defeating the French on the Rhine, were to advance by their respective routes and join hands in Paris, exclaimed, 'I'll be there, or I'll eat my boots.' So little was secrecy thought of, that the boast was carried at once to Saxe, who remarked, 'Our Englishman seems to have something of the Gascon about him; but if he insists on eating his boots, we will undertake to bring them to him.' He quite understood, however, out of this wild talk and stupid boasting, that a real attempt would be made to interrupt his operations against Tournay, and thus, having plenty of warning, was able at his leisure to select and prepare a position which it would be difficult or impossible for the enemy to force. This was at Fontenoy, on the right bank of the Scheldt, facing towards Mons, and there, on May 11,\* was fought the celebrated battle which the French, reversing the imbecility of the English boasting, have sometimes spoken of as a *revanche* for Crécy or Poitiers. On the part of the allies it was a blunder from beginning to end. To combine an army of many distinct nationalities under three different and practically independent commanders-in-chief, was a very gross blunder; to place at the nominal head of it a mere boy, with no claim to high command beyond his royal birth, was a most dangerous blunder; the desultory attacks along the whole French line were a series of blunders, culminating in the stupendous, even if glorious, blunder of the advance of the English column alone, without support, without concert. But the battle itself was the biggest blunder of all, for Tournay, amply provisioned, was in no danger from blockade; the mere approach of the allied army had put an end to the active operations of the siege, and the defensive position of the French was untenable for any length of time. That the allies might not attack, was Saxe's chief apprehension, and from that he was relieved by the unreasoning courage of the Duke of Cumberland.†

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\* Our dates are given throughout in New Style. According to English history, the battle of Fontenoy was fought on April 30.

† Espagnac, 'Histoire de Maurice, Comte de Saxe,' ii. 47. It may



It is unnecessary here to enter on any account of the battle, the details of which are familiarly known. The Duke de Broglie's narrative is admirably lucid, giving a clear and distinct picture of the struggle, and of the varying fortunes of the day, till the final repulse of the English column; but so far as the facts are concerned it adds nothing to our knowledge. His discussion of some of the numerous anecdotes which, true or false, have grown up round the memory of this battle, has, however, a special interest from the care with which he has examined the various and, in some cases, original accounts. He accepts, for instance, the often disputed 'échange de politesses' between Lord Charles Hay and the Comte d'Auteroche, only he does not consider it by any means a mere 'échange de politesses,' showing that Saxe himself, and other military writers of the age, carefully inculcated the advantage of reserving the fire, and that this was officially ordered in the name of Louis XV., 'attendu 'qu'un ennemi qui a tiré est assurément battu, quand on a 'encore son feu tout entier.\* But notwithstanding these tactical precepts, and the natural deductions from them, it is difficult to explain away the positive evidence of Lord Charles Hay's letter to his brother, quoted by Carlyle, which says:—

'It was our regiment which attacked the French Guards, and when we came within twenty or thirty paces of them I advanced before our regiment, drank to them, and told them that we were the English Guards, and hoped that they would stand still till we came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheldt as they did the Main at Dettingen; upon which I immediately turned about to our own regiment, speeched them, and made them huzzah.'

This Homeric chaff, as Carlyle calls it, does seem more in accordance with human nature than the traditional 'Gentle-men of the French Guards, fire!' and Hay's evidence is indisputably superior to either Voltaire's or Espagnac's.

The Duke de Richelieu's share in the final repulse of the English, the Duke de Broglie considers much exaggerated in the popular story, as related by Voltaire; but he accepts it as founded on fact, thinking, at the same time, that Saxe had already taken the necessary measures, pretty much as Richelieu suggested. On the other hand, the implication in

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be noted that Espagnac claims to write this on the authority of the marshal himself, *ib.* ii. 59 n.

\* *Mes Réveries*, i. 134; *Bulletin de la réunion des officiers*, April 20, 1881, pp. 370-1.

the official account, that the advance of the English column, when, where, and as it was made, was foreseen and provided for by the marshal, is, he thinks, distinctly erroneous. On this point he accepts the received story that the marshal acknowledged his mistake, saying that he had not thought any general would venture on such a step: otherwise, an additional redoubt would have made it—instead of exceedingly dangerous—absolutely impossible. When, however, we remember that what Saxe mostly feared was the inaction of the allies, it seems highly probable that, whilst believing this part of his line sufficiently defended, he had purposely avoided making the defence too clear; otherwise, there would have been no attack in force, the battle would have dwindled down to a series of skirmishes easily repulsed, and the allies would have been left baffled, but not defeated, to take up an obnoxious position in his front. As it was, they did attack in force; and though, owing to the admirable and extraordinary steadiness of the English column, they came nearer to success than he had anticipated, they were repulsed with severe loss.

In England there has been a tendency to depreciate the importance of the action and the extent of the defeat, or even to speak of it as a virtual victory, which nothing but the cowardice or ill conduct of the Dutch prevented being actually one. In France, on the other hand, the tendency has been as much to exaggerate it and to speak of it as decisive. This, of course, is as absurd as the comparing of it with Cr cy or Poitiers or Agincourt; but it had, nevertheless, an important influence on the campaign. Tournay fell within a few days, sold, it was said, by the Dutch engineer; and Lowendahl, sweeping over the country in command of a strong detached force, captured in rapid succession Ghent, Bruges, Ostend, Nieuport, Oudenarde, and Ath. Another, and though a minor not an unimportant, result of the battle was the liberation of Marshal de Belle-Isle; the French king refusing to exchange any of the prisoners who, to the number of 2,000, had been taken at Fontenoy, unless Belle-Isle was included in the cartel. This, after some hesitation, was agreed to, and he returned to France on August 13.

Notwithstanding the scorn with which he had treated the French proposal to press the war in Flanders, Frederic now admitted that their victory might be advantageous to him, though not, perhaps, in the way that France had intended. His uncle's pride, he wrote to Podewils, would be lowered, and the English would now be obliged to come to terms with

him ; but he did not think, from a purely military point of view, it would do much good. The Austrians were preparing for an invasion of Silesia ; and Maria Theresa, who looked on Frederic as her principal enemy, would not allow the events in Flanders to affect her design or to weaken her force. Her army, under the command of Prince Charles, considerably outnumbered that of Frederic, who appeared to be intent only on covering Breslau, and for that purpose concentrated his strength near Schweidnitz. Valori asked him why he did not rather guard the mountain passes : ' Because,' answered the king, ' when you want to catch mice, you open the mouse trap. The state of my affairs ' needs a decisive victory.' Three days later, on June 4, the Austrians, having entered into the trap, were caught unawares, and notwithstanding their superior numbers were completely defeated at Friedberg. They retreated into Bohemia, and Frederic, following them, encamped in the neighbourhood of Königgrätz, where he remained for the next three months. He believed, apparently, that Fontenoy and Friedberg would tell favourably on his English negotiations ; or, as he expressed it, that ' we have softened Pharaoh's heart, and that ' he will now be more supple and tractable.' Failing that, he wanted to see what assistance he could get from the French, from whom he required a money grant and a declaration of war against Saxony, followed by the advance of the Prince de Conti, now in command of the army of the Rhine. But the British Pharaoh's heart was still hardened ; and though Lord Harrington was well disposed towards Prussia, George, whilst in Hanover, was much more guided by the Baron Münchhausen, who was devoted to Austrian interests, and who dexterously fomented the king's jealousy and hatred of his nephew. On the other hand, Louis XV. was annoyed by the slighting manner in which Frederic had spoken of *his* victory at Fontenoy, and was little inclined either to loose his purse strings or to accept Frederic's dictation as to the proper employment of French arms.

But without money Frederic could do nothing, and so he told Valori. ' This last campaign,' he said, ' has, in extraordinary expenses, cost seven millions of thalers : *c'est à peu près le fond du sac.*' ' He spoke,' wrote Valori, ' with an appearance of humiliation which convinced me that his necessities were really as great as he described them.' The French ministry were loth to believe this, and though eventually they offered him a small subsidy in monthly payments, it was so inadequate to his needs that he indignantly

refused it. On Saxony they were not unwilling to put pressure, and Vaulgrenant was directed to demand the withdrawal of the Saxon troops from the Austrian army. As, however, on May 18, some days before the battle of Friedberg, Augustus had concluded a treaty with Maria Theresa for the partition of the southern duchies of Brandenburg, as the demands and menaces of France were still accompanied by an invitation to contest the imperial crown, and as it was well understood that Conti had no intention of advancing into Germany, Augustus conceived that the matter was left to his own discretion; and was confirmed in that view when, on the Austrians from Bavaria and from Flanders effecting a junction near Frankfort, Conti, whose army had been much weakened by detachments sent to join Saxe, and now felt his position one of danger, withdrew behind the Rhine. Frederic, irritated and alarmed, resolved to fall on Saxony without further delay. Podewils remonstrated. Such a step would close the door on all chance of amicable arrangement. Saxony, answered Frederic, has already engaged in active hostilities against us. I must show England that our friendship is worth having and our enmity is to be avoided.

‘If the King of England and his minister appear more willing to treat, do you think that it is from any love for us? Not a bit: it is because they fancy the King of Prussia may be serviceable to them. . . . I was sure you would bring out your old bogey, Mustcovy; but Saxony will certainly be dishd before they know at St. Petersburg that hostilities have begun. . . . Rest satisfied that this step will give us peace.’

Similar correspondence was continued during a great part of August; but at that time, and for the purpose of forcing England's hand, the invasion of Saxony was unnecessary. Frederic's game was played for him to much better advantage, though unintentionally, by the French, who, by the countenance given to Prince Charles Edward and the rising in Scotland, compelled the English king to yield to the pressure of circumstances. Charles Edward landed in Scotland on August 5; the Convention of Hanover was signed on August 26. By this convention the Treaty of Breslau was confirmed, Silesia remaining to Prussia, and Bohemia to Austria, with the reciprocal guarantee of Frederic and Maria Theresa. Similar guarantees of territory extended to Saxony, Hanover, and the Palatinate; and Frederic promised his vote at the imperial election to the grand duke. Maria Theresa's name was thus freely bandied about between the signatories, not only without any authority from her, but

with a very clear knowledge, on the part of England at any rate, that she would not consent to what was agreed on in her name.

Nearly a month before, Sir Thomas Robinson had been instructed to urge on her the absolute necessity of moderating her pretensions. This he had done in strong, even exaggerated terms, but could get no reply beyond expressions of bitter hatred and mistrust of Frederic. War or peace, the queen said, would make no difference; she would be equally obliged to keep a strong army on the Bohemian frontier; no real repose could be hoped for till the power of the King of Prussia was broken. 'Why,' she asked, 'was there less hope of detaching France than of detaching Prussia?' 'Because,' answered Robinson, 'the King of Prussia would more easily make a peace to preserve what he had, than France, to give up, as it must, what it had acquired, and was in so fair a way of acquiring, in the Low Countries.\* All, however, was to no purpose, and Robinson had written, 'This court would, I am persuaded, make up even with France, rather than with Prussia.' It was thus with no pleasant feelings that he received further instructions to seek an interview with the queen, in order to request her assent to the convention, of which she had already been apprised by a Prussian envoy to Prince Charles. At first she refused to see him; but afterwards, acceding to his request, heard him in silence; and a couple of days later he was curtly told by her minister, Count Ulfeld, that 'there was no answer.'

It is, therefore, not surprising that, finding she was betrayed by the English, Maria Theresa should consider herself released from the trammels of their alliance, and should endeavour to modify the politics of Europe in a more pleasing fashion. In the early days of September † Brühl

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\* Robinson to Harrington, August 3, 1745. The Duke de Broglie here expresses a doubt whether the parties to this conversation had knowledge at the time of the landing of Prince Charles Edward in Scotland. He has forgotten to allow for the difference of calendars. Charles Edward landed in Scotland on July 25, O.S., that is, on August 5. Similarly, in speaking of the battle of Preston Pans as fought on September 21, he has neglected distinguishing the date as O.S., which, as the current dates of his narrative are throughout in N.S., is apt to cause confusion.

† Ulfeld's reply to Robinson was on September 8, but the queen had known of the convention a week before. Vaulgrenant's letters are dated September 10 and 14.

showed the Marquis de Vaulgrenant a copy of the Convention of Hanover, saying, 'Here is what we warned you of six months ago, though you wouldn't believe it.' He then went on to say that 'if the King of France was disposed to pay his treacherous ally in the same coin, he had reason to believe that the Queen of Hungary would be willing to assist him.' Vaulgrenant, astounded by the news, and still more by the suggestion which followed it, reported the conversation to D'Argenson, advising him to mistrust it, especially as Brühl had represented himself as speaking without any authority from the queen, a statement which the Duke de Broglie shows is to be interpreted diplomatically. In any case, however, such doubts as D'Argenson might reasonably entertain ought to have been set at rest by Chavigny's letters of a few days later, and which—now for the first time made public—show how distinct the overtures of Austria really were. On September 13, Chavigny wrote from Munich that Count Chotek, the Austrian minister there, had said, in conversation with the Saxon ambassador, that 'it was quite time that the courts of Vienna and Versailles should draw together, and that the Queen of Hungary would be a good ally for the king, if he chose to throw over one who had treated him so scurvily.' The speech was at once carried to Chavigny, who asked Chotek to explain his meaning, and to let him know plainly whether he was instructed to make these overtures. The reply was that the queen was passing through Bavaria on her way to Frankfort; that Chotek and his Saxon colleague were to meet her, and that on their return they would doubtless have something to tell him. Accordingly, in due time, Chotek let Chavigny understand that Maria Theresa was willing to receive such propositions as France might have to make; but the Saxon minister, subject to less restraint, spoke more freely. The queen had taken Chotek into her carriage, and conversed with him, *tête-à-tête*, all the way from Passau to Ratisbon. She had said that she had no personal feeling against France; France had nothing to fear from her. She would make no difficulty about opening a negotiation at Munich or Dresden. Chavigny asked what offers or concessions she would expect on the part of France. 'She thinks,' was the reply, 'that you will not want to keep all your conquests in Flanders.'\*

The very remarkable overtures of Austria were discussed

by the French Cabinet, and, in spite of the opposition of D'Argenson, as well as of the king, who detested the grand duke, now emperor, too heartily to have any fancy for an alliance with the empress-queen, it was agreed to enter on negotiations. These, D'Argenson had not been able to prevent, but he could, and did, order them so that their failure was certain. The Duke de Broglie thinks that they ought to have been entrusted to Chavigny, a man of proved ability and tact, who had already established friendly relations with the Austrian minister at Munich. But the discussions in the Cabinet and D'Argenson's instructions were primarily based on Vaulgrenant's letters of September 10 and 14, to which Chavigny's, of September 13, was only subsidiary. His more important letter, of September 22, had not then been written or despatched, and thus it might well appear that Count Brühl and the King of Poland, out of whose information the whole question arose, were the best and most proper persons to assist in the solution of it. Vaulgrenant was therefore instructed, or rather permitted, to open negotiations; but D'Argenson's whole letter was of such a doubting, apologetic tone, that it was impossible the recipient could misunderstand its inner meaning.

'His Majesty,' it ran, 'has hitherto found it difficult to believe that the King of Prussia would fail in his engagements to him and make a separate peace. The many assurances to that effect, which we have received, have been proved to be false, and have been contradicted by very evident facts. . . . But if it is true that the King of Prussia has already concluded a treaty with the King of Great Britain, his Majesty has no longer any reason to refuse to treat with the Queen of Hungary by the mediation of the King of Poland. . . . Before all things his Majesty desires that you should have more certitude of the reality of the treaty of August 26. . . .'

And as if D'Argenson feared that all this, and more to the same purport, might not be sufficient to prevent Vaulgrenant acting with vigour, he added:—

'In conclusion, you will carefully observe that whatever cause of discontent his Majesty may have with the King of Prussia, he will not listen to any proposition of taking Silesia from him, or of causing him loss in any other way. You will, therefore, jealously guard against the introduction of any condition prejudicial to the interests of the King of Prussia. It would be derogatory to the honour of France that anyone should be able to say that she had sacrificed her allies to her own interest' \*

\* D'Argenson to Vaulgrenant, September 22.

As Maria Theresa's sole objects in continuing the war and in courting the French alliance were the recovery of Silesia and the crushing of Frederic, such an instruction necessarily rendered the whole negotiation nugatory. The supposition that the Queen of Hungary, who had just attained one great object of her ambition in the election of her husband to the imperial crown, would, in the first flush of her triumph, relinquish or modify her claims, was manifestly absurd; and if the proposal was ever made to her, we have no account of her reception of it, though we may say with certainty that she indignantly rejected it.

It was whilst the overtures of this curious negotiation were on foot that, on September 12, the grand duke of Lorraine was elected emperor. The intrigues which had been going on during the year have been already referred to, but as the critical day drew nigh there seemed little doubt that the election would be decided in favour of Austria. The French army had withdrawn across the Rhine, and the Prince de Conti had made a public and quite unnecessary declaration that France would avoid even the appearance of exercising any constraint. The Duke de Broglie considers that this was decisive as to the result, and regrets that France, having gone so far, did not abstain from all further interference, and recall her ambassadors as she had recalled her soldiers, reserving to herself the right, as given by the Treaty of Westphalia, to protest against the election and to enforce her protest by arms. It may, however, be doubted whether, after the wars of the Spanish and Polish succession, after the Treaties of Utrecht and Vienna, the rights derived from the Treaty of Westphalia could be insisted on from a purely abstract point of view; and the events of the past four years had plainly shown that they could not be enforced by arms. But, failing that, the Duke de Broglie rightly thinks that the attempts made by France up to the last moment to bribe, cajole, or constrain the electors were futile and undignified, and that an absolute silence would have been more politic. This was the course adopted by the King of Prussia and the Elector Palatine. We have seen that by the Convention of Hanover Frederic agreed to give his vote to the grand duke; but, as that convention had not been accepted by Austria, the promise went for nothing. But there was no other possible candidate. To the suggestion that perhaps the King of Poland might yet come forward, his sarcastic reply was: 'Did you ever know an emperor made *incognito*?' And when Augustus tardily declared his intention to vote



for the grand duke, even that pretence was removed. Frederic and the Palatine, protesting against irregularities of form, absented themselves, and Francis was elected without a dissentient voice. By a singular coincidence, it was within a week of Maria Theresa's thus becoming empress that the woman who was destined to play during the next twenty years so important a part in the theatre of French and of European politics—the newly created Marquise de Pompadour—was presented to the French queen and formally received at court.

While the election was still pending, Maria Theresa had repeatedly expressed her hope, and even conviction, that Prince Charles would celebrate his brother's triumph by a victory over the enemy. To Austrian eyes nothing could seem more probable. The position of Frederic near Königgrätz was, indeed, very critical. His army had melted away till he had barely thirty thousand men in camp; while the Prince of Lorraine, with more than double the number, had nearly surrounded him, and with swarms of irregular cavalry rendered his communications extremely precarious. These wild hordes, of little value on the field of battle, were admirable as foragers and scouts, while as plunderers, like the old border reivers, they carried off everything that was not too hot or too heavy. Even the dignity of the French ambassador was not spared. A squadron of pandours made a swoop on the country house in which he was quartered, overpowered the merely nominal guard which had been assigned him, broke open and ransacked all drawers and boxes, and, mistaking M. de Valori's secretary for M. de Valori himself, carried him off just as he stood on springing out of bed, barefooted and with nothing on but his night-shirt. Valori complained to D'Argenson and to Frederic of the risk to which he had been exposed. Frederic seemed to consider it a capital joke; and Valori's only satisfaction was being laughed at by the King of Prussia, and ordered by the King of France to withdraw to Berlin or Breslau.

The Prussian position was, however, daily becoming more difficult, and by the end of September Frederic, seeing himself in danger of being completely blocked in, broke up his camp and retreated towards the Silesian frontier. The following morning, September 30, the Austrians were close up with him, threatening his rear, when Frederic, turning on them, not far from Soor, caught them unprepared, and inflicted on them a severe check, which enabled him to continue his retreat unmolested. Next to the admirable steady-

ness and discipline of the Prussian troops, the Austrian repulse was mainly owing to the gross misconduct of a large body of pandours which was sent round, with orders to fall on the Prussian rear. They preferred falling on the Prussian baggage, which they carried off or burnt. When Frederic returned to his quarters he found himself without provisions, camp-furniture, or servants. His servants were returned the next day, under a flag of truce; but his private secretary, Eichel—whose name is familiar to all readers of the '*Politische Correspondenz*'—was detained, and all his papers, including a packet of letters from England, fell into Prince Charles's hands, and were forwarded by him to the empress. Beyond putting the new relations between England and Prussia before her in a clearer light, the capture of these papers does not seem to have been of material consequence; but the mere fact that the King of Prussia's personal baggage had been swept off, and that he had continued his retreat after the battle, gave at first an impression that the success had been rather with the Austrians, notwithstanding Frederic's hasty note to the governor of Breslau, with the peculiar postscript, '*Faites tedeumiser,*' &c. The action did, in fact, fully answer his purpose; and, arriving in Silesia without further anxiety, he put his army into winter quarters.

The relations between England and Austria were by this time severely strained. The papers from Soor had confirmed the empress in the knowledge that she had nothing further to expect from England; and in England it was understood that the empress's determined hostility to Frederic was the cause of the present stress of affairs. The success of the rebellion in Scotland was suggesting to the French Government the advisability of supporting it; and in England an invasion was freely spoken of as a possible and probable contingency. 'In reality,' says the Duc de Broglie, 'no English Government need fear anything of the kind, as long as it is master of all its harbours and coasts.' He might have added: As long as a competent admiral, such as Vernon, with a competent squadron, commands the narrow seas. And, in fact, no invasion in force was seriously thought of; and, though several attempts were made to send support to Prince Charles Edward, with one solitary exception on the very smallest scale, they all failed. The English Government and the well-affected part of the English people did not, however, fully realise or understand the meaning of this; they looked on their immunity as a happy accident,

which might any day be reversed; and, believing that the empress-queen was the principal cause of the danger, their feelings towards her rapidly took a very different complexion.

'Everyone,' says the Duke de Broglie, 'knows that England, convinced in all sincerity and simplicity that she is the absolute incarnation of right, firmly believes that whatever is opposed to her plans or wishes is a contravention of morality and of justice. Only a short time before, Maria Theresa, defending her hereditary rights, which England judged it her interest to maintain, had been lauded to the skies; and now Maria Theresa, hesitating to countersign a convention supposed to be to the advantage of English interests, at once lost the prestige of her popularity. Her resistance began to be spoken of as treason; and she herself as a fanatical devotee who, in her inner heart, would be glad to see a Catholic prince mount the throne of England. Frederic, on the contrary, became the defender of Protestantism, interested in the maintenance of the succession in which he was himself included; and when the news of the battle of Soor arrived, there was rejoicing in the London taverns for the Prussian victory, as if the sides had been already changed, and the conqueror was no longer a nominal enemy, nor the conquered an ally, of England.'

But, bent on her own policy, the empress, having failed to crush Frederic in Bohemia, had now resolved to give effect to the treaty with Saxony, concluded some months before (May 18), for the partition of Frederic's hereditary dominions. The tsarina had been won over to her cause, and Frederic had scarcely returned to Berlin before he received a declaration that Russia would not permit any attack on the person or states of Augustus. Keenly alive to suspicion at all times, he asked himself what this should mean, but was inclined to think that it had no particular significance, beyond pointing out that Austria, rejected by England, was bringing closer her alliance with Russia. 'English money,' he said, 'would be more useful to them than Russian promises.' A day or two later the movements of Prince Charles struck him as designed to tempt him to an aggression on Saxon territory, in contravention of the Russian manifesto. 'It would not be a bad idea,' he wrote to Podewils on November 7; 'I don't know what to think about it. They are certainly devising something.' Four days later the secret was explained to him by the Swedish ambassador, whose colleague at Dresden had wormed it out of Brühl in a moment of violent excitement. Frederic's preparations were already made, but his information was still inexact, and though his ambassador at St. Petersburg wrote

that Russian troops were ordered to be in readiness, he sent no details, saying it was much cry and little business. 'Ich 'bin surprenirt,' answered Frederic, on November 14, 'dass 'er von einer so embarrassingen Sache so leicht denket.'

There seems little doubt that had Maria Theresa been able to inspire the leaders of her armies with her own intellect and virile energy, Frederic's danger might have been very serious. As it was, he was able to anticipate it; and having intelligence that Prince Charles had advanced into Saxony, he himself also crossed the frontier, and on November 23 fell on the Austrians unawares, at Hennesdorf, and inflicted on them a severe check. Augustus fled into Bohemia and Frederic pushed on, determined to dictate terms in the enemy's capital. On December 15 the Saxon army, under Count Rutowsky, a half-brother of Marshal Saxe, was utterly routed at Kesselsdorf. Dresden surrendered at discretion, and Frederic entered on the 18th. 'The battle,' he wrote to Borcke, 'cost the Saxons twelve or thirteen thousand 'men. We had 1,000 killed and 2,560 wounded. Have 'that printed and published all over Europe. The Saxons 'and Austrians are flying across the mountains into Bohemia, 'and the campaign is ended. We are now settling the 'peace.'

His moderation and affability won the good opinion of the Saxons. A million thalers was the not very heavy war indemnity which he exacted, in addition to the adhesion of Augustus to the Convention of Hanover. And whilst the negotiations were being concluded he charmed everybody by his gaiety, courtesy, and gentleness. Once only did his sarcastic humour peep out. In a visit to the house of Count Brühl, he saw in a closet a large assortment of headdresses. 'What a number of wigs,' he said, 'for a man with never a 'head!' For the rest, he fondled the children and complimented their mothers, and made pretty speeches all round, till society said, 'Could we expect a Mars so terrible under 'the guise of this amiable Apollo?' And what crowned the popular goodwill was his pious demeanour in the cathedral on the occasion of a ceremonial Te Deum. They had been told, they said, that he was an infidel, an atheist; it was a wicked lie of the Jesuits, and of Father Guarini at their head; they could see he was a true supporter of the Protestant religion.

It was the night after the battle, and whilst all in the city was turmoil and confusion, that the Austrian minister, Count Harrach, sought M. de Vaulgrenant and definitely

renewed the overtures which had been less explicitly made three months before at Munich. Time was pressing, he said; unless Vaulgrenant could give him a satisfactory answer, Austria would be obliged to make terms with Prussia. Vaulgrenant, who knew the views of both Louis and D'Argenson on this point, would not commit himself. 'I spoke simply,' he wrote on December 16, 'without showing undue desire or distaste for the alliance, and in my explanations I think I said neither too much nor too little.' Harrach thought he said a great deal too little. 'You will see by my report,' he wrote, 'that I have not got much satisfaction out of Vaulgrenant, though I would much rather grant all that he demands than sign the Treaty of Breslau. . . . I would rather tear out my eyes than see myself the man fated to forge the chains and the perpetual slavery of our august empress and of all her descendants.' But Austria had no other choice, and Harrach was disgusted at receiving, a few days later, orders to treat with the King of Prussia on the basis of the Convention of Hanover; doubly disgusted by the moderation of Frederic, who would, he hoped, by some inadmissible demand give him an excuse for breaking off the negotiations. But, on the contrary, the cession of Silesia once agreed to, Frederic was as wax, and acquiesced in all that Austria required—the recognition of Francis as emperor, reciprocal guarantees, and the maintenance of the limits determined by the Treaty of Breslau. 'Plague take all negotiations!' wrote Harrach; 'that on which I was bent has had no success, and that which I loathe goes on swimmingly.' And so, on December 23, the Treaty of Dresden was concluded, Frederic protesting that, having done enough for ambition, and having learned the danger of meddling with what did not concern him, for the future he would not attack even a cat, except to defend himself.

In here unfolding for the first time the secret history of the overtures of Austria to France, the Duke de Broglie has been led into a pardonable *spéculation* as to the course of events if they had not been stifled by Louis XV. and D'Argenson, if the proposed alliance had been concluded, and if the war had been continued with the new arrangement of the belligerents. France, he conceives, might have held a great part of the barrier, and have thus secured the long desired extension of her northern frontier. Austria might have recovered Silesia; Prussia might have been reduced within narrower limits; and in any case, in a war with France,

Frederic would have been opposed by Saxe or Lowendahl, instead of by Soubise or Clermont. The possibilities affecting Silesia are too complicated to admit of profitable speculation; but, so far as the barrier was concerned, we may point out that England was then, as always, keenly sensible of the danger to her interests from France attaining a definite hold over the Low Countries; and in supposing France ultimately victorious there and dictating her own terms, the Duke de Broglie has left out of account the possible, or even the certain, action of England in America and on the coasts of France. The English navy, weak in the early part of the war, was becoming stronger day by day; and no alliance with Austria would have prevented the wholesale destruction of French shipping, the defeats which French squadrons sustained from Anson and from Hawke in the course of 1747, and such further pressure as these two, in particular, would have been able to inflict. It was, in fact, this pressure, not the arms of Austria, which compelled France to restore the barrier forts in 1748, and which would, we think, have equally compelled her to restore them, even if Austria had been in perfect unison with her.

But of far greater value than these speculations, which can never be quite satisfactory, is the argument which the Duke de Broglie puts forward as to the growth of the alliance between France and Austria, with which the Seven Years' War began. 'Nil natura facit per saltum,' he aptly says, is as true in the moral and political as in the physical and material world; and the alliance of the two countries which blazed into light—an apparent *coup de théâtre*—in 1756, was in fact a thing of ten years' growth. We gather from his concluding sentences that the Duke de Broglie intends to trace in detail the developement of this alliance through the closing years of the war between England and France and the negotiations of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. We hope that in this surmise we are not mistaken, and that before long we shall have the pleasure of reading the further continuation of these most interesting studies.

ART. VII.—*Aus meinem Leben und aus meiner Zeit.* Von ERNST II., Herzog von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha. Zweiter Band. Berlin: 1888.

THE second volume of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's memoirs is far more interesting than the first. Beyond the sketch of his early life and education, which derives a special importance from having been carried on conjointly with that of his brother the Prince Consort, the first volume is taken up with the complicated struggles for German unity, and the rivalry between Prussia and Austria, which have little attraction for any but professed students of history. The unity of Germany, so far as it has been accomplished, was eventually attained by very different methods. The fact that the duke was an actor in many of the scenes which he describes, and that he had access to the best sources of information, does not give his narrative a charm which is essentially wanting to the subject. Nor does the duke's style compensate for other defects. He is laborious, painstaking, and, we believe, honest. But his narrative is filled with a sense of his own importance which is entirely unjustified, and which is a source of irritation to the reader. The brother of the Prince Consort, the nephew of the King of the Belgians, the head of the most successful of the petty German houses, himself a reigning duke, can with difficulty believe that he is not a motive power in the course of events by which he is carried on. Prince Albert, dearly as he loved his brother, was quite conscious of his weaknesses; and few things are more amusing in the relations between them than the *naïveté* with which the duke publishes strictures which, although polite in form, were intended to be severe. The material of the second volume is very different. We are presented with a full history of the Crimean and Italian wars. The letters of the Prince Consort are numerous and important. The duke's relations to the Imperial Court of France were intimate and confidential. In the present article we shall attempt to omit the duke's personality as far as possible, and confine ourselves to placing before our readers whatever new material the book contains for estimating the men and measures of these eventful years.

The volume opens with the conferences held at Dresden in the early months of 1851 for the purpose of healing the wounds caused by the treaty of Olmütz, the lowest point of

Prussia's humiliation before Austria. Prince Albert writes of the European situation as follows: 'The Emperor Nicholas is for the moment complete master of Europe, Austria is only a tool, Prussia a dupe, France a nullity, England worse than nothing with her foreign affairs directed by an unprincipled minister.' This is an instance of the writer's feeling toward Lord Palmerston, which constantly reappears throughout the narrative. The duke, who passed as a Radical among princes, on his visit to Dresden was gently rebuked by the good old king for having deserted the traditions of his house to follow the various strivings after German unity. This indeed was a time when Schwarzenberg could say of Germany what Metternich said of Italy: 'Don't talk to me of Germany. It does not exist. I have lived abroad all my life as soldier and diplomatist, and have always found that no one ever heard of it.' Indeed, those who remember the Exhibition of 1851 will not have forgotten that the only expression for a united Germany at that time was the outlandish name of Zollverein. Prince Albert saw clearly enough that the only hope of unity lay in the decisive action of Prussia, and that no sympathy could be expected from England. He writes on March 5, 1851:—

'Our ministerial crisis has ended miserably; all parties have compromised themselves, and are now more entangled than ever. The old ministry has come back to office, much weakened, however, in Parliament. The Austrians and the Pope have succeeded in bringing England into confusion, and yet the Radical party will eventually derive the greatest advantage from what has happened. In this way Schwarzenberg digs for Europe and himself one ditch after another.'

The duke, who liked to see everything with his own eyes, paid a year later a visit to the Austrian Court. He was struck by the brilliant appearance and faultless tact of the young emperor; by his talents for war, for organisation, and for languages; by the extent and exactness of his knowledge on all subjects. The magnificence of the Court was only an outward sign of the efforts made in all directions to raise Austria to a leading position in Europe. The duke's impressions were fully reported to his brother, who replied from Osborne that the picture he had drawn caused a bad impression.

'Austria wishes before everything to become a state, and as this requires time she expects Europe to wait till she has effected her object. If Europe does not object, Austria is quite justified in demanding this. The merit of the invention is not great; it is at bottom only a new



application of the principle of Metternich, that Europe must stand still because Austria cannot become a state. The events of 1848 have shown that without the existence of a state there can be no cohesion between the separate parts of the monarchy; and therefore, while her internal policy is altered, her foreign policy remains the same. Yet Austria exaggerates her strength if she thinks that she can go on dictating to Europe for her own interests. She never would have attempted it if it had not been for the weakness of the King of Prussia and the enormous mistakes of Lord Palmerston. Everything is now being done to bring about an alliance between Austria and Louis Napoleon, the results of which can only be disastrous. Germany must take care of herself.'

Prussia was, however, soon to enter into a new phase of activity. In May 1851 Bismarck became first secretary of the federal legation at Frankfort. The duke, although opposed to him in politics, claims to have discerned his great qualities at an early period, whereas Prince Albert did not appreciate him. The early part of his mission was spent in silence and inactivity. To a lady who asked him in October 1852 how it happened that when his chief Count Thun left Frankfort because a man of energy could not put up with such a lazy and aimless life, Bismarck could endure it, he replied that he had been all his days nothing but a loafing country gentleman, strolling about with his gun in his hand, and that the life at Frankfort would suit him admirably.

At this time the two most remarkable personalities at the head of European states were the Emperor Nicholas and Louis Napoleon. Both of them were intimately known by Duke Ernest. Nicholas appeared to him the most remarkable man of his age, the last real autocrat in Europe. The vague abstractions of Church, State, and Nationality were lost in his personality. He seemed the embodiment of the Russian empire, and yet to those who looked more closely there was nothing but the exterior, a mere painted picture. The whole idea of his life and reign was summed up in correctness of uniform. He could pose admirably in turn as the general and the statesman. The fascination of his courtly manners worked powerfully on men and women. His influence was everywhere and nowhere, like the wandering Jew. His ambassadors exercised a predominant influence in many European courts, and everywhere an influence opposed to freedom. England of all the great powers stood alone as the opponent of his ambition in the East. The Queen and Prince disliked him, and cabinet

ministers distrusted him. Yet he hoped to bring them over to his side by the bribe of the island of Candia.

Louis Napoleon was a very different character. During his residence in London he had attempted in vain to secure a footing in English society. The Queen had refused to receive him. He was regarded as of no importance, and his character was shady. When he became president his two strongest enemies were Russia and England. Prince Albert not only had an aversion to Napoleonic traditions, but he disliked the man who represented them. He had never shown any desire to make his acquaintance. Even the keen interest which the President of the French Republic took in the Exhibition of 1851 had no effect on Prince Albert's mind. For the moment, indeed, the attention of the English Court was entirely occupied with this great idea. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and the death of Sir Robert Peel seemed an almost fatal blow. Prince Albert writes on July 4, 1850, that they are in the greatest distress.

'Peel is a loss for all Europe, a terrible loss for England, an incalculable loss for the Crown and for us personally. We are now entirely deprived of that support in Parliament and public opinion which he afforded to the throne. Parties will again run into extremes. Our Exhibition will be driven from London. The Protectionists, who fear for their interests; the Radicals, who wish to assert their property in the parks; the "Times," whose solicitor has bought a house in Hyde Park, rage and abuse our project. The matter ought to have been decided this evening, but Peel, who had undertaken to support us, is no more. So we shall probably be beaten, and the whole Exhibition will be given up. You see that we are not exactly on a bed of roses.'

These fears, however, proved to be groundless. The duke, who spent a month in England in the summer of 1851, pronounces the Exhibition far beyond all others which have succeeded it. It was the last great occasion, he says, in which the English aristocracy displayed their magnificence to the eyes of Europe. All their resources were placed at the disposal of the Exhibition. More than four thousand state carriages appeared at the opening. (?) The Court kept open house. The Queen and her Consort stood at the height of their reputation. Prince Albert was the soul of everything.

The Exhibition closed on October 11, and in December Europe was astonished by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. The Queen and her husband were shocked by the want of faith and the duplicity which characterised it. Lord Palmerston's hasty and imprudent approval of the step led to his dismissal

from office. Prince Albert was delighted with the result. He writes to his brother at the end of the year :—

‘I cannot complain of the past year. The Great Exhibition passed off in an incredibly fortunate and peaceable manner, and without the slightest *contretemps*. And now the year closes with the circumstance—so fortunate for us—that the man who has embittered our whole existence, because he was always placing us in the disgraceful dilemma of either supporting his misdeeds in the whole of Europe, or of allowing the Radical party here either to grow to a power under his leadership, or to break into open war with the Crown, and thus throw into a general chaos the only country in which freedom, order, and respect for law are to be found together—has cut his own throat. “Give a rogue a rope enough, and he will hang himself,” is an old English proverb. We shall certainly have trouble with Palmerston, who is furious, and also with a Reform Bill which is promised.’

At the end of February 1852, Lord Derby became Prime Minister. Prince Albert writes upon this : ‘Lord Derby is a ‘most excellent man, but he calls his ministry himself “the ‘“Derbyshire militia fresh from the plough, ready to be ‘“disbanded immediately.” Not one of them was ever ‘yet in a public office. The old Duke [of Wellington] says ‘of them, “People one never saw or heard of before.”’ It was regarded as a transitional government, and in fact it lasted but ten months, and was succeeded by the Coalition Ministry. The new ruler of France soon began to make his neighbours suspicious. England called out the militia, created a marine reserve, and fortified her harbours. Stockmar, the trusted friend of Prince Albert, declared that the new emperor was utterly untrustworthy. King Leopold formed the worst opinion of his designs. -He saw a new Napoleonic era approaching. He wrote to Metternich that Napoleon III. was busy day and night with preparations for placing France in the position which she had held under Napoleon I. All the powers must combine to resist him. Prince Albert writes : ‘We are furbishing up ‘our rusty cannon, building fortifications, have established a ‘militia of eighty thousand men, are improving our arms, ‘and are very busy.’ At this juncture the engagement of the Emperor to Mademoiselle de Montijo was announced. She had been introduced to her future husband at a ball given at the Elysée. The emperor was attempting to establish an alliance with a royal or a semi-royal house. On receiving the last refusal he said to the American gentleman who had introduced her, ‘I will have no more of these princesses. I ‘will marry your American.’ ‘She is not an American,’

replied his friend, 'she is a Spaniard.' 'Never mind,' said the emperor, 'she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life, and I will marry her.'

Suspicion of France was coincident with a rising enthusiasm for Italy. Prince Albert had been early indoctrinated with the aspirations for Italian unity. He had written to King Leopold years before, 'If you wish to see how far reaction can go, you must read Mr. Gladstone's report on the condition of things in Italy. I send it by the next messenger. It makes one's hair stand on end.' This feeling was increased by the visit of the Duke of Genoa, the brother of Victor Emmanuel. The Queen presented him with a beautiful riding horse, with the words, 'I hope that you will ride this horse when the battles are fought for the liberation of Italy.' At the same time the Prince took great pains to keep himself outside and above party. He rebuked his brother for visiting the Cosmopolitan Club, because he absurdly imagined that it might involve him in political complications. Indeed, the state of affairs was very serious, as is graphically described in Prince Albert's letters.

'Everything depends on whether the Emperor Nicholas is anxious for war or not. There is no doubt that he is hankering after forbidden fruit; but whether he is ready to pay the price of a European war we do not yet know. . . . He wished to bring about an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria and Prussia against England and France; in other words, to make Germany again pay the reckoning for his Russian cupidity in the East. Austria agreed if Prussia would accede. The emperor succeeded in stirring up the king's wrath against France, but he could not drive Manteuffel from his position of neutrality. We have been obliged to form an *entente cordiale* with Louis Napoleon. The French are occupied with money-making, and the emperor is often out of health. . . . In England we are indignant against Russia, but determined to keep the peace as long as we can. . . . We might be forced into a war; we could not let Constantinople be taken by the Russians. . . . The best solution would be found in Austria taking up an honourable and manly attitude.'

On November 1, 1853, Russia declared war against Turkey, and on November 16 Lord Palmerston left the cabinet. Prince Albert writes on this subject:—

'The day before yesterday an element of war disappeared from the cabinet in the shape of Lord Palmerston. He resigned purely on a question of internal policy. The great Liberal, Bramarbas, who wishes to force free institutions on all countries, finds a measure of reform which is approved of by Aberdeen too liberal. What a plague the man has been to us! His retirement naturally weakens the ministry, and gives the Protectionists and ultra-Tories a leader in the Lower

House. It is probably his object to place himself at their head, and to force himself upon us one of these days as prime minister.'

Shortly afterwards he was persuaded to return, which caused the erroneous impression that the cabinet was beating up for war. Indeed, reluctant as the royal pair were to ally themselves with Napoleon III., the Queen wrote to King Leopold that the war was 'popular beyond belief.'

The history of the Crimean war occupies a large share in the duke's book. Although he exercised little influence over events, he possessed admirable opportunities for knowing everything that went on. Sovereign of a small state belonging to a large confederation, he was obliged to be his own foreign minister and his own ambassador. His political sympathies were naturally on the side of England. He desired to destroy the influence which Russia exercised over all the German states. An ultimatum was addressed by England and came to Russia on February 27. A few days before this Prince Albert writes: 'How Russia can enter upon a war under such circumstances, God only knows. The emperor must be mad to do it. But whether he does it or not, the magician's wand with which he commands Europe is broken.' The ultimatum was supported by Austria at St. Petersburg, but Prussia declined even to take this step. Still less would she hear of doing anything which might draw her into a war with Russia. At this juncture Duke Ernest undertook, with the sanction of his uncle, King Leopold of Belgium, a journey to Paris, which was partly of a political nature, and of which he gives an interesting account. Prince Albert was at first very angry at the suggestion. He probably thought his brother would not be sufficiently discreet, and he only gave at last a hesitating approval. This was the first occasion on which a reigning prince had visited the new Court of the Tuileries. He was received at the frontier with all honour, came to Paris by special train, and was lodged in the Pavillon Marsan. Everything reminded him of the mutability of fortune. He conversed with the King of Westphalia and with the son of Murat. The dinner napkins bore the cipher of Louis Philippe. The pictures, the furniture, even the servants gave suggestions of the Orleanist Court. King Jerome told him that his chief object was to preserve his nephew from the dangerous paths of Napoleon I.; that the Napoleons were an unfortunate race, and that the emperor could only preserve himself by the greatest prudence and self-control. He believed that an alliance with Germany would give greater security to the imperial throne than an

alliance with England. The emperor spoke freely on political subjects. He said that it was fearful to think that they were standing on the eve of a terrible war, which no one desired, and which was of no use to anyone. The next day he delivered to the duke a long statement of his policy. He said that the chief mistakes of his uncle lay in not recognising the principle of nationalities, and that this proved his destruction. A speedy termination of the war could only be effected by an alliance with Prussia and Austria, which he particularly desired; their neutrality, on the other hand, could only prolong the war. Eventually he unfolded to the duke the deepest objects of his policy—the liberation of Italy from Austria, the restoration of Poland, and, above all, a general European congress for the revision of the treaties of Vienna and the securing of a lasting peace. To this might be added the creation of a united Scandinavia and the aggrandisement of Prussia. It was evident that he regarded the Crimea as only the first in a series of most important undertakings. France was to obtain compensation either on the Rhine or in Italy. Whilst the emperor did his best to engage the duke as a mediator for an alliance with Prussia, the empress regarded him mainly as the brother of Prince Albert and the brother-in-law of Queen Victoria. She asked innumerable questions about the Queen and her family. ‘Ah!’ she said, ‘if only all queens were as virtuous as the late Queen of Portugal and Queen Victoria!’ She added that the one hope of Spain was his cousin, King Ferdinand of Portugal. No flattery was omitted which could tend to soften the heart of the English Court towards their former aversion. The emperor, as he sat in his armchair smoking cigarettes one after the other, conversing in a dreamy fashion, appeared to the duke more like a German scholar than the ruler of France. He sometimes recited whole poems of Schiller, and broke suddenly from French into German. Even his political views resembled those of a German *doctinaire*. He remarked that the national feeling of Germany was stronger than any armies, although the unity of Germany would be a bad thing for France to put up with. When they parted, on March 10, the emperor said to him, ‘Remember me to your brother, whose great qualities I can appreciate, and who, I believe, is as kindly disposed towards me as you are. I should be delighted to be able to speak with him, but the sea is between us.’

Prince Albert in a letter expressed himself satisfied with the result of his brother's journey. After impressing upon

him that Prussia was far more directly concerned than England in crushing the power of Russia, he continued :—

‘ Our preparations for war proceed twice as quickly as those of the French. The fleet in the Baltic will be magnificent, although somewhat too heavy for that shallow sea. Twenty-five thousand men are organised for Constantinople, of whom ten thousand have already arrived in Malta; the artillery have started, and the cavalry will go through France, and, by the wish of the emperor, march through Paris. Who could have thought it a year ago ! ’

It was vain to think any longer of peace, or to hope for the co-operation of the two German powers. They confined themselves to giving a mutual guarantee of each other's dominions. The treaty of alliance between England and France was signed on April 10. Prince Albert remarks upon it :—

‘ The alliance with Napoleon is, I believe, sincere and solid. National jealousies have ceased—at least on our side. There is a Russian party in Paris, but not a trace of one here. Morny is said to be a Russian agent, and to have in view the breaking of Persigny's neck. It is in Brussels itself—in the house of Princess Lieven—that Brunnov, Kisseleff, and Creptovitch execute their unholy witches' dance round the boiling caldron.’

After a short visit to Berlin, where the king congratulated him on having safely escaped from the lion's den, the duke proceeded to Vienna, where the emperor made even a more favourable impression upon him than he had done two years before. He seemed to possess an extraordinary talent for government, deciding all important questions himself, but leaving the details to be worked out by his ministers. Francis Joseph had a strong regard for the Emperor Nicholas, but he felt that Austria might against her will be forced into a war with Russia. Signs of preparation were everywhere manifest, and the duke with characteristic self-love began to imagine that he would be promoted to a high command. However, while still in Vienna he heard from his brother that the Russian faction in Berlin had gained a complete victory, and had driven every good German and Prussian out of office. Yet that was no reason why Austria should not go on. It would be quite erroneous to suppose that the western powers were not in earnest with the war.

‘ The war is certainly not popular in France. Here it is just the opposite. Englishmen are desirous to an incredible degree of fighting against a nation whose form of government and foreign policy they detest. The Opposition, who wish to take the popular side, have no weapon against the ministry, except to decry them as being too

lukewarm with regard to the war, and especially to throw suspicion on Lord Aberdeen, who alone keeps the whole coalition together. . . . The fact that ten millions of *new* taxes will be imposed is a proof that we are in earnest. . . . Our difficulty lies in our prosperity. We can get no soldiers, seamen, or ships, so enormous is our trade, our industry, and our emigration. We have 40,000 sailors in America, 10,000 in Australia, and so on.'

On his return from Vienna the duke visited the King of Prussia at Potsdam. Every pains was taken to prevent a conversation which might have been irritating. The suite interrupted at inopportune moments, and at last the queen said outright, 'Do not let us bother the poor duke with 'these wretched politics, for I dare say he is tired after his 'fatiguing journey, and will be glad to get back to Berlin.' Prince Albert wrote, on receiving an account of these events:—

'Your news from Berlin unfortunately agrees with ours, and shows a terrible state of things. The king has written an extraordinary letter of sixteen pages to Victoria, in which he accuses Bunsen and Bonin of all kinds of offences against their sovereign, even to the tri-coloured shirt studs which Bunsen wore in 1848. . . . Victoria's answer tried to make it clear that the more consistently the king acted and carried out a policy which rested upon a contradiction, so much the more contradictory must his action be. No contradiction could be greater than to wish evil to France because Russia did what was wrong.'

In the meantime the Crimean war pursued its course. The inherent difficulties of the problem were increased by the inconveniences of the alliance and by other circumstances. The Duke of Wellington has told us that one of the causes of his success in Spain was the certainty that the French marshals could not co-operate together. This state of things does not seem to have improved under the Second Empire. The duke when at Paris expressed his surprise to Marshal Magnan that St. Arnaud in his precarious state of health should have been chosen for so important a command, and received the extraordinary answer, '*La canaille crèvera en route.*' It was impossible for a French fleet to support the English fleet in the Baltic, because no French sailor had any knowledge of that sea. Our expectations of victory seem to have been formed on inadequate grounds. Lord Cowley said one day to Prince Chimay, 'When the Russian 'fleets have been burned in the Baltic and the Black Sea 'the war will have lost much of its interest.' The English expected the co-operation of the Turks, but their delay made



it likely that they would find nothing but turbans. The emperor himself was in a wretched state of health. The organic disease which never afterwards left him began at this time, and he aged visibly from day to day under severe neuralgic pains. The expenses of the war began to press seriously on the French finances. As Prince Albert remarked, the emperor was in the position of a theatrical manager whose clients were clamouring for a new piece every day. Prince Albert wrote further at the end of June 1854:—

‘The ministers give us a great deal of trouble. Aberdeen is still in 1814, Palmerston in 1848, Lord John in 1830. The Parliament and the press have become each and all at a moment’s notice born generals, and are only prevented from conquering Russia by the army, which, they say, is worth nothing; the ministry of war, which ought to be held by Palmerston; and the Court, which persists in holding Palmerston aloof.’

At last the expedition to Sebastopol was undertaken. Prince Albert, although not the author of this scheme, gave it his full support. He wrote to his brother:—

‘The right thing for us to do is, without doubt, to attack the Crimea. Whatever the end of the war may be, the East has no chance of life so long as Sebastopol remains as it is. . . . I consider the diversion against Sebastopol as politically the proper course, and strategically the most effective. I should consider a landing in Odessa in the rear of the Russians as more powerful than an attack on their left wing. Public opinion should also consider the position of Napoleon III. We stand in need of a success which not even a victory in Moldavia could give us.’

Duke Ernest believed, contrary to received opinion, that the real desire of the French emperor was to attack Russia in Poland. Before the expedition was carried out all the world knew of it. It was decided in council on June 28, and the allied troops did not disembark in the Crimea till September 14. In the meantime Prince Albert and the Emperor Napoleon had met at Boulogne, and had established relations of a more friendly character than anyone could have expected. The victory of the Alma succeeded, and the false news of the taking of Sebastopol, which deceived even the Emperor of Austria. Then followed the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman, the tedious siege and the dreary winter. Prince Albert writes at the end of November:—

‘I have only one thought, and that is with our heroes in the Crimea. The poor fellows are much exposed, and behave wonderfully well. At Inkerman 6,000 English held out for two hours, then 8,000 for four

hours, until they were reinforced by 6,000 French. These 14,000 men supported an attack of 60,000 Russians for nine hours in all, and repulsed them. The Russian dead that we had to bury were 4,500 ! Multiply that by five to obtain the number of the wounded, and that gives the result that 14,000 men disabled 15-20,000 of the enemy—a fact without parallel in the history of war.'

Again on December 26 he writes:—

'From Sebastopol we have no news except the many sufferings of the troops. All communications are utterly impossible from the total disintegration of the soil. The enemy must, however, be in the same condition, and must be even more impeded by it.'

The bad news caused even a more painful effect in Paris. The emperor began to wish for peace. The expenses of the army amounted to three million francs a day. Prince Albert would have been willing to consent to peace on the basis of the four points if he could have been certain that they would be honourably carried out by Russia. Sardinia joined the alliance of the Western Powers on January 25, 1855. But an entire change in the situation was wrought by the sudden death of the Emperor Nicholas on March 2. He had ordered on February 10 a *levée en masse* of the whole population. Believing that the Russian troops could stand the winter better than the allies, he urged his generals in the Crimea to assume the offensive. He died from devotion to his duties. Already overstrained by the difficulties of the war, he insisted on attending a parade of troops on Monday, February 26. He drove back in an open sledge, and caught the inflammation which caused his death.

The immediate result was to stimulate the desire for peace. Conferences were opened at Vienna on May 15, but these were rendered useless by the reluctance of the young emperor to accept the third of the 'four points'—the limitation of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. This was considered indispensable for the security of Turkey. Prince Albert illustrates the rejection of it as follows: 'A band of robbers threatens a house and attacks it; the inhabitants and neighbours come out to defend it. After hard fighting peace is made on these terms, that the robbers are to remain encamped before the house, but are to allow the inhabitants to spend the rest of their lives in standing sentry in front of it.' There was nothing left but to continue the war. It was determined at a conference held at Windsor Castle on April 18, at which the emperor was present, that the war should be energetically pursued, and Sebastopol taken at any price. The national enthusiasm

was considerable, but it did not still the voice of party conflict. Prince Albert writes on May 1 :—

‘Lord Derby and the protectionists wished to make common cause with Layard and his followers in order to overthrow the Palmerstonian government. They were beaten in the Upper House by the awkwardness of Lord Ellenborough, who was to have conducted the attack, but the attack was renewed by Disraeli in the Lower House. Then Gladstone and the Peelites took up the cry of peace, declared themselves against all prosecution of the war, and threw all the blame on Aberdeen and his colleagues, who had resigned, for their former weak and faulty conduct of the war, the public opinion having long desired to find a scapegoat. Disraeli—whose principal desire was to injure Lord John and his peace policy in Vienna, and who had attacked the uncertainty of the Palmerston Cabinet—was now in the position, with the support of the whole Liberal and patriotic party, to direct his whole strength against the Peelites. Palmerston obtains a large majority, but is obliged to proceed to the most violent warlike measures, and is freed from all control which might compel him to moderation in his foreign policy. At the same time the Russian party in Europe is able to use the expressions of the most distinguished of English statesmen to their advantage, and to represent the war as nothing but an outburst of savage passion against Russia. All this, however, has been surpassed by Lord Grey, who, inflamed by the passionate desire to contradict the whole House of Lords, and perhaps the whole world, has gone so far in a motion as to defend the mission of Menschikoff and the invasion of the Principalities. The conferences at Vienna, which it would have been better to leave open, must now be closed, if only to give the ministry some rest in Parliament. Oh ! Oxenstiern ! Oxenstiern !’

At the beginning of May 1855 the duke paid a visit to Paris and London. He found the emperor and empress full of their recent visit to England. The alliance appeared to be not only restored, but to be stronger than ever. He arrived in London just as the Queen was distributing the Crimean medals for the first time with her own hand. The conflict of parties in Parliament found its full echo in the conversations of the palace. Everyone wished for peace, but did not know how to obtain it. The blame was laid principally upon the King of Prussia : Austria was treated with more consideration. There was nothing left but for the war to pursue its course, although the losses had been terrible. Out of two hundred thousand French soldiers sent to the Crimea more than seventy thousand had died.\*

In Russia public feeling was very bitter against England, but more moderate towards the French and their emperor.

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\* These numbers are the duke's. He declares them to be more trustworthy than the official accounts, which were disgracefully garbled.

On June 7 the French attacked and carried the Mamelon, but the great assault on the Malakhoff and the Redan on the anniversary of Waterloo failed with the loss of 7,551 French and 2,447 English killed and wounded. The battle of the Tchernaiia first raised the hopes of the allies. On September 5 a furious bombardment was opened, in which five thousand Russians lost their lives. On September 8 Sebastopol surrendered.

The conclusion of the war did not cause any great satisfaction to the Emperor of the French. He regarded it as the point of departure for new designs. He desired above everything the abolition of the treaties of 1815, and saw in Austria the principal hindrance to his plans. He considered that there were certain open questions, such as Poland and Italy, which could only be determined by a European congress. His ill feeling against Austria showed itself in various ways. Austria had not congratulated him on the capture of Sebastopol. It was a little too much, he said, to receive congratulations when Sebastopol had not been taken, and not to receive them when it had been. In England there was a great reluctance to conclude a definite peace. This was felt to be an unrivalled opportunity for humiliating Russia, and for expelling her from Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Caucasus, with the help of Austria. The King of the Belgians appears even at this time to have foreseen that the course of European politics could only terminate in a Franco-Prussian war. However, in March 1856, Louis Napoleon stood on the summit of his power. The conclusion of the peace of Paris exhibited him as the mediator of Europe. On March 16 the cannon of the Tuileries announced the birth of an heir to the imperial crown. Peace was signed at one o'clock on the afternoon of March 30.

The piping time of peace which intervened between the Crimean and the Italian wars witnessed a large extension of the marriage connexions of the Coburgs, to which they already owed so much of their aggrandisement. It had been said at an earlier epoch: 'Let others fight; thou, lucky Austria, wed.' But, from being Catholic, Austria was confined to alliances with members of its own religion. Prussia, on the other hand, could intermarry with Protestants on the one hand, and members of the Greek Church on the other. The close private relations between Berlin and St. Petersburg had materially affected the fortunes of the Crimean war. Those who wished to see Germany united under the hegemony of Prussia were anxious to break the

yoke of Russian preponderance. For these reasons the betrothal of the Princess Royal of England to the Crown Prince of Prussia was a political event of some importance. At the same time the Prince Consort loved his eldest daughter far too well to sacrifice her happiness to political considerations. He had taken a large share in her education, and the dearest wish of his heart had been for a long time to see her in a commanding position, in which she might be able to exercise a wide influence. The idea of the union, which was finally carried out, may have occurred to the parents some years before. The Prince and Princess of Prussia, who stayed in England in 1853, had full opportunity of seeing their future daughter-in-law, who was then thirteen years old. When Duke Ernest visited them at Coblenz in the autumn of 1855, he was informed of the betrothal as a strict secret. The Prince Consort writes to his brother on September 24:—

‘Yesterday I received your letter of the 20th, according to which you will arrive at Coblenz to-day on your return from Paris. You will, perhaps, learn there what I now write to you, that our guest has announced to us his wish to be united with Vicky *with the king's consent*. We have readily agreed, but have asked that the offer to V. herself might be deferred till after her confirmation next spring. Marriage cannot be thought of before her seventeenth birthday in November 1857. You will recognise, as we do, the importance of this event, and will participate in our pleasure at it. The parents in Coblenz are extremely happy, and the betrothal of the sister with your brother-in-law binds yourself and Alexandrina in an additional tie. My lame hand and painful shoulder compel me to conclude. I have only been able to hold my pen since yesterday, and that badly. Fritz Wilhelm leaves us to-morrow. I must make a general request that under the present circumstances you will keep the secret. Everyone will speak of the event, but as long as none of us does so it does not matter.’

The seal of secrecy was not removed till April 4, 1856, when the princess had been confirmed, and the peace of Paris concluded. It is strange, in the light of recent events, to see with what enthusiasm and with what brilliant hopes this union was regarded by the Prussian Court. The German courts are not the first who, when they have attained their object, try to kick down the ladder by which they have risen. The Princess of Prussia wrote to the duke: ‘May God bless this union for the beloved children, for our families, and for the poor German Fatherland, which can only raise itself from its present position in a natural manner by an alliance with England.’

The duke gives an interesting picture of the betrothed pair, who have since become so illustrious, and whom he knew so well :—

‘ They possessed in their youthful years all those qualities which inspire love and enthusiasm at once and for ever. The manly, vigorous appearance of the prince, his open nature, his unprejudiced judgement of affairs, soon conciliated the friendship even of men older than himself. His great gifts and his unusual knowledge and powers almost made one fear that a narrow circle of activity might not be sufficient to develop his rich intellect to its full beauty and to raise it higher. It seemed that the powerful nature of the young man, so great physically and mentally, would, in the position he then occupied, find no worthy occupation which might bring it to perfection. The princess, who was much younger, possessed as rich an understanding as her future husband for intellectual and political interests. While her emotions were fully developed, she had made almost too much progress in knowledge and accomplishments, and had ripened in a truly manly school. She completely realised in herself the pedagogic and ethical ideal which my brother had set himself to construct from a very early period. In this respect the princess was entirely the pupil of Prince Albert, and as she was his favourite child she remained in many respects the most like him. My brother had educated her himself in the positive sciences, and in some subjects had been actually her tutor. She thus early acquired a habit of acting on principles which my brother himself possessed, and which he knew how to impart to his favourite daughter. By her marriage my brother lost an occupation which had become dear to him and which had been very stimulating. The boys of the house had too little pliancy to make such a close relation possible between them and their father. The other daughters were too young, and thus the prospect of a separation filled my brother’s letters with sadness and bad spirits long before it actually occurred.’

The wedding took place in London on January 25, 1858. The young pair were received with the greatest enthusiasm in their own country, and no one in Germany doubted that the future of the German nation depended on the results of this auspicious union.

Before this took place the King of Prussia’s health had entirely broken down, and the monarchy of Frederick the Great, which had long needed a strong hand to control it, was about to pass under a new master. In September 1857, at the end of the autumn manœuvres the king rode suddenly up to the duke, tears burst from his eyes, he gasped for breath, and grasping the duke by the arm said with difficulty, ‘ I am very ill, dear duke, much worse than anyone believes. ‘ You will never see me again. Do not forget me.’ At the dinner which followed, the king’s conduct became so eccentric

that a regency seemed to be imminent. This was for the time averted, and a painful period of weakness and indecision ensued. Prince Albert, who visited his daughter at Babelsberg in June 1858, writes to the duke:—

‘Here I find the young pair united in the tenderest love, the father cheerful, but somewhat too confident in the satisfactory nature of his isolated position and his power. The king came with the queen and spent half an hour, in which he did not once speak irrationally, but his appearance is terribly depressed, the ruins of his former personality. Yet he goes about as king, feels himself such, and hopes for improvement.’

Two months later the duke joined the family circle in Berlin, and found the Prince of Prussia determined to do nothing which could in the slightest degree injure the feelings or weaken the position of his brother, although Prince Albert seemed to be in favour of more energetic action. In October the king was ordered to spend the winter in Italy, and the Prince of Prussia became regent. The momentous character of this great change, the inauguration of a new era which led eventually to Sadowa and Sedan, did not escape the penetration of Prince Albert. He writes:—

‘The importance of this great alteration in Berlin must exercise a sensible influence on the whole of Germany, although it will, perhaps, express itself in a practical manner at first by degrees. The great net of reaction is torn asunder by a movement proceeding from the throne without a revolution, without bombast, without promises, without ulterior designs. This means a great deal. It is not, however, less unacceptable to France, where latterly one mistake has succeeded another. In Austria they appear to be less shocked about Berlin, partly because one has to do there with honourable people, and partly because the influence of Russia is as much dreaded as the democracy.’

After the conclusion of the peace of Paris the tranquillity of Europe was by no means assured. Russia began immediately to pay court to France, and although her overtures were not accepted, they produced some effect. Napoleon III. felt that England would not assist his plans with regard to Poland and Italy. We were occupied with the Indian mutiny and with the supposed designs of Russia upon India. For this reason we insisted on the conditions of the peace being strictly enforced, whereas France seemed inclined to adopt the interpretation most favourable to her recent foe. The discrimination between the true and the false Bolgrad, the importance of the Isle of Serpents for the navigation of the Danube, the destruction of the fortifications of Kars, were all occasions of serious argument. The life of the

emperor was attacked, especially by Italians, who congregated in London and in Switzerland. Cavour had laid the cause of Italy before the congress, and his views were warmly supported by Prince Jerome and Duc de Morny. The emperor's difficulties were increased by a quarrel with his cousin Prince Napoleon about the regency. Another difficult question was that of the Danubian Principalities, of which Prince Albert gives a graphic account in July 1857.

'The question of the principalities is still very much in embryo. They must be organised by a commission of the powers. France wishes them to be united, and that the powers shall declare this. Russia is ready to do so. Austria and the Porte are against the union, and the first insists that it shall be finally excluded from the questions to be decided by the voice of the principalities. We oppose both views and hold by the protocol, which says that the wishes of the principalities are to be consulted, as no settlement can be lasting which does not rest upon the wishes of the people. Whether this is done or not, the Porte wishes for a hospodar for life, three names being proposed by the Porte and one chosen; and to this our ministry is inclined to agree. I am opposed to it as a repetition of the history of Poland, the origin of endless intrigues and endless rivalry between Austria and Russia. I think that the hereditary principle will triumph, but that the viceroy will be so placed that he cannot make himself independent of Turkey, since the whole object of the war and the peace was to secure the integrity of the Porte. Russia insists that the regent (be there one or two) should be of the Greek religion. It is uncertain whether he should be chosen from the country itself, or whether he should be a foreign prince. In the first case we should get an uncivilised, intriguing man; in the second case we must go to the smaller German courts, and then they cry out, "What! Another "King Otho? We have enough with one." What they think about all this in Paris I do not know. Now you have the whole matter before you, and you will infer that it will be a long time before we come to talk of candidates.'

Indeed, the proclamation of the first Prince of Roumania, Prince Alexander John Couza, was made on December 23, 1861, the very day that the Prince Consort was buried in St. George's Chapel.

In order to carry out his Italian policy, Napoleon had to reckon with Austria, which held a large portion of that peninsula in subjection. This made him more inclined to friendship with Russia, the hereditary foe of the Austrian empire, and this again brought him into collision with England, where the ground swell of recent hostilities had not yet subsided. Prince Albert writes on October 5, 1857:—

‘Russia has obviously suffered more than she will allow, and



requires a few years' rest to resume her little game. In the meantime she wishes to break up the western alliances, and finds good material for doing so in the rascality of French public servants, and the good-humoured indifference of their sovereigns in matters which have not yet come to a head. It is easy for us to stand with our backs against the wall because we are governed by fixed principles.'

Prince Chimay informed the duke a little later that French national feeling was cooling down as to the English alliance, and that it would be imperilled if Lord Palmerston remained in power and continued to stir up democratic feeling. At the same time, Louis Napoleon now stood at the height of his power. The year 1857 witnessed a pilgrimage of kings and princes to the Tuileries. Even the Russian Grand Duke Constantine was among the number, which caused a painful feeling in England. In August the emperor and empress paid a visit to Osborne. Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston were also invited. But the most important utterances of the emperor on political subjects were reserved for the ear of Prince Albert in a private walk. A full account of this conversation is given in the 'Life of the Prince Consort.' The result was not favourable to mutual good understanding. The emperor announced his approaching interview with the Emperor of Russia at Stuttgart, which was the point of a new departure. Prince Albert neither approved of friendship to the enemy of England, nor of perilous adventures in new enterprises. He warned the emperor that his strength lay in breaking up the old northern alliance against France, that he had nothing to offer in return for a Russian alliance, and that to place Austria in the power of Russia would endanger the peace of Europe. In the meantime Cavour, supported by his chivalrous sovereign, was pleading the cause of Italy in every European court. The revolutionary left of the Italian patriots were in close alliance with French anarchists. The duke assures us that the conspiracy which culminated in the *attentat* of January 14, 1858, was not so much an act of Italian vengeance as a French movement to overthrow the existing government in France, and that the prominence of Orsini in the plot has given it a false complexion in history. The duke happened to be an eyewitness of this remarkable event, and his account of it is extremely interesting.

He arrived in Paris on January 12, and heard that a general rising in the capital and the provinces had been fixed for that very day. In Paris there was nothing but quiet and contentment. The emperor was in the best of spirits. The

French police seemed to have their eyes directed more to Orleanist and Legitimist conspiracies than to the coercion of anarchists and reds. The duke on visiting the emperor found him well in health and cheerful in mind. Not a shadow of care or misgiving was to be discerned either in the political situation or in the domestic life of the palace. On Monday, January 14, the duke accompanied the emperor to the forest of Fontainebleau. The journey was occupied by a conversation between the emperor and a railway deputation specially summoned, in which he complained of the insufficiency and the costliness of existing railway accommodation both for goods and passengers. He wished to establish a uniform tariff for long and short distances, and international postage stamps. The proposal met with little favour, but the emperor did not consider himself beaten. It was dark when they returned to Paris. The emperor accompanied the duke to his lodgings, and as they drove over the Pont Neuf and by the statue of Henry IV. he said, 'The only assassination I care about is that with the knife, when the murderer sacrifices his own life in the attempt. In all other attacks on the life of sovereigns the traitors hope to be able to escape by flight.' At parting the emperor invited him to come that evening to the opera, and offered to call for him on the way. The emperor was to visit the opera for the first time after a long interval. The duke preferred to await his host at the opera, and an imperial carriage was sent to fetch him.

The emperor's private entrance to the opera was from a *cul-de-sac* opening out of the Rue Lepelletier, the entrance to which was on this evening barred by a company of infantry. In the little street itself every window was illuminated and occupied by a policeman, while about twenty of the same force stood before the houses opposite the theatre. The duke's carriage was obliged from the crush to go at a foot's pace through the Rue Lepelletier. As the soldiers who barred the entrance to the *cul-de-sac* made room for it to pass, some one stopped the horses for a moment. The duke heard his name called out. He then mounted the theatre staircase, and at the invitation of General Fleury remained in the open air smoking a cigar. The evening was mild and genial, and as the conversation turned on the measures of police security which were before their eyes, General Fleury remarked that the present arrangements were so perfect as to render an attack like that at the Opéra Comique impossible. Just at this moment cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'

were heard in the Rue Lepelletier. The officers gave the word of command and the drums began to beat. The duke and his companions threw away their cigars and retired into the vestibule, when an explosion was heard which sounded like the firing of a company of soldiers. They went to the door to see what had happened. At this instant a second bomb exploded under the carriage of the emperor, and threw to the ground the coachman, the horses, the servants, and the Uhlans of the escort. The groans of the wounded and cries for help were heard in the street. The emperor and empress rushed in. The empress, who was quite overcome, seized the duke's arm and cried, 'Save me!' The emperor was speechless, and made strange gestures, so that he appeared to be wounded. His hat had been driven in on one side by a ball. Almost immediately a third explosion followed. The bomb must have been thrown directly at the door of the vestibule. Balls and splinters shattered the windows and ricocheted on to the roof. A number of people had crowded into the vestibule, several of whom were wounded. The duke dragged the empress up the stairs to the box, throwing down some one who stood in the way. The emperor seemed undecided what to do, but presently followed them up the steps. The opera was already proceeding with the first act of 'William Tell.' At the first pause the emperor and empress advanced to the front of the box. Not a hand was raised or a sound heard, although the attempt must by this time have been well known. The emperor remarked to the duke in German: 'There you see the Parisians. One can never be too severe with them.' The empress had regained her composure when she found that the emperor and herself were entirely uninjured. On the other hand the emperor was terribly excited, was very pale, and quivered nervously. No one could tell what was going on in the streets of Paris. Orders were given to Marshal Vaillant to put the garrison under arms.

When Pietri, the Minister of Police, appeared, the emperor rushed at him. The little man was pale as death. 'Well?' said the emperor. 'We know nothing whatever,' replied Pietri. 'There,' said the emperor to the duke in German, 'you see the famous Napoleonic police.' An hour afterwards Pietri appeared again, and reported that they had made some arrests, but were no further advanced than before, and that they had no names. The scene in the emperor's box was painful. Marshal Canrobert wept like a child. Princess Mathilde was nearly beside herself. When

Prince Napoleon appeared at the close of the evening the empress turned her back upon him, and the emperor did not offer him his hand. The prince had just arrived from a banquet of the opposition. It was not till long after the close of the opera that the news was brought that the streets from the Rue Lepelletier to the Tuileries were occupied by troops. Everything was quiet in the streets; the only traces of the event were the stains of blood on the pavement. General Roquet, who was slightly wounded in the neck, assured the duke that if he had accepted the emperor's invitation to accompany him he would have infallibly been killed, as the balls had flown over the heads of the others, and the duke was taller. The duke believed that the official accounts were entirely false, and that the attack was the work of French conspirators. Certainly there was a desire to draw a veil over the whole affair, and on no single occasion was the slightest allusion made to the catastrophe between the French sovereigns and their guest who had so narrowly escaped.

The immediate effect of this outrage was to strain the relations still more between France and the country which had sheltered the conspirators. There was even a talk of war. Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had lost one arm, said that he would willingly lose the other in fighting a country which could protect such monsters with its flag. The duke believes that, whereas the crime had really a French origin, an attempt was made to represent it as purely Italian, and to cast the blame on England and Belgium. Orsini was put forward by Jules Favre as a martyr to Italian liberty. His letters to the emperor were published in the '*Moniteur*.' The duke thinks it is probable that the first letter was inspired by Pietri, and that the second was not genuine. It was certainly used with great effect by Cavour to turn public opinion in favour of the war with Austria. The *attentat* produced a serious effect upon the emperor. He never left the Tuileries after dark. He instituted a Draconian *régime* in Paris, to which, the Duke says, two thousand persons fell victims. He sought to divert attention from internal troubles by a foreign war. For this purpose he drew still more closely to Russia. Prince Albert writes to his brother on April 22, 1858:—

'From Paris we hear nothing good. The whole machine has become uncertain and unsteady. The chief sees himself drawn to Italy, where he intends to produce a conflagration, which we must try to hinder, unless all Europe is to be set ablaze. They are playing with the holiest and most dangerous things, and lamenting Orsini. The feeling

against England is rising in Paris, and the acquittal of Bernard, with the violent speech of Mr. James, the advocate for the defence, and the indecent joy of the public at the declaration of the verdict, must have offended them exceedingly. The government does not dare to go on with the trial, because a repetition of the result is certain, and can only bring greater damage. The public here is determined not to make itself the policeman, the beadle, or the executioner of a foreign tyrant, and has an idea that there is an intention to give us this part, and to compel us to play it by threats. In this lies the cause of Palmerston's fall, in the failure of the Refugee Bill and of the trial, and there is something noble at the bottom of it. Yet a people cannot reason—it only feels.'

The policy of the emperor was to annul as far as possible the growing ill feeling between the two countries. He therefore laid great stress on the desirability of the Queen and Prince attending the opening of the new docks at Cherbourg, which had been built as a menace to England. Prince Albert was not at all disposed to accept the invitation. He wrote from Osborne on July 10, 1858:—

'We have been here for only three days, but are followed by business of the most difficult and most unpleasant description, just as if we were in London. A Tory ministry with Radical programmes, republican measures carried through by a Conservative majority against a regulated Liberal opposition, is an endless difficulty for a constitutional monarch. We are pressed by the emperor and by our ministers to go to Cherbourg. As the festivities there contain in their inmost essence a celebration of triumph at the land and sea armaments against England, and as we have no desire either to be harnessed to the triumphal car of the French or to kiss the rod, we shall content ourselves with a private visit, and depart before the festivities begin.'

The all-important interview between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour took place just at this time. Nothing was said about it to Prince Albert at Cherbourg, although he was quite aware that momentous conclusions had been arrived at. Indeed, the duke assures us that the principal points which were settled at Plombières had really been determined in the previous April between the emperor and Bixio, and that the arrangements then made included a possible war with Austria, to set Italy free as far as the Adriatic, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, and the marriage of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clotilde. The power most concerned seems to have remained in complete ignorance. Austria could not understand why Piedmont before, be arming.

emperor's world at large the bolt fell on January 1, 1859, like child. A bolt out of a blue sky, when the emperor expressed

to Baron Hübner at the diplomatic reception of that day his regret that the relations between the French and Austrian governments were not so good as they had formerly been. Mérimée remarked to Panizzi that the state of things must be serious if the emperor went out of his way to speak when it would have been so easy to be silent. The general feeling of Europe was strongly against the war, a sentiment which was deeply rooted in France itself. It is said that Delangle, the Minister of the Interior, being anxious to prove to the emperor how unpopular the war was, issued no orders for cheering Prince Napoleon when he entered Paris with his new bride, and that in consequence the young pair were received in chilling silence. Both France and Austria tried to secure the alliance of Prussia, a power which if thrown into the scale would easily have turned the balance. There was considerable fear lest even England might eventually be drawn into the contest. Prince Albert writes on February 10 :—

‘The times are heavy and dark, and therefore friends will do well to maintain peaceful relations with each other before the storm breaks. The Emperor Napoleon seems desirous to evoke it, and much blood will flow, a great deal of noble German blood amongst it. May God pardon the man who brings so much unhappiness upon the world between sleep and waking with so light a heart ! If you wish to have the text of the emperor’s speech, read pages 244–270 in the first volume of the “Memoirs of Prince Eugene.” Napoleon I. gives his son information in the year 1805 about his armaments for the Austerlitz campaign, and orders for the peaceful language which he is to hold. Later, also, he continually reiterates, “Parlez paix, agissez guerre.”’

Ten days later he communicates with his brother in still greater fulness :—

‘We are here very well satisfied with the demeanour of Prussia in the affairs of Italy. It is firm and moderate, and keeps the interests of Germany well in sight. I am glad to find that the national feeling in Germany has gone beyond the line which Prussia has adopted, because it shows that if a further advance should become necessary, it will take a German, and not a Prussian, character; and it is that very German feeling which makes an impression on Europe, because it is patriotic and unselfish. Prussia, on the other hand, is credited with ambitious, interested, and dishonourable motives. In spite of the moderation shown in Berlin, they are furious in Paris with Germany, Prussia, and, above all, with the prince regent, and they threaten the most sanguinary vengeance. The emperor expresses himself violently in this sense, and desires to see conditions in which the popular instinct has existence and speaks. You are supposed to be a worker in this cabal, uncle Leopold in the first rank, I in the second. How we have both conspired together is shown by our active (!) correspondence. If peace is pre-

served, it is owing entirely to Germany and to the attitude of England. It is true that the emperor says that the position which Germany takes up makes him anxious for the future, lest it should be no longer possible to maintain peace in Europe, but it ought to be just the other way. Now we must try in England to bring the Italian struggle back into the field of diplomatic understanding, as war would be a terrible misfortune for the world, and Austria is not so clean-handed and innocent that one would wish to shed one's blood for her. In Lombardy and Venetia she is at least only using her rights if she governs with severity; but the occupation of Central Italy by Austria and France now for more than ten years, with the terrible oppression and demoralisation which comes from it, is an abnormal state of things, contrary to the principles of international law, and a crass immorality.'

At the end of February 1859 the English Government determined to send Lord Cowley to Vienna as a mediator. The Cabinet believed that they had only to build bridges for the Emperor Napoleon to bring him back from his determination to go to war. Lord Cowley was ordered not to stop at Berlin, which caused great disappointment in that capital. The Prussians imagined that they had been deceived by England. Prince Albert did his best to remove misconceptions by writing to the Princess of Prussia. He advised a perfectly plain and outspoken course, defining clearly the position of Prussia towards Austria and Germany, and showing that Prussia could only be expected to defend the Milanese, as Austria might be called upon to defend the Rhine.

At the beginning of March the report began to gain ground in Paris that Louis Napoleon had come to a complete understanding with Russia. By this time the feeling for war was stimulated, and the tone of the 'Moniteur' towards Germany became more threatening. At the same time the process of military preparation continued in Sardinia and in the south of France, and thousands of workmen were labouring to clear the passage of the Mont Cenis. The only overt step taken by Russia was a proposal for a congress of the five powers, held on neutral territory. It soon became apparent that these were only devices to gain time. The duke believes that the Emperor Napoleon had never seriously thought of giving up the war, and that Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were never in serious doubt as to his intentions, but that the emperor was resolved on war, and determined to localise it in Italy. According to this view, all declarations of the French Cabinet after the middle of March, notes, articles, explanations, and newspaper paragraphs, had no other purpose than to conceal

the immoveable resolution of the head of the state. If this be true, it is painful to reflect on the amount of time and energy which were expended in attempting to prevent a war which was inevitable. The anxieties of this year went far to cost England the life of the Prince Consort, one of the first statesmen of his time, whose knowledge and insight will not be fully realised till documents can be published which from their nature must be revealed to posterity alone. Archduke Albert was sent to Berlin to prepare the placing of an Austrian army of 250,000 men on the Rhine, and to suggest that the emperor and the prince regent should conduct the operations together in person. It was also hoped that England would protect the coasts of Germany from an attack by the French fleet. These anxieties were suddenly put an end to by the demand made by Austria to Sardinia, that she should disarm within three days. This placed Austria entirely in the wrong, and the Cabinet declared that by this precipitate step she had forfeited 'all claim upon the support or sympathy of England, whatever consequences might ensue from it.' The duke on reaching England just at this crisis found three streams of public opinion in London society—a general wish for peace, or at least for neutrality; an outspoken sympathy for Piedmont and Italian freedom; and a repulsion towards France coupled with a distrust of Louis Napoleon. The Queen and Prince did not share the expectation that England could remain neutral. At any rate both Prussia and England began to arm. Even Belgium saw the need of strengthening herself to maintain her neutrality, so deep-seated was the want of confidence which the Emperor of the French excited.

It is even now a matter of dispute as to what influences forced Austria into a course so disastrous for herself when she might have secured the sympathy of so many friends. Duke Ernest believes that the final impulse came from Russia. At the very moment when Austria took this step her army in Italy did not exceed 154,000 men, of whom 33,000 were required for the garrisons in Lombardy and Venetia, and 11,000 for the occupation of the Romagna. The invasion of Sardinia was begun with an army only 112,000 strong. Even then ensued mischievous delay. A rapid march on Turin, the defeat of the Sardinian army, might have produced some advantage; but the Austrians believed that the French would appear in Italy much sooner than proved to be the case, and so little was gained.



The Emperor Napoleon left Paris on May 10, and four days later established his headquarters at Alessandria, with an army of 150,000 men and 162 cannon. However, there was much to impede his action. He desired to descend on Milan like a thunderbolt, but he soon found himself fully occupied in arranging the details of the commissariat. In 1859 as in 1870 France was not ready for war. By the end of May the prospect of freeing Venice seemed doubtful to acute observers in Paris. Negotiations were then proceeding between Austria and Prussia, when the battle of Magenta was fought on June 4, which caused the retreat of the Austrians to the Mincio.

The entry of the Emperor Napoleon into Milan did much to change public opinion both in Germany and in England. The change thus produced is shown by two letters from Prince Albert to his brother, the one dated June 3 and the other June 18. The first runs as follows:—

‘Yesterday evening I received your telegram in cipher. I knew that matters were very much as you describe them to me. With all their arrogance and all their overbearing pride, the Austrians have allowed themselves to be beaten on every occasion, great and small. They have already lost ten guns, four thousand dead and wounded, much ground, and their communications between their centre and Milan. The lakes and the Alps they have lost to Garibaldi. Here the prevailing desire is now for neutrality. Palmerston hopes soon to see the Austrians driven out of Italy, and for himself to upset the ministry on the address. Since the elections the ministers have 300 votes, against 350. If the Opposition would really keep together they are in a decisive minority. Up to yesterday they were divided, but yesterday terms were made between Lord John and Mr. Bright, while Lord John and Palmerston had previously come to an understanding. The “Allgemeine Zeitung” has produced a bad impression here by a stupid article, in which it insinuates that the Germans could march on Paris, because the French are unprepared. It has even drawn upon itself a very anti-German article in the “Times.” The great conspiracy for localising the war begins to gain ground every day in the present position of things.’

The second letter, written from Windsor on the anniversary of Waterloo, contains the following weighty considerations:—

‘Your long letter to Victoria—the reasoning of which is completely right, and the logic irrefragable—yet seems to me not to embrace the whole position, and leads me to make the following observations. The government of England is popular in its character, and the constitution is one which becomes more democratic every day. Nations do not calculate; as masses they cannot calculate—they only feel. They are led, therefore, not by their interests, and still less by principles or deductions of politics or of international law—but only by feelings

and instincts. To these belong the feeling for justice, the feeling for liberty, and especially a tendency towards self-preservation. Since 1817 the English nation has been striving towards a wider development of freedom and self-government both at home and in Europe. For just the same period Austria has been standing at the head of attacks upon peoples, their freedom, and their independence. Since 1830 the democracy has conquered in England, and the French democracy now joins it. From that time up to the epoch of the Spanish marriages, the cruelty of Austria in Italy and Hungary, and her severity in Germany, have been constantly held up before the English people by Palmerstonian diplomacy, the press, and the refugees. The concordat, the influence of the Jesuits, and the persecution of Protestants have filled up the measure. That Sardinia possesses the fullest sympathies of England as the one constitutional and tolerant state in Italy, notwithstanding its difficult position between Austria, France, and the Pope, does not require to be mentioned. Nothing short of the immorality of the conspiracy between Napoleon and Sardinia could have overcome all those feelings, and allowed the feeling for justice to come into activity, and even gain the upper hand. This was the case when you were here. Now Austria, by invading Sardinia, has at the same time destroyed the feeling for justice, and given it to the enemy. There remains then the tendency towards self-preservation. This is still strong, and impels towards hatred against France. But the Austrians have evacuated Lombardy, the States of the Church, Parma, Modena, &c. The feeling of the Italians for freedom and nationality begins to spread, and its song of triumph fills the ears of the English people. What statesman could take a step to drive the jubilant liberated Italians again under the Austrian yoke, and to sacrifice for that purpose the security and peace of his own country? All that we can do under the circumstances is to maintain the strictest neutrality.'

It requires new events to awaken new feelings. Just at this moment the Derby Cabinet was overthrown, and was succeeded by Lord Palmerston with Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary. At the same time Russia used her influence to prevent any combination between Austria and Prussia, and to localise the war as far as possible. Prussia was indeed at this juncture badly served. She had no foreign minister of the first rank in authority or in force of character. This defect formed the subject of a conversation with the duke, Prince Hohenzollern, and the Prince Regent of Prussia. The first two suggested the name of Bismarck, who was just giving up his post as ambassador at Frankfort, but the prince regent remarked that Bismarck must alter very much before he could undertake the guidance of foreign affairs. 'All we want to complete our misfortunes,' he remarked, 'is a minister who would turn everything upside down.'

On June 24 was fought the decisive battle of Solferino.

the future. From the attitude of Prussia in the recent past you are right in deducing her present isolation, and therefore you wish for action in the present which will raise the isolation to a future predominance; such a view of circumstances deserves the fullest recognition and the most hearty thanks. As far as the past is concerned, had I to live it over again I should act just as I acted during it. I can never persuade myself that I should have acted wisely for the advantage of Germany, Prussia, and Europe, if by threatening France with war in March I had drawn the war upon Germany in order to support the policy of Austria in Italy. I said from the throne that I would support the balance of power in Europe, the security of Germany, and the honour of Prussia. When the news of the ultimatum reached me on April 20, in the very same minute I signed the preparations for war (a fact, for the order lay since the morning unsigned on my table), and invited Germany to follow me. When Ticino and Magenta were left behind and Napoleon did not halt, although the *status quo* was re-established by the evacuation of Piedmont, and therefore it was possible that Austria might be driven back to the Adriatic, and the equilibrium of Europe threatened, I mobilised the army, and invited Germany to concentrate on the Rhine, for which purpose I set the Prussian army in march on July 2. The armistice caused no delay, and the news that peace was signed reached us on July 13.'

The letter goes on to show that no reform in the German Federation could be usefully undertaken whilst Germany was jealous of the predominance of Prussia, and that the best hope lay in so strengthening the hands of Prussia that she could speak not only with wisdom but with authority. In a subsequent volume the duke will doubtless reveal to us much of the secret struggles by which this result was attained; but, whatever may be the interest of the narrative, we shall miss what is the principal attraction of the present volume—the vigorous and incisive judgement of the Prince Consort upon the varying phases of the higher politics of Europe.

ART. VIII.—*History of the Great Civil War.* 1642–1649.

By SAMUEL R. GARDINER, M.A., Vol. II.: 1644–1647.  
London: 1889.

THESE volumes, in continuation of Mr. Gardiner's great work, are principally devoted to the operations of the Royal and the Parliamentary armies in the Civil War, which have never, as far as we know, been described and elucidated with so much accuracy by any former historian. Though not a soldier, Mr. Gardiner has spared no pains in tracing every movement of the opposing forces. Though not a picturesque writer, he has visited and noted the scenes of these memorable conflicts; and he has indicated, with impartiality, the causes of the singular inefficiency on both sides, which allowed the war to drag on without decisive results until Cromwell appeared upon the field. We propose, therefore, in the following pages to devote ourselves exclusively to the military character of the work, without entering upon the religious and diplomatic questions which are also discussed in it.

The first volume of the work—which was dealt with in No. 338, April 1887, of this Journal—closed with the return of the king to Oxford, in November 1644, after the second battle of Newbury. The state of military affairs at that time was as follows. The whole of the north, east, and south-east of England, with the exception of a few scattered isolated garrisons, was held for the Parliament; Wales, with the exception of Pembrokeshire, and the entire west, including a part of Dorsetshire and Hampshire, together with the counties of Oxon and Berks, were held for the king; but Plymouth, Taunton, Lyme Regis, the town of Gloucester with a large district surrounding it, Montgomery and Abingdon, were occupied by Parliamentary troops. The principal forces were thus distributed. The main Parliamentary army under Essex, with Manchester, Cromwell, and Waller as his lieutenants, were at and near Reading. Leven, having in the middle of October captured Newcastle, was lingering on the borders, not willing to quit them until danger from Montrose had passed away. On the king's side the main army under Rupert, just appointed commander-in-chief, was in and about Oxford.

In Scotland the prospects of the king had never looked so bright, and we shall commence this article with an account of Montrose's campaign in that country, though

it began in August 1644. In April of that year he had endeavoured to create a diversion in the south of Scotland, while Huntly simultaneously unfurled the royal banner in Aberdeenshire, but both were soon suppressed. After Rupert's defeat at Marston Moor, Montrose hastened to his camp to beg for troops. Rupert declared that he could not spare a single man. Montrose notwithstanding this disappointment would not abandon his design: he resolved to try what stimulus to the Royalists could be effected by his arrival in their midst. On August 18, disguised as a groom, and accompanied only by two officers, he crossed the border. Four days later he reached the house of a kinsman near Perth. He there received confirmation of his previous discouraging intelligence, with the additional item that Huntly in despair had fled to the hills, leaving his clan without a leader. A ray of sunshine soon raised his spirits. Alister Macdonald had landed on the west coast with 2,000 Irish and Scotch Macdonalds. After many adventures and an unsuccessful attempt to induce his clansmen to rise, he had penetrated as far as Badenoch. There he called on the Gordons to join him. Only 500 men replied to the summons. Thus reinforced, he strove to push his way down the Spey, in order to reach the heart of the Gordon country, but soon found himself on the point of being crushed by superior forces.

At this critical moment Montrose appeared on the scene and snatched him from the very jaws of destruction. The Highland chiefs, who would not accept the leadership of one of their own body, readily submitted to the authority of the king's lieutenant, enhanced by Montrose's personal influence. He quickly found himself at the head of 2,500 foot, but surrounded by three little armies. One under Argyle had followed on the track of Macdonald; another was assembling at Aberdeen; while a third, under Lord Elcho at Perth, numbered 7,500 men, of whom 700 were cavalry, and was provided with a park of artillery. Montrose resolved to strike at the nearest of his foes, viz. Elcho. On the march he came upon a body of 500 men, who under Lord Kilpont and Sir James Drummond were hastening to join Elcho. These, when they learned that Montrose, not Macdonald, was in command of the Royalist force, promptly changed sides.

In numbers and equipment, Montrose was vastly superior in his men. Every one of them was a man of his hands, good to war and to the hardy exercises which are the

school of war. On the other side were townsmen and peasants who had gone through no such training, and who had never been carried on, like their countrymen who fought at Marston Moor, to the higher discipline of civilised warfare.' (P. 87.)

On the afternoon of September 1, Elcho's men were drawn up at Tippermuir, in an open valley about three miles from Perth. Raw and incapable of manœuvring, their commander did not venture to take advantage of his numerical superiority and assumed the defensive. Montrose possessed above all commanders of his day the art of imparting enthusiasm to his followers, and of so handling them that their defects were minimised and their merits turned to the best account. He knew, too, what sort of men he had to deal with, and gained a moral advantage at the outset by drawing up his line only three deep, in order that it might be as long as that of the enemy and his numerical inferiority concealed. Many of his men had no muskets, and even those who possessed these weapons were only provided with a few charges of powder. He ordered his troops to advance till they were close to the enemy, when those who had firearms were to fire, while those who had not were to pelt their adversaries with stones. As soon as the foe was thrown into confusion all were to betake themselves to the broadsword. These orders were duly carried out. The thin dark line surged onwards. At a few paces from the enemy it halted; stones began to fly, and an irregular volley was poured in; and the next instant from out of the cloud of smoke emerged a tumultuous array of yelling Highlanders, each man striving first to close with an opponent. The Lowland infantry turned and fled at the sight, and the horsemen, who, if worth anything, ought to have cut the disordered Highlanders to pieces at this critical moment, turned and galloped from the field. It is alleged that their horses, terrified by the shower of stones, had become unmanageable, but we fancy the riders were as much to blame as their steeds. Be that as it may, the battle was lost and won in a few minutes, and then it was *væ victis*. The fleet-footed Highlanders followed in hot pursuit, and cut down two thousand of the fugitives, while nine or ten thick-winded citizens of Perth died from the effect of their unwonted exertions. Montrose by his personal influence exercised such control over his men that, though they stripped the slain and plundered the suburbs, the town itself was preserved from outrage. Well aware of the value of time, Montrose would probably have quitted Perth the day after the battle—for he had two other armies

to deal with—but with an unorganised and undisciplined force like that of which he was the commander, celerity of movement was at times impossible. Not till the 4th, therefore, did he begin his march on Aberdeen. Before he had proceeded far he experienced the unreliability of a Highland host. After their custom, most of his men left, in order to place their booty in safety. The Irish contingent naturally had no inducement to quit his standard, and fortunately he was reinforced at this time by ‘the old Earl of Airlie, with ‘some of the gentry of Angus and the Mearns, who brought ‘with them, in addition to a body of foot, a small party of ‘forty-four horsemen.’ He had eagerly anticipated being joined by the powerful Gordon clan, but Huntly, as we have said, was absent, and two of his sons—Lord Gordon and Lord Lewis Gordon—were bound to the Covenanters through ties of blood, their mother being a sister of Argyle.

‘It was not merely their connexion with Argyle which made it difficult for the Gordons to rally to Montrose’s standard. Montrose was long-ing to gather the feudal aristocracy around him, and he had to discover that in a feudal aristocracy it was the possession of broad acres and a numerous following of vassals which gave repute, not military genius or the authority of the king. Huntly was in his own district a king in all but the name, and he scorned to take orders from one whose estates were insignificant when compared with his own. He had received, too, from the king the Lieutenantship of the North, and he could not make up his mind to subordinate himself to the new Lientenant of all Scotland.’ (Pp. 91, 92.)

But though the Gordons would not join Montrose, neither would they draw the sword against him, and a score of horse-men was the only contingent of the clan which Lord Lewis, a gallant youth of eighteen, could persuade to follow him to the Covenanters’ army. On the other hand, a small force under Nathaniel Gordon, an experienced warrior, offered their services to Montrose.

The commander of the Covenanters, Lord Balfour<sup>\*</sup> of Burleigh, was quite ignorant of war, and unable to secure the obedience of his equally inexperienced subordinates. His force numbered two thousand foot, five hundred horse, and some artillery. They, on September 13, took up a position on a slope just outside Aberdeen, then bounded to the westward by the ravine over which now passes Union Street bridge. Their right stretched towards Upper Justice Mills, while their left ended a little in front of the Crabstone. Montrose’s force, numbering about fifteen hundred infantry and fifty-four cavalry, was only half the strength of that which had conquered at Tippermuir, but the proportion of trained and

properly armed men was much greater. Above all the Royalist commander possessed on this occasion a small but efficient body of horse divided between the two wings, and strengthened by musketeers interspersed in their ranks. Apropos of these dispositions, Mr. Gardiner mentions that Rupert and Cromwell were about this time making the cavalry charge sword in hand, instead of first indulging in a fire of pistols and carbines, and attributes to Rupert the merit of being the first to introduce this alteration in tactics. He is, however, mistaken, for the credit is due to Gustavus Adolphus.

Montrose, alike from prudence and humanity, sent a flag of truce to summon the magistrates of Aberdeen to capitulate, or, at all events, to send away the women and children. Not only was the answer given a negative, but one of the Covenanting troopers basely and brutally murdered a young drummer who had accompanied the flag of truce. Indignant at this outrage, Montrose, generally merciful by nature and clement from policy, promised his followers the plunder of the town. The Royalists being well, and the Covenanters ill, handled, the battle was soon won by the former, the victors following up the broken enemy into the very town, cutting down even unarmed men in the streets, killing or outraging women, and plundering in every direction.

‘Once more Montrose appealed to the Gordons; but the Gordons refused to move against the positive orders of Huntly, and no course was open to Montrose but to take to the hills. Darting hither and thither with his lightly equipped force, he was soon beyond the reach of Argyle, who was no soldier, and who carried with him the impediments of Lowland warfare.

‘Montrose marched westwards to Rothiemurchus, where he buried the cannon which he had taken at Aberdeen, and then made his way to Blair Athol, whence he had set out on his career of victory. He did not linger here. With Argyle lumbering behind him, he started once more eastwards, then northwards across the Dee and the Don, and at last stood at bay at Fyvie Castle. Argyle fancied he had now a fair opportunity of crushing his deft antagonist, as Macdonald, with the bulk of his followers, was far away by the western sea, whither he had gone to secure from attack the two castles which he had seized on his landing.’ (Pp. 98, 99.)

The assailants after a prolonged struggle were driven back, and before they returned to the attack Montrose had slipped away. Argyle followed him to Blair Athol, and back again to the east, but without coming up with his active and more lightly equipped antagonist. At length disgusted he proceeded to Edinburgh and gave up his commission. It was now December, and the daring Montrose doubted whether



even his hardy troops could continue a mountain campaign at that season of the year. He therefore summoned a council of war, and proposed a descent on the Lowlands. The chiefs refused to undertake it; but as Alaster Macdonald had returned bringing with him five hundred Macdonalds, and other Macdonalds with Camerons were flocking in, they suggested an invasion of Argyle's country, for all hated the Campbells. After some resistance Montrose consented. His force consisted almost entirely of Scotch or Irish Macdonalds, and these, animated with the accumulated vengeance of generations, stopped not for rocks, snowdrifts, mountains, or streams. On December 13 he entered Argyleshire, and towards the end of January he turned his steps leisurely northward, after having utterly devastated the district through which he had moved. Argyle himself had not struck a blow in defence of his clansmen. Thinking more of his personal safety than of their protection or his own honour, he had sought refuge in his castle of Inverary. In proportion as Montrose moved farther from him, his courage returned; and learning that Lord Seaforth with five thousand followers had barred at Loch Ness the Royalist commander's way, he hastened after the latter with three thousand men, partly Campbells, partly two newly raised Lowland regiments. Taking up a strong position at Inverlochry, he had Montrose in a regular trap. Matters looked bad indeed for 'the great marquis.' Most of the Highlanders had left him to place their plunder in safety, and with his standard remained only thirteen hundred men, chiefly of Alaster Macdonald's regiment. It was, however, in desperate situations that this eminent partisan leader most shone. He determined to strike first at Argyle, but he feared that his cautious, not to say timid adversary, would avoid an encounter. To prevent the adoption of such tactics—which would have been fatal to him—he, instead of marching straight down the valley, made a detour by difficult paths through the hills, and in the evening of February 1 was rewarded by seeing by the light of the moon Argyle's forces posted between Ben Nevis and the lake. Their commander was not with them; making an excuse of a dislocated shoulder, he had sought refuge on board a vessel lying off the shore. It has, we believe, been urged that owing to his hurt he could have taken no active part in the battle; but a general is not required actually to wield a sword, and his presence would have animated his clansmen. Marshal Saxe a century later won the battle of Fontenoy

from a litter. Argyle, moreover, had every chance in his favour. His troops were well equipped, well fed, and outnumbered the Royalists by more than two to one; while Montrose's men were imperfectly armed, few in number, and starving, the most part having tasted no bread for two days, Montrose's own breakfast on the morning of the battle being but a little meal mixed with cold water.

The commander of Argyle's army was Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbrech, who had learnt the art of war in Ireland. He placed the two Lowland regiments on the flanks, the Campbells being in the centre. Notwithstanding his numerical superiority he dared not assume the offensive, for he feared that if he charged with his Highlanders their Lowland comrades would fall into disorder.

'Montrose had therefore the advantage of the attack. Nor was that all. He had contrived to bring a small body of horse under Lord Ogilvy over the mountain passes, and he knew that the fear of a cavalry charge would work wonders amongst infantry who were without cavalry to guard their flanks. His first order, therefore, was to Ogilvy's trumpeter to sound the charge. A peal long and loud carried dismay into the enemy's ranks. Then he let loose his whole force. Alaster Macdonald on the right and O'Cahan on the left wing dashed at the Lowland regiments, and the Lowland regiments, not knowing how soon the horsemen might be trampling them down, broke and took to flight. The whole weight of Montrose's army bore upon the Campbells in the centre. For some time they resisted stoutly, but at last they wavered and fled. For the Lowland run-aways there was mercy, but there was none for any man who bore the name of Campbell. Out of 3,000 of which the army was composed when the battle began, no less than 1,700 perished under the very eyes of Argyle, and of these by far the greater part were his own clansmen. For a time the Campbells ceased to be a power in the western Highlands.' (Pp. 101, 105.)

The moral effect of this victory was great, and, had it been seconded by an invasion of Scotland from England, might have exercised a powerful influence on the course of the war. As it was, its influence was chiefly local, and Montrose's anticipations were too sanguine. He failed to appreciate the character and characteristics of the Highlanders. He thought that because the Macdonalds and Camerons had combined to avenge themselves on the Campbells, they would provide a base of operations and an army for operations in the Lowlands, or even invade England. How grievously mistaken he was we shall see; but it is now time to take up the thread of events in England.

The unsystematic manner in which the forces of the Commonwealth had been raised, organised, and paid, had

brought home to all clear-sighted and resolute members of the war party the necessity of a reform. To use the expression of Mr. Gardiner, 'the stone was set rolling' on November 19, 1644, by the presentation to the House of Commons of a petition of the Eastern Association. In this document the petitioners declared that they were unable any longer to bear the expense of maintaining their troops. The Commons referred the petition to the Committee of both Kingdoms, with instructions to 'consider a frame or model of the whole 'militia.' Cromwell perceived that the reorganisation of the army was the pressing need of the moment. A necessary preliminary to such reorganisation was the removal of Manchester and Essex from their commands. Manchester was the first object of his attack. Hence when on November 25 Waller and Cromwell were called upon in the House of Commons to give evidence as to the causes of the recent failures, Cromwell, in a bitter speech, attributed every failure to Manchester's personal wrongheadedness. Manchester retaliated a few days later in the Lords by accusing Cromwell of being 'a factious and somewhat inert officer.' He also 'held him up to scorn as the despiser of the nobility' and the contemptuous assailant of the Assembly of Divines. '... What was still worse, he had expressed a desire to 'have an exclusively Independent army, with the help of 'which he might be enabled to make war on the Scots if 'they attempted to impose a dishonourable peace on honest 'men.'

Fearing the ambition and influence of Cromwell, the leaders of the peace party, including Essex, Holles, Stapleton, Maynard, Whitelocke, and the Scotch commissioners, had on the night of December 3 a conference at Essex House. It was proposed at the meeting to accuse Cromwell to Parliament, 'under the clause of the Covenant which provided for the 'bringing to justice of those who divided "the king from his "people, or one of the kingdoms from one another."' Maynard and Whitelocke urged that there must be clear proofs before any accusation against a person of such weight and influence could be ventured on. The impeachment of Cromwell thus fell to the ground, and when, the next day, Holles made a report to the House of Manchester's charges against Cromwell, the latter, who had heard of the meeting at Essex House, fiercely called in question the military capacity of Manchester, and made a vehement denial of his late commander's accusations against himself. The effect of his speech was to impress the House with a conviction of Manchester's in-

efficiency. On the 9th, on the report of the committee appointed to consider the accusations against Manchester, Cromwell urged that the members of both Houses, having got great commands in their hands, would not allow the war to end speedily, 'lest their own power should determine with it.' He impressed upon his hearers that unless the war were more vigorously prosecuted the people would force Parliament to conclude a dishonourable peace. Following his lead, Tate moved the first 'Self-denying Ordinance,' which was to the effect that during the war no member of either House should exercise any command or authority, military or civil. This motion was adopted. Mr. Gardiner is of opinion that Tate was not in collusion with Cromwell on this occasion. Speaking of Tate, he says:—

'Himself a Presbyterian of the narrowest type, he was hardly the man to play into Cromwell's hands. It is more probable that he did but repeat the platitudes about the selfishness of the generals which had of late been heard out of doors with increasing frequency, and that Cromwell, by a happy inspiration, utilised the prevalent feeling for his own purpose. However this may have been, it is in the highest degree unlikely that Cromwell craftily expected to retain his own command whilst Essex and Manchester descended to a private station. As circumstances stood at the moment when Tate's final proposal was made, Cromwell would have been more than a sagacious statesman—he would have been an inspired prophet—if he had foreseen the course which events ultimately took.' (Pp. 30, 31.)

'It is hard to avoid the conclusion that he was prepared to sacrifice not only his attack upon the commander whom he despised, but even his own unique position in the army.' (P. 31.)

We cannot quite take Mr. Gardiner's view as to Cromwell's disinterestedness. Throughout his public career he always was ambitious and self-seeking. Conscious of his own capacity, his superiority both in war and politics to all his fellows, he was probably confident that the country could not dispense with his sword. Inordinate self-confidence, when accompanied by ability and an iron will, often so turn events to their own advantage that they almost appear to have foreseen or even to have created them.

The Self-denying Ordinance was long resisted by the Lords, who knew that it was chiefly directed against their own House, and on January 13, 1645, they threw it out. In close connexion with the Self-denying Ordinance was the New Model Ordinance for the reorganisation—or, rather, organisation—of the army. After much contention and discussion between the Houses it was at length passed. The principal terms of this ordinance were as follows: irrespective of local

forces, the army was to consist of 21,000 men, to be paid out of the proceeds of 'taxes assessed on the counties least exposed 'to the stress of war.' Those counties which were theatres of war were to support local garrisons and any special forces which it might be found necessary to raise for local defence. The commander-in-chief was to be Sir Thomas Fairfax; the major-general, Skippon; while 'the post of lieutenant-general, 'carrying with it the command of the cavalry, was significantly left unfilled.' The appointment of all other officers was to be made by the commander-in-chief, subject to the approval of both Houses.

Whilst, as above shown, every preparation was being made for carrying on the war against the king vigorously, an attempt was being made, with more or less of sincerity on both sides, to bring about a peaceful termination of the contest. The advocates of peace were numerous, especially in the Lords, the Commons, the City of London, and among the Scots; and propositions had been on November 20, 1644, despatched to Oxford.

'There can be little doubt that, to Cromwell and the Independents, the negotiation which was now opening at Uxbridge was but one more step towards victory over the king. They were far more likely to be able to prolong the war if they allowed the Scots to try their hand at making peace. As a record of futile proposals and abrupt rejections of these proposals the Treaty of Uxbridge deserves but scanty recognition. Its importance in the history of the war lies in this, that it brought the Scots into line with the English war-party in the decisive campaign which was about to open. To all intents and purposes the Treaty of Uxbridge was a Scottish negotiation. The propositions offered to the king had originally been drawn up under Scottish influence. It was Henderson and no English divine who was appointed as the chief clerical assistant to furnish the needful theological arguments in favour of Presbyterianism, whilst Loudoun and Maitland—who now bore the title of Earl of Lauderdale in consequence of the recent death of his father—were foremost amongst the lay Parliamentary commissioners in supporting the pleadings of Henderson. As far as our knowledge reaches, Vane and St. John, who represented the Independents at Uxbridge, if they were not absolutely silent, took as little part in the debates as possible, and it is doing them no injustice to suppose that, like Cromwell at Westminster, they were keeping themselves in reserve till the Scots had played their game and lost it.' (Pp. 65, 66.)

The reader will naturally ask why the Scots were so anxious to bring about an accommodation with the king on the basis of the adoption of Presbyterianism by England. The answer cannot be more clearly given than in the following words of Mr. Gardiner concerning the motives of

Loudoun and Lauderdale, the Scotch commissioners, at Uxbridge :—

‘ There are no signs that they were animated by the crusading spirit, or that they were conscious of a Divine mission to exterminate Episcopacy in the British Isles. They knew, however, that Scotland was a poorer and weaker country than England, and they believed that Scotland, or, to speak more plainly, their own authority in Scotland, would be secure only when a government was established in England which was homogeneous with that which they themselves wielded in Scotland. An Episcopalian and monarchical England or an Independent and republican England would be constantly tempted to interfere with that peculiar compound of ecclesiastical democracy and political aristocracy which was the temporary outcome of the historical development of their own country.’ (P. 67.)

In the last week in February the conference at Uxbridge was broken off. It never had any real chances of success. Charles was both insincere and impracticable. The Scots insisted on a frank acceptance of Presbyterianism, while Cromwell and the Independents were determined on carrying on the war till the king submitted at discretion. The result was a fruitless conference. This failure was to Cromwell and his adherents a victory, and that remarkable man thenceforth became the virtual leader of the country alike in political and military matters. Of his complex character Mr. Gardiner gives an eloquent sketch :—

‘ The combination of the power of enthusiasm with the power of reticence was the distinguishing note of Cromwell’s character as a statesman—a note which, under malignant interpretation, led easily to charges of hypocrisy. Such charges appeared to have the better foundation in the uncertainty with which he felt his way to a great decision. No one, he said in 1647, rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going. Alike as a commander, as a speaker, and as a politician, Cromwell stands apart from those whose life work has been moulded by self-sustained effort in pursuit of a regularly formed plan. The inward doubts and wrestlings, the instant urgency with which he sought God in prayer for a Divine light which should determine his course amidst the darkness around him, were the truest expressions of the hesitation with which he approached each turning point in the path of duty. The involved sentences of his oratory—if, indeed, oratory it can be called—and the absence of any strategical plan in his warfare are closely akin to the open-mindedness with which he gauged each political difficulty as it arose. There were so many evils which needed remedy, so many healing measures to be applied, that it was hard to choose a course. When the moment of decision came at last, all previous hesitation vanished. Cromwell needed the impact of hard fact to clear his mind, but when once it had been cleared he saw his way with pitiless decision of purpose. Old friends who crossed his path were thrown aside, and hopes

which he had once held out to them were withdrawn. The need of the moment was all in all to him, and what that need was he saw with unrivalled accuracy of vision.' (Pp. 18, 19.)

The military events in England between the date of Charles's return to Oxford in the middle of November 1644, and the opening of the campaign at the beginning of March 1645, were of comparatively little importance. In the west, however, the Royalists during the month of March gained some successes. In order to encourage the Royalists, and to promote the formation of a Royalist Western Association, the Prince of Wales, though of the tender age of fourteen, was on March 5 sent to hold his court at Bristol, his council comprising Hyde, Capel, Hopton, and Culpepper. The prince found matters less advanced and promising than he had been given to understand they were. There was want alike of organisation, money, and subordination; but on the whole, however, the Parliamentary cause lost ground in the west.

In the meantime the organisation of the New Model army was making progress, and the best of the officers and men were being enrolled in it. Of the old Parliamentary commanders, Waller returned to his place in the House of Commons; Warwick resigned his post of Lord High Admiral; Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh also laid down their commissions in the army.

Of the New Model army Mr. Gardiner writes as follows:—

'Paid highly, indeed, it never was. The foot soldier received but eightpence a day—a sum which was at that time only a penny more than the daily remuneration of the agricultural labourer, and which was no more than had been paid by Elizabeth to her soldiers at the end of her reign, and by Charles in his expeditions against the Scots. That eightpence, however, was no longer to be at the mercy of the spasmodic efforts of reluctant committee men, or of the scarcely less spasmodic efforts of a popular assembly. It was to be secured on a fixed taxation, for the full amount of which the counties were to be responsible, and, lest there should be any difficulty in the first starting of the new financial machinery, the City had agreed to advance no less a sum than 80,000*l*. In a time of scarcity and distress, when employment was hard to find, the punctual payment of even agricultural wages was not to be despised. In the case of the cavalry, each horseman received two shillings a day, with the obligation of providing for his horse. One quarter of this sum was, however, retained to be paid at some future date, and the gradual accumulation of arrears served as an additional security against desertion.

'It was not only through the religion of its officers that the New Model bade fair to be Independent in its character. Independency was

something more than the proclamation of a religious principle. It implied a contempt for distinctions of rank unaccompanied by merit or public service. "I had rather," Cromwell had once said, "have a plain "russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he "knows, than that which you call a gentleman, and is nothing else. I "honour a gentleman that is so indeed." Cromwell's principle was carried out in the selection of officers for the New Model. No distinction of rank was recognised, as there was no minute inquiry into diversities of creed. Amongst the new military leaders were Hewson the cobbler and Pride the drayman; but the gentry of England were largely represented in the list of officers. It has been calculated that "out of thirty-seven generals and colonels" who took part in the first great battle, "twenty-one were commoners of good families, nine were "members of noble families, and only seven were not gentlemen by "birth." (Pp. 151, 152.)

The plan of campaign of the king was to make, as before, Oxford his base of operations, and also to establish another base south of the Bristol Channel.

Rupert from Bristol proposed that the king should join him at Hereford with whatever troops he could spare from Oxford, and especially with his train of artillery. To prevent this concentration of the Royalist forces Cromwell was ordered to march to the west of Oxford, for he was not yet affected by the Self-denying Ordinance, which gave forty days' grace. Reaching Watlington on April 23 with 1,500 horse, he made the circuit of Oxford, fighting two successful skirmishes on the road. On a small scale this raid round Oxford resembled some of Sheridan's exploits in the American civil war, and in proportion to the scale of the campaign it produced nearly as great an effect. Carrying off all the draught horses in the district through which he had ridden, Cromwell rendered it impossible to transport the train of artillery from Oxford to Hereford for some days to come, and thus greatly deranged Charles's plans. Cromwell, fearing to be caught between two forces if he lingered near Oxford, marched in a southeasterly direction, and on May 2 joined at Newbury Fairfax, who was on his march from Windsor to relieve Taunton, with 11,000 men of the New Model army.

Charles's plans had been influenced somewhat by Montrose's signal victory at Inverlochy. That success had so alarmed the Scotch Government that Leven had been ordered to send part of his force, under Baillie and Hurry, to deal with 'the great marquis.' This measure afforded Charles an opportunity of striking a blow in the north of England before the reorganisation of the Parliamentary army had been completed. Fairfax would, however, soon be ready to take



the field, and time was therefore precious. Rupert, appreciating the necessity of expedition, on April 24 urged the king to join him at once, in order that the combined forces might march northwards, beat Leven, and then relieve the besieged Royalist garrisons of the midlands and north. Cromwell, however, had rendered expedition impossible, for 400 horses were needed for the guns and wagons, and Cromwell had swept the district bare. Charles therefore informed his nephew that the latter must hasten to Oxford, collecting the necessary horses on the way; while, to protect the king's march, Goring was ordered to abandon the operations round Taunton, and to hasten to Oxford. Goring this time obeyed orders.

As we have said, Fairfax, directed to hasten to the relief of Taunton, was met by Cromwell at Newbury on May 2. The same night Goring's advanced guard surrounded a detachment of Cromwell's horse, and inflicted some loss on them. On the 3rd Goring halted at Faringdon, and on the same day Rupert, with 2,000 horse and foot, reached Burford. Rupert in person rode into Oxford the next day to confer with the king.

Obviously Fairfax's proper objective was the king's army: it was the nearest, the most formidable foe, and once crushed, the ascendancy of the Parliamentary cause in the west could have been easily brought about. Fairfax's movement was, therefore, a false one; but Mr. Gardiner transfers the responsibility of it to the Committee of both Kingdoms, who retained the control of the campaign in their own hands. A strong man would have refused to be thus diverted from the proper course; but Fairfax, though he possessed many excellent qualities and no little skill, was not a strong man. At length the committee, dimly perceiving their error, directed Fairfax to suspend his march and merely to send on five or six thousand men, under Colonels Weldon and Graves, to relieve Taunton. The governor—Blake—made a desperate resistance, and on May 11, just as he had exhausted his ammunition, the relieving force caused the Royalists a second time to raise the siege.

The king, by Fairfax's advance to Blandford, was left free to move where he would, and on May 7 he, with 11,000 men, marched from Oxford in a north-west direction. This was as false a move as that of Fairfax, and at Stow-on-the-Wold on May 8 at a council of war the majority of those present urged the king to adopt the obviously correct strategy of falling on Fairfax. Unfortunately, the king was wanting in

weight and decision, and many of his principal officers were chiefly actuated by selfish considerations. Rupert pressed for a campaign in the north, and was supported by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, commanding the northern horse, who were anxious to get back to their own district. Goring, coveting an independent command, advocated a middle course, according to which the king and Rupert were to march northward, while he (Goring), with a portion of the army, was to move to the west, and, after disposing of his foes in that direction, to rejoin the main army. Rupert supported that scheme with a view to getting rid of a rival for influence with the king. Charles, unskilled in war, adopted the compromise. On the other hand the Committee of both Kingdoms were equally ignorant of strategy, and directed Fairfax to undertake the siege of Oxford, leaving it to Leven, reinforced by Vermuyden with 2,500 men from Fairfax's force, to meet the king in the field. One cause of this arrangement was the belief that, as the result of an intrigue, in which Savile on the one hand, and Lord Newport on the other, were engaged, a considerable defection of the Royalists at Oxford would take place.

On May 14 the king continued his march, receiving favourable news from every direction. Sir Charles Gerard had routed Laugharne, captured Haverfordwest, and hoped to be able to gain possession of Milford Haven. Sir John Meldrum, commanding the besiegers of Scarborough, had been mortally wounded in a sortie. On May 18 the Parliamentary forces, alarmed at the approach of the king, raised the sieges of Chester and Hawarden Castle. Leven, instead of yielding to the entreaties of Lord Fairfax to advance rapidly on Manchester, intimated that, in order to obtain a practicable road for his artillery and the better to cover Scotland, he intended to take a circuitous route through Westmoreland. The truth was that tidings had reached him from Scotland which caused him to be unwilling to quit the borders. These tidings were those of Montrose's successes.

Montrose possessed a talent by no means common even among able commanders, viz. that of promptly profiting by a victory. Immediately after the battle of Inverlochy he 'turned sharply back upon Seaforth and the northern clans who had blocked his way at the north-eastern end of the great lakes. Not a man of them ventured to await the coming of the warriors who had smitten down the Campbell's bells in their pride.' At Elgin he was joined by Lord

Gordon, his brother Lewis, and a small body of cavalry raised from among the gentry of their clan. He now felt himself in a position to enter the Lowlands, for in those days infantry shrank from encountering horsemen in ground suitable for the operations of the latter. Seaforth and Sir James Grant, following Lord Gordon's example, cast in their lot with Montrose. The great difficulty of the latter was money with which to pay his troops. In compensation he gave over to pillage the lands and farms of the Covenanters. Continuing his march, he proceeded *via* Kintore, Stonehaven, Brechin, and Cupar Angus. When he entered Forfarshire he found his further progress barred by Hurry and Baillie. The former's horse he routed, but Baillie, a cautious commander, manœuvred instead of fighting, and by demonstrations kept Montrose on the defensive. Montrose's patience at length came to an end. He was on one side of the Isla, Baillie on the other, and with the chivalrous feeling so characteristic of him the Royalist commander sent to his opponent a proposal that he (Baillie) should be allowed to cross the river and attack, or that he should permit Montrose to do so. Baillie sensibly replied that he should fight when it suited him, and not when it pleased the enemy. Eventually Baillie—probably from want of supplies—retreated towards Fifeshire. His adversary, instead of following, marched westward to Dunkeld, in order to have a clear course southward. His Highlanders, however, weary of the recent campaign of manœuvres, involving much suffering, but bringing with it neither fighting nor plunder, melted away with alarming rapidity. Soon he was left with only 200 horse and 600 foot on whom he could rely. He felt that even this small force must be kept in good humour by fighting and booty. Misled by intelligence that the Covenanters' army was at a distance, he, by a rapid march on April 4, surprised Dundee with 150 horse and 600 foot. The citizens, unprepared for this falcon-like swoop, made but a feeble resistance, and the Royalist troops were enthusiastically sacking the town when word was brought that Hurry and Baillie were close at hand. To stand and fight was to invite destruction. Montrose, therefore, exercising his unequalled influence over his men, made them cease pillaging, and marched out of the eastern gate a few minutes before Baillie entered it by the western gate. Montrose, covering the movement with his horse, supported by 200 picked infantry, repulsed a cavalry charge, and continued his march. Baillie preferred outmanœuvring his formidable antagonist to bringing him to bay by a direct

attack. Then occurred one of the most brilliant strategical manœuvres of the civil war, so brilliant, indeed, that all Europe rang with the fame of Montrose.

‘ Whilst Montrose’s 750 were hurrying onwards in the dark in the direction of Arbroath, Baillie was pushing forward to the left of their line of march, anxious to cut them off from the hills to the north-east, and to pin them against the sea when they reached Arbroath. With many antagonists Baillie’s plan would have been successful, but it did not succeed with Montrose. Divining his adversary’s strategy, he halted his men before Arbroath was reached, and bade them retrace their steps. After a while he wheeled to the right, slipping past Baillie, who was now well in advance still heading towards the east. He reached Careston Castle on the South Esk as the sun was rising.

‘ At last Baillie discovered his error, and started in pursuit with his cavalry on the right track. When he caught sight of the enemy, only three miles separated Montrose from the shelter of the hills, but it seemed for a moment as if those three miles would be enough to destroy him. His men had been marching, fighting, and plundering for three whole days and the two intervening nights. They had fallen on the ground in a sleep so dead, that when Baillie’s horse approached, the officers could not rouse more than a very few of them. Yet those few were sufficient to show a front to the enemy. The hostile cavalry drew off, and as soon as the sleepers could be awakened, they were speedily led to a place of safety. Horsemen were not likely to follow them amongst the hills.’ (Pp. 179, 180.)

Escape from ruin was not, however, substantial success. Montrose’s numbers were daily reduced, and for about a fortnight he wandered about Perthshire without, apparently, any defined plan. At the end of that time his spirits were cheered, first, by the arrival of Lord Aboyne, who had cut his way out of Carlisle; secondly, by the news that the enemy had divided his forces. Baillie still watched the Highlands from Perth, but Hurry had gone north to collect the Covenanting forces for an attack on the Gordons. Baillie was too strong for Montrose, but there was a chance of beating Hurry; besides, it was important to protect the Gordon country. By a rapid march he slipped past Baillie. On the march he was joined by Macdonald, on the Upper Dee by Lord Gordon and a body of horse. Montrose now resolved to give battle to Hurry. That turncoat, Seaforth, had again changed sides, and was ready to bring up the Mackenzies; Sutherland, with his followers, the Frazers, and other Covenanting gentlemen from Moray, had also come. Hurry therefore felt himself strong enough to deal with Montrose without Baillie’s help. His plan was to lure the Royalist commander into a hostile district, and then suddenly fall on and crush him. With this

view he advanced from Inverness to near Elgin, where the contending forces were almost in contact. Then, when a battle seemed imminent, Hurry retraced his steps, conducting his retreat so skilfully that Montrose could never do him much damage. On the evening of May 8 Montrose halted near the village of Auldearn, expecting to resume the pursuit on the morrow. The inhabitants being unfriendly to the royal cause, Montrose was ill supplied with intelligence. The Covenanting commander therefore entertained good hopes of surprising him. He very nearly succeeded in doing so. Montrose had, it is true, with an amount of care by no means universal during the civil war, posted sentries. These, however—the night being wet and gusty—did not care to go far in advance of the main body. When, therefore, after a night march, Hurry's van reached just before dawn a spot four miles from Auldearn, they found that the rain had damped the priming of their muskets. Thinking themselves out of earshot, they fired a volley and reloaded. The sound was heard and reported by some of Macdonald's sentries. Montrose had just time to draw up his troops to meet the attack. His dispositions, hurried as they were, proved that he possessed in an eminent degree *coup d'œil*.

'The line of cottages in the village of Auldearn lay north and south along a ridge at right angles to the road by which Hurry was approaching. Below these cottages, towards the west, the gardens and enclosures of the villagers fenced by low stone walls afforded a natural fortress, beyond which was a tolerably level stretch of ground, at first rough and covered with bushes, and then sinking gradually into a marsh caused by a brook away at some distance from the slope. The northern part of the rough ground behind the bog he entrusted to the guardianship of Macdonald and the Irish, giving them the royal standard, in order that the enemy might imagine that the king's lieutenant was there in person, and might direct the bulk of his forces against so defensible a position. The remainder of his infantry and the whole of his cavalry he kept aloof out of sight to the south of the village behind the crest of the ridge. Centre he had none, but he posted a few men in front of the cottages in order to lead the enemy to believe that they were held in force. If only Hurry could be induced to make his chief attack on Macdonald, Montrose, by sweeping down upon the right wing of the assailants, might easily decide the fortune of the day.' (Pp. 184, 185.)

Matters turned out as Montrose anticipated. Macdonald being outnumbered was, in spite of a desperate resistance, driven back among the enclosures in his left rear. His fate seemed sealed when Montrose brought his cavalry over the ridge and sent them, sword in hand, against the horse on

Hurry's right, whose attention was diverted by the fighting on their left front. 'For the first time in Scottish warfare the old practice of preluding a cavalry charge by the firing of pistols was abandoned.' The Gordon cavalry falling thus suddenly on Hurry's horsemen speedily routed them. Some of the Gordons followed up the flying enemy, while a portion was kept back to charge their now exposed and shaken right. The infantry on this flank, attacked simultaneously by cavalry and by the reserve of foot which Montrose promptly brought over the ridge, was soon put to flight. Montrose then turned on the centre and left of the Covenanters, while Macdonald, finding the pressure on him diminish, advanced, the result being that Hurry, with the cavalry of his left wing, fled, whilst most of his infantry, resisting stubbornly to the last, fell where they stood.

Returning to England, we find Charles on May 22 at Drayton with an army of eleven thousand men. Distrustful of the power of Oxford to hold out long, he determined, instead of making straight for Scotland, to first march westward into Leicestershire, summoning Goring from Somersetshire and Gerard from Wales to join him there, when, thus reinforced, he could, according to circumstances, either march to the relief of Oxford or proceed to Scotland by the easy route of the Vale of York. On his march northward he would pick up considerable reinforcements in Yorkshire; while, on the other hand, before being joined by Goring and Gerard he could do much damage to the Parliamentary cause in Staffordshire and Leicestershire. The news of Charles's march eastward caused some anxiety at Westminster. A blow at the district of the Eastern Association was feared, and, though Cromwell's term of command had expired, that officer was despatched to fortify the approaches to the Isle of Ely. At the same time, though no actual money was available for the payment of the Scotch army, orders were issued for the supply of provisions to Leven as soon as he should have completed his march through Westmoreland and actually started in pursuit of the king. A few days after the departure of Charles from Drayton a despatch from Oxford informed him that from want of provisions the town could not hold out much longer. This intelligence caused a modification of the king's plans. Goring was ordered to march direct on Newbury, and either relieve Oxford or, at worst, impede the operations of the besiegers. Pending further intelligence, Rupert utilised the enforced delay by capturing Leicester by assault.

A few days later the king, uneasy about Oxford, marched southwards; but on June 7, at Daventry, he learned that the blockade had been raised, Fairfax having been directed on the 3rd to march to the assistance of the Eastern Association. On the 5th Fairfax set his army in motion towards the north-east, in order to join Vermuyden, who had been unable to reinforce Leven as ordered. On the 7th Vermuyden effected a junction with Fairfax near Newport Pagnell, thus raising the Parliamentary army to a strength of thirteen thousand men. A council of war on the 8th decided that the royal army should be sought out and fought with wherever it might be found, and also signed a letter requesting Parliament to appoint Cromwell to the lieutenant-generalship of the army, an office carrying with it the command of the cavalry. The Commons granted the request; the Lords delayed giving a reply, but their assent was tacitly dispensed with. All scattered detachments were called in, and Cromwell announced that in a few days reinforcements to the amount of three thousand foot and one thousand horse would arrive from the Eastern Association.

Whilst the storm which was virtually to crush the Royalist hopes was gathering, Charles was lingering at Daventry. It was necessary before undertaking any operation to complete the revictualling of Oxford. Probably, also, hopes were entertained of the arrival of Goring and Gerard. The former, however, would not, and the latter could not, come. In addition to the above causes for delay there was a conflict of opinion among the king's advisers as to what step should be taken. Rupert and the Yorkshire officers, who were eager to return to their own country, urged the necessity of at once marching northward; Digby and the civilians besought the king to make a raid on the hitherto undevastated lands of the North-Eastern Association. There would have been much to be said for either plan—more, probably, for that of Digby—could the army of Fairfax have been eliminated from the problem. Whatever was the design of the king, it is evident that Prince Rupert should have employed his cavalry to keep touch with the Parliamentary army and to bring early information of every movement. The fact is that not only Rupert, but the Royalists generally, regarded the New Model army with so much contempt that no more was known of Fairfax's movements 'than if he 'had been' in another island.' It is hardly credible, but is nevertheless a fact, that on the evening of June 12 the king was out hunting, though that very morning Fairfax had

established himself at Kislingbury, about eight miles from Daventry. The appearance in the evening of a party of Parliamentary horse gave the first notice of the nearness of the enemy. The king was hastily recalled from the chase, and the scattered regiments ordered to form in order of battle. The appearance of danger at once suggested to the royal soldiers the arrival of Cromwell.

'Ironside, they said to one another, was now in the Parliamentary army.

'Natural as it was to imagine that every vigorous effort was a token of Cromwell's presence, the thought did less than justice to Fairfax. If he had not Cromwell's eye for the chances of a battle, or Cromwell's mysterious power of rousing the energies of others, he had the homely sense of duty which, combined with dashing courage and a practical acquaintance with the military art, goes far, except in the direst emergencies, to supply the place of genius.' (P. 204.)

The most extraordinary and indefensible step was decided on by the Royalists that night, viz. to carry out the plan of marching northward, though Fairfax and that terrible leader of horse, Cromwell, were within striking distance. At dawn on the 13th the royal forces marched off; that evening they took up quarters about Harborough. Fairfax, that morning joined by Cromwell with 600 horse, followed. That evening so slack was the discipline in the king's army, that Ireton, dashing into Naseby, captured one party of Royalist horse playing quoits, and another quietly seated at supper. A few hours later Charles was roused from sleep to be told that the enemy was so close that a battle was inevitable. It was resolved that a defensive position should be assumed on a long hill about two miles south of Naseby. The plan was prudent, for the royal army now had only about 7,500 men, while Fairfax had under his orders 13,600. Hour after hour having passed away without any appearance of the Parliamentary army, Rupert, growing impatient, at 8 P.M. sent forward a scout-master, who soon returned to report that the enemy were nowhere to be seen. Rupert, resolved to judge for himself, advanced with an escort to beyond Clipston. There he perceived the Parliamentary army, as he imagined, in full retreat. The explanation is that some of Fairfax's regiments, having advanced too far, were being drawn back to a stronger and higher position a little to the rear. Rupert, finding the ground unfavourable for attack due south of Clipston, edged off to his right to Dust Hill, and, making up his mind to assume the offensive, brought up the whole of the royal army to



that spot. His determination to make instead of receiving an attack, contrary to the plan resolved on a few hours earlier, was probably caused partly by the natural impetuosity of his disposition, partly by the assumed inferior *morale* of his opponents. Considering the numerical inferiority of the royal forces, this change of plan could only have been justified by the adoption of a skilful scheme of tactics. As a matter of fact, Rupert only thought of taking the bull by the horns and defeating the enemy by a direct attack. The royal army was drawn up as a first line and a reserve, Rupert commanding the cavalry of the right wing, Langdale that of the left wing, Astley commanding the infantry, which constituted the centre. The king was with the reserve, which was composed of both foot and horse. The Parliamentary army after several changes of position was drawn up behind the brow of a hill opposite Dust Hill, from which it was separated by a valley traversed by an insignificant stream. Perpendicular to the line on the left was Sulby hedge, in rear of which Fairfax posted Okey with 1,000 dragoons, while his right flank was covered by furze bushes and broken ground. The Parliamentary army was drawn up in a first line and a reserve, the latter composed entirely of infantry. Cromwell commanded the cavalry on the right; Ireton, that morning appointed Commissary-General, a post which carried with it the office of second in command of the horse, led the horse on the left. Skippon commanded the infantry in the centre.

The account of the battle which ensued is given by Mr. Gardiner with little rhetorical skill, but with much clearness in detail. The leading events may be easily summarised. As soon as Fairfax's men had been formed up they advanced over the brow of the hill to meet the attack of the Royalists. Both armies crashed together just below the crest. Rupert's horsemen, galled in their advance by the flanking fire of Okey's dragoons, and hurried on by the impetuosity of their leader, were a little in advance of the general line of battle. Ireton was new to his command, and did not keep his regiments in hand. Though superior in number they did not act in concert. Some charged boldly enough, others hung back and awaited the attack. Ireton, justifying the want of confidence which his men had in him, instead of directing all his efforts to repulsing Rupert, fell with the squadron immediately about him on the flank of the Royalist foot, who were sorely pressing the Parliamentary foot. The attack, premature and executed by too small a

force, failed, and Ireton fell, severely wounded, into the hands of the enemy. Rupert took advantage of Ireton's error, and, pushing his charge home, drove the Parliamentary horse in hopeless rout before him. Rupert, dashing *sabreur* and experienced soldier as he was, failed to profit by former lessons, and instead of merely detaching a few squadrons to keep his immediate opponents on the run, while with the bulk of his force he took the Parliamentary infantry in rear, galloped with his whole command straight to his front. Coming up with Fairfax's baggage close to Naseby, he summoned the escort to surrender. A volley was the answer, but Rupert would probably have succeeded in his capture had he not perceived that the rest of the Parliamentary army still held its ground. In the meantime the Parliamentary infantry, though 7,000 men opposed to 4,000, discouraged by the uncovering of their left flank by Rupert's success, and by Skippon's fall, severely wounded, were showing signs of yielding. Some regiments indeed broke, and their officers, unable to rally them, threw themselves into the squares of the second line. At this crisis, when the fate of not only the battle but of England wavered in the balance, Cromwell snatched victory from the hands of the Royalists. At the head of 3,600 cavalry he stood calmly awaiting the 2,000 Royalist horse toiling up the steep slope. At the right moment, and with every advantage of ground and number, he gave the order to charge. A short sharp *mêlée*, and Langdale's horse, who did not fight with very good heart, were driven back. Ordering three regiments to follow up the advantage, Cromwell dashed with the remainder at the left flank of the Royalist infantry. Charles, physically brave, was unshaken by the sight of the pursuers of Langdale's horse rushing upon him, and commanded the cavalry of his reserve to charge and retrieve the day.

'As he rode forward to share in the peril, the Earl of Carnwath snatched at his bridle, crying out, "Will you go upon your death?" Charles hesitated, and almost at the same moment some one, perhaps gathering a hint from the king's movements, gave the order, "March to the right." The whole of the cavalry of the reserve wheeled about at the word, carrying the king with them, and rode hurriedly to the rear. After a flight of about a quarter of a mile with broken ranks and dispirited hearts, they halted to see what further lot might be in store for them.' (P. 214.)

What became of the infantry of the reserve we are not told. As to the infantry of the first line, charged by Cromwell on their left, attacked on the right and in the rear, and still

withstood by the Parliamentary foot, they fought desperately till slain or captured almost to a man.

'Fairfax had borne himself all through the fight with the bravery which he shared in common with many of his troopers. There is no sign that he in any way impressed his mind upon the course of the battle as Rupert and Cromwell did after their respective fashion; but his modesty was all his own. After he had slain with his own hand the ensign of the last regiment which resisted, he left the colours on the ground. A soldier who picked them up boasted that he had won them by killing the officer in charge. "I have honour enough," said Fairfax when he heard of the braggart's lying tale; "let him take that honour to himself." (Pp. 215, 216.)

Rupert returned too late. When he arrived on the left flank of the Parliamentary army the battle was hopelessly lost. The prince, therefore, contented himself with rejoining the king. Nothing was left but to seek safety in flight, and Charles and his nephew made the best of their way to Leicester, fourteen miles distant, Fairfax's horsemen thundering in pursuit, slaughtering as they went.

Rupert had this time not only thrown away a victory which was within his grasp, but had lost his uncle a crown. Apart from the moral effect of the disaster, the actual loss of the Royalists was crushing. The Royalist infantry were almost to a man slain or taken. Five thousand prisoners of both arms, including five hundred officers, fell into the hands of the victors. Above all Cromwell had established his superiority as a commander, and the New Model army henceforth felt confident of victory, especially under such a leader.

Four days after Naseby, Leicester surrendered. On June 19 Charles with his horse, who had suffered little in the battle, reached Hereford. There he was at last found by Gerard with two thousand men from Wales. With these and some reinforcements which he had picked up on the way he was able to muster three thousand foot and four thousand horse. His idea was that Goring, after capturing Taunton, would be able to join with eight thousand foot and six thousand horse, thus placing the king at the head of an army stronger than that with which he had begun the campaign. Charles also again wrote urgently to Ormond pressing him to conclude peace with the Irish, in order that the latter might send him over a substantial army. The fact that this scheme was on foot, and also one for bringing over some of the Duke of Lorraine's troops, had been disclosed by the capture of the king's papers at Naseby, and greatly strengthened the hands

of those who were eager for a vigorous prosecution of the war against him. This party, headed by Cromwell, had indeed so far gained the upper hand that Fairfax was allowed full latitude of action. That commander, pressing forward to the west, resolved not to divide his forces, but first of all to deliver Taunton and crush Goring, leaving the king, as the least dangerous, to be dealt with either by others or by himself later on. Fortunately for Parliament the Scottish army was set free to act by the surrender of Carlisle from starvation on June 28, and Leven agreed, provided money was furnished for the pay of his men, to march southward. Indeed, he at once advanced to Nottingham, where he remained till assured that the money had really been provided for, when he resumed his march. His strength was raised to seven thousand men by the junction of an English force under Sir John Gell, and on July 8 he established himself at Alcester.

To return to Fairfax: his approach had forced the drinking, gambling, quarrelsome, and unprincipled Goring to raise the siege of Taunton, and take up a position between Langport and Ilchester, on the west bank of the Parret, thus covering Bridgwater, and leaving communication with the king open by the left flank. Deceiving the enemy by his manœuvres and demonstrations, Fairfax surprised a passage over the Parret at Yeovil. On this Goring, abandoning his position, left a considerable force at Langport, while with a strong body of cavalry he hastened off to Taunton, hoping to capture that town whilst its garrison was lulled into a state of security. Massey, sent in pursuit, caught him up whilst his men were bathing in a stream near Ilminster, and dispersed his force with heavy loss. Goring, wounded in the action, hastened back to Langport, and prepared to receive battle on a hill about a mile in advance of the town. There, notwithstanding the strength of his position, he was soon not only defeated, but routed.

The surrender of Bridgwater after a week's stout resistance consummated Fairfax's successes. On Charles the loss of Bridgwater fell as a serious blow, and drove him to enter Wales in spite of the slight hope he entertained of substantial aid from the Welsh.

His project was, now that a junction with Goring would be fruitless, to march into Yorkshire, whence he could open communication with Montrose. He was promised by the gentlemen of Yorkshire that if he would only bring cavalry with him, they would provide infantry enough to constitute

an army. He required, however, an army to escort him to Yorkshire. On July 25 he received encouragement from the Welsh, the gentlemen of Monmouthshire offering the whole adult male population for local defence and 960 men for general service. On the 28th he received the good news that Montrose had won another victory.

That splendid organiser and brilliant commander had encountered serious difficulties after his success at Auldearn. There he had disposed of Hurry; but Baillie, hearing of his comrade's disaster, had quitted the plundering of Blair Athol, and crossing the Upper Dee with two thousand men was joined at Strathbogie by Hurry with one hundred horse. Lindsay was also advancing from Lanark with a newly raised force. Montrose, weakened by the departure of many of his Highlanders to carry their plunder to their homes, was not in a condition to fight even Baillie himself, much less Baillie and Lindsay united. He therefore resolved to avoid a battle for the moment, and outmarching and outmanœuvring Baillie he ascended the valley of the Spey, and took up so strong a position that his opponent shrank from attacking him. Soon want of food compelled Baillie to move first to Inverness, and afterwards to the east of the Spey. Rid of his most formidable opponent, he turned on Lindsay. The latter, fearing to engage his raw troops, fell back on Newtyle. At this conjuncture Montrose was for some reason or other abandoned by the greater part of the Gordons. Nothing daunted by this misfortune, he sent Macdonald to the Highland glens to collect absentees and raise new levies, while Colonel Nathaniel Gordon and Lord Gordon, who idolised his leader, went to the Gordon country on a similar errand. Pending the arrival of men, he sought refuge close to the mountains in which the Don takes its origin, and calmly waited. Meanwhile, the Committee of Estates played into Montrose's hand. They ordered Baillie to exchange one thousand of his veterans for four hundred of Lindsay's recruits, and directed Baillie to remain in the north for the purpose of ravaging the Gordon country. Lindsay, notwithstanding the valuable reinforcement which he had received, was still unwilling to advance, and threw himself into Athol to destroy all that had been left untouched by Baillie. Montrose, having been rejoined by the Gordons, who had shortly before abandoned him, marched to meet Baillie without waiting for Macdonald. He found him so strongly posted at Keith that he dared not attack. Unable to lure that cautious commander on to favourable ground, he marched deliberately

southwards, thus forcing his opponent to follow him, in order to prevent a rush into the Lowlands. On July 2 Montrose formed up for battle. To encourage Baillie he placed the greater part of his army out of sight behind a hill, and half a mile from Alford. To attack him Baillie had to cross the Don by a ford, pass over rough ground, then over some boggy land, traversed by a single causeway, before he could reach the top of the slope, the summit of which was the Royalists' position. Montrose, as at Aberdeen, placed the bulk of his infantry in the centre, with cavalry supported by infantry divided between the two wings. The battle opened with a charge by the horse of the Royalist right wing under Lord Gordon, supported by Colonel Nathaniel Gordon at the head of a body of Irish infantry. Gordon at the first onset broke the cavalry under Balcarres. They, however, rallied, and maintained the struggle for some time, till Colonel Gordon ordered his men to 'throw down their guns, to draw their swords, and to stab or hough the enemy's horses.' This expedient was decisive, Balcarres' horse quailed and gave way, whilst the Covenanting horse on the other wing joined their comrades in flight. Baillie's foot, taken in flank by the victorious cavalry like the king's infantry at Naseby, were slaughtered as they stood. The joy of the conquerors was damped by the death of Lord Gordon, mortally wounded by one of the last shots fired.

This fortunate event was succeeded by a disheartening occurrence. Charles heard of Alford on July 28. On the 30th a request to the gentlemen of Cardiff for 2,000 men was received in a most unsatisfactory manner. The king was told that the men of Cardiff were ready 'to defend the Protestant religion, the law of the land, his majesty's just prerogative, and property of the subject.' They added, however, that if they took up arms it must be under officers of their own county; that in assessing contributions their poverty must be considered, arrears wiped out, and free quarters to soldiers limited to a single night. To further damp the king's spirit, Rupert was indirectly urging his uncle to make peace, and to abandon the idea of marching to the north. There was no succour or hope of succour from Ireland. At the end of July, the Royalists of Pembrokeshire underwent a crushing defeat at the hands of Laugharne, who on August 5 captured the castle of Haverfordwest. Evidently there was no hope for Charles, save possibly in the north. On August 5, therefore, having previously ordered the Prince of Wales to betake himself to France if he could avoid capture in no other way, he

set off for Yorkshire with 2,200 horse and 400 foot. He chose a route through the mountains of Wales till out of reach of hostile forces, when he turned to the right, and, marching *via* Welbeck, reached Doncaster on August 18. The Yorkshire gentry flocked in with offers of service, and the king's spirits rose; two days later they fell again. General Poyntz, who had just captured Scarborough, had collected the Parliamentary forces of the county, and David Leslie had been despatched by Leven from Hereford with 4,000 horse. To await the raising of a Royalist army was therefore impossible. With a heavy heart Charles fell back to Huntingdon, which he reached on the 24th, intending to make a dash at the Eastern Association. Surprised at hearing nothing of Leslie, he learnt in a few days that the Scotch commander had been drawn to Scotland by the intelligence of a decisive victory gained by Montrose. After Alford, weakened as usual after a victory by the departure of the Highlanders to deposit their plunder, Montrose was forced for a time to remain inactive. By degrees reinforcements arrived, among them Macdonald with 1,400 Highlanders, and Montrose now felt himself strong enough to take the field, and before the end of July marched southward from Fordoun. The Parliament had on the 24th of the month transferred itself to Perth, and to disturb its sittings was Montrose's object. Having but eighty Gordon cavalry with him, he, to deceive the enemy, mounted some infantry on baggage and carthorses. With this mobile but mixed force he manœuvred round the city, always gaining the advantage in the various skirmishes which ensued. After a while he fell back to Dunkeld. There he was joined by Aboyne with a strong body of horse and foot, and by the old Earl of Airlie with eighty horsemen, almost all Ogilvys. Baillie was full of forebodings. His troops, mostly raw levies, were incapable of coping with Montrose's hardy Highlanders, and he himself was subjected to a committee which hampered him sorely and was addicted to quarrelling. He for the second time offered to resign, but reluctantly consented to retain his office on an assurance that the committee would content itself with the general direction of the men.

Montrose's plan was to fight Baillie before Lanark, who was raising a force in Clydesdale, could join him. 'Yet it did not suit him to give battle anywhere near Perth. He wished to drag the Fifeshire levies away from their homes, being well aware that they would either march with little heart or would refuse to march at all.'

Marching on Kinross, as if with a view to plunder Fife-

shire, he suddenly wheeled to his right, crossed the Forth above Stirling, and reached Kilsyth on the evening of August 14. To save Lanark from being crushed, Baillie was obliged to follow. As Montrose had anticipated, the Fifeshire men gave some trouble, and the committee more. At length, in disgust, Baillie disclaimed all further responsibility, but professed himself ready to carry out orders. Anxious to avoid a battle till he had effected a junction with Lanark, he was obliged to yield to the ignorant impatience of the committee. On the morning of the 15th, starting from Hollinbush, two and a half miles from Montrose's bivouac, the Covenanting army quitted the road contrary to Baillie's advice, and marched straight across country. The ground soon became so rough that an orderly advance was impossible. On this, Baillie reassuming authority ordered a halt, and drew up his force in a strong position. Meanwhile Montrose was preparing to receive him. His state was critical. He knew that Lanark, only twelve miles distant, would be ready in a few hours' time to take him in rear. He had only 4,400 foot and 500 horse, whilst Baillie had 6,000 foot and 800 horse. But with his wonderful eye for ground, he perceived that his position gave him an advantage which neutralised the numerical superiority of his opponent. Having determined to fight, delay would have been fatal to him, but the presumptuous folly of the committee averted that danger and gave the Covenanters into his hands. At right angles to the hill occupied by the latter, and separated from it by a brook flowing through a glen, was a long smooth hill. The committee, whose only fear was that Montrose would slip away, resolved, despite the earnest remonstrances of Baillie, to undertake a movement the most dangerous even with highly trained troops that can be attempted. They resolved to file along the front of Montrose, to cross the glen, and to place themselves on their enemy's left flank. There might have been some chance of success had the Covenanters kept behind the brow of the hill. The indiscipline of some of them ruined the enterprise. A party of Covenanters descended into the meadow and attacked some cottages where Macdonald with the advanced guard was posted. They were easily repulsed, and Macdonald without orders followed up the fugitives. Nothing could have been better than this 'random charge,' for the Highlanders, pushing up the bush-covered glen, cut in on the flank of the long loose column of the Covenanters just as their centre was crossing the brook. Montrose, seeing what was taking place, promptly profited



by the fortunate chance. He first sent Adjutant Gordon with some foot to check the head of the column on the long hill above mentioned. Gordon, at first successful, was soon hard pushed by superior numbers. Aboyne, who, that he might not share the fate of his gallant brother at Alford, had been posted in the rear with a guard of twelve horsemen, saw his kinsman's peril and galloped up the hill to his assistance. This slight reinforcement was of little avail, so Montrose, ever watchful, sent up successively Airlie with the Ogilvys, and Nathaniel Gordon with the rest of the cavalry. The head of the Covenanter column was soon wrecked, while the centre and rear, dissolved into isolated groups, were being cut to pieces by the flank attack of Macdonald. Of the 6,000 foot, only 500 escaped, the remainder being slain by men exasperated by a disgraceful massacre of their wives near Perth. Most of the horse escaped by a timely flight, yet some fell on the field or in the pursuit, while others were engulfed in a bog which in their panic they strove to pass. The nobles, better horsed, got away safely, some fleeing to Stirling, some to Carlisle, Berwick, or even Ireland, while others, including Argyle, sought safety on board shipping in the Forth. 'Montrose was now what he had believed himself to be after 'Inverlochy—the master of all Scotland.'

In spite of this success, Charles, headed off from the north by Poyntz, could not profit by it to open communication with Montrose, and, as we have seen, compelled to fall back on Huntingdon. There, hearing that Poyntz was on his track, he was obliged to abandon his intention of marching on the Eastern Association, and instead to proceed to Oxford. He reached that city on August 28, and quitted it again two days later for the west. His heart must have been indeed heavy, for a general weariness of the war was evident even among his most devoted adherents, and some even remained behind and 'refused to accompany him farther in pursuit of 'adventures.' During the past month matters had materially changed for the worse in the west. After the capture of Bridgwater, turning eastward in order to thoroughly master the country in his rear before undertaking operations west of the Parret, Fairfax, capturing Bath by a *coup de main* with a small body of cavalry, on August 2 laid siege to Sherborne Castle. His supplies being cut off and his communications interrupted by the Clubmen—an association for the protection of property by roughly armed peasants—he sent Cromwell to put them down. Two thousand of them, assembled on Hambledon Hill, were dispersed

with little loss. The captives being leniently treated, the movement in Dorsetshire came to an end. On August 14 Sherborne Castle fell. Fairfax next marched on Bristol, garrisoned by Rupert with 2,000 men. On August 28 the siege opened. Fairfax was anxious to bring it to an end rapidly, for Hereford, besieged by Leven, still held out, and as long as the Scotch army was thus occupied the king might easily slip past it and fall on the rear of the besiegers of Bristol. On September 1 news arrived that the king was at Worcester with 3,000 horse. Leven, deprived of his cavalry, which, under David Leslie, had been sent in pursuit of the king, and afterwards, on the news of Kilsyth, had marched into Scotland, deemed it rash to await the attack of the Royalist horse. Without a day's delay he raised the siege and marched for Gloucester. The king entered Hereford on September 4. His work was only half done unless he could relieve his nephew. He had, however, few infantry, and his horse were worn out by long marches. Fairfax left him little time to collect resources or await a junction with Goring. As a preliminary step, the Parliamentary general wrote a moderate and conciliatory letter to Rupert, opening the door to negotiations for peace. Rupert soon showed that he was only seeking to gain time. Fairfax at length lost patience, and before dawn of September 10 assaulted the outer defences, which after several hours' hard fighting were carried. The city itself was surrounded by an inner wall, but it lay in a hollow, and was incapable of a long defence. Fairfax, to avoid useless slaughter, offered honourable terms of surrender, which were accepted. The king accused Rupert of gross dereliction of duty, clearly with injustice, and dismissed his nephew from all his offices, bidding him leave the country. The king's anger should have fallen rather on Goring, who, instead of joining the king, or single-handed attempting to impede the siege of Bristol, remained at Exeter drinking, boasting, haggling over his personal position, and plundering the country.

Passing over schemes which came to nothing, we will briefly trace the remaining military events of this fateful year. On September 19 Goring was, in compliance with directions from the king, ordered to join Charles with a picked body of horse. The order was as usual neglected. On September 18 Charles, who had after the relief of Hereford taken up his abode at Raglan Castle, set out for the North, with the view of reaching Scotland and joining Montrose. Eluding Poyntz by marching through the Welsh

hills, he on September 23 rode at the head of his life-guards into Chester, which, though not invested, was being closely pressed by Colonel Michael Jones, who had already captured the eastern suburbs. At the same time

‘ Sir Marmaduke Langdale with a party of horse was despatched over Holt Bridge to take up a position on Rowton Heath, about two miles from the south-eastern side of the fortifications. In this way it was hoped that Jones would be caught and ruined by simultaneous blows from Langdale and the reinforced garrison.’ (P. 323.)

The scheme was wrecked by the activity of Poyntz, who had followed hotly in pursuit of Charles, and, informed on the 23rd at Whitechurch of the position of affairs, had by a night march come in presence of Langdale on the morning of the 24th. In the action which followed, Langdale had at first the advantage, but Poyntz, reinforced by Jones, eventually routed the Royalists.

The next day Charles, with his remaining 2,400 horse, quitted Chester for Denbigh. His chance of reaching Scotland was now remote, and Chester, the only important post through which supplies or troops could reach him from Ireland, was in danger of being invested, if not captured. With unbroken courage, however, the king planned an endeavour to reach Newark, and thence hasten to join Montrose. On the 27th he learned that Montrose had been defeated.

For want of space we cannot trace the political events, so ably described by Mr. Gardiner, which led to Montrose's ruin. Caprice, an overweening sense of their own dignity, and jealousy of each other and of Montrose, caused many of the nobles to abandon him. The Highlanders on various pretexts returned to their homes, indignant at being refused a ransom for the plunder of Glasgow. The peasants and yeomen of the Lowlands had no sympathy with the men who had slain so many of their class and kin. From all these causes combined it resulted that within a few weeks after Kilsyth there remained with him only threescore or four-score horse under Airlie, and 500 of the 1,600 foot who twelve months previously had come over from Ireland. Invited into the borders by some of the leading noblemen, Montrose found himself at Kelso with his 500 foot and a body of cavalry entirely composed of gentlemen, for ‘ not a man of the middle or lower classes would serve under him.’ Meeting with little encouragement on the eastern borders, he marched west, and on September 12 was at Selkirk. The Earl of Traquair, one of those who had invited him to the

border, is credited with the infamy of having, to purchase pardon, betrayed his movements to Leslie, who without that would probably have missed him. On the 12th Leslie was at Sunderland, four miles from Selkirk, and it is an evidence of the little comprehension of cavalry duties displayed by the Royalist horse, and the hatred of the population for Montrose, that he had no suspicion of the nearness of the enemy. He had ordered his army to form up next morning on the long level meadow called Philiphaugh, close to the town. They had not yet got into order when, without an instant's warning, Leslie, with 4,000 horse, emerging from the mist, rushed upon them. The foot stood firm, and fought till only 50 of them remained. These asked for and obtained quarter. Of the horse only 150, under Airlie and Nathaniel Gordon, rallied round Montrose, and strove to protect the infantry.

‘ Twice he drove back with his scanty numbers the rush of Leslie's horsemen, but at a terrible cost. Soon, out of the 150 who followed him in the first charge but forty or fifty were left. Further resistance was useless, and the hitherto unvanquished captain fled for his life. Crawford and Airlie also escaped, as well as the Marquis of Douglas, the only one of the southern nobility who drew sword on that field of destruction. The remainder of the combatants were slain or taken. Those who had stood aloof at the beginning of the engagement had already dispersed, and were in full flight towards their homes.’ (P. 336.)

To the eternal discredit of Leslie and his men, the victory was stained not only by the massacre of all the camp followers, male and female, but also of the fifty foot who had been admitted to quarter.

Charles, though still hoping for the best, prepared for the worst, and sent peremptory orders for the Prince of Wales to proceed to France, and for Goring to join the king's army. Reinforced by six or seven hundred horse under Prince Maurice from Worcester, making a bend to the south, he marched, *viâ* Bridgnorth, to Newark, reaching the latter place on October 4. On the road he heard of further Parliamentary successes in the west and south-west. The series of bad news continued. On October 5 Winchester was captured by Cromwell; on the 14th he stormed Basing House. At Newark false good news alternated with true bad news, and plans were continually changed. At length the king abandoned as impracticable all intention of marching to Scotland in person, but sent Langdale with his fifteen hundred horse to join Montrose. Langdale asked that Digby might accompany him in chief command. The request

was granted. After surprising and capturing the whole of Poyntz's foot, isolated for the time from the horse, the Royalists, after nearly prevailing, lost by an accident the victory in a cavalry action near Sherburn, Digby and Langdale flying in opposite directions, the former eventually taking refuge in Ireland.

After the defeat of Philiphaugh, Montrose again secured the support of the Gordons, but his force was dissolved as soon as formed, for Huntly recalled his clansmen to defend their own country, threatened by a detachment from Leslie's army.

As to Charles, he accepted Rupert's explanations, and his conduct was described as blameless by a council of war. A violent dispute soon after arose between the king and his nephew, chiefly owing to the latter's jealousy of the absent Digby, whom Charles defended. The end was that Rupert applied to Parliament for passports to quit England. On November 3 Charles, threatened on all sides by the Parliamentary forces, left Newark for Oxford, where he found every one eager for peace. He would not, however, yield, though he was almost without territory, and the military situation was plainly desperate. In fact, with Fairfax's successful campaign in the west during the next four months, the war practically ended. Leaving it, therefore, to the reader to follow Mr. Gardiner's clear description of the Glamorgan intrigue in Ireland, the various negotiations between Charles, the Scots, and the English Parliamentary party, we shall conclude with the following extract giving the causes of Charles's military failure:—

'If it be asked what were the causes which had led to such a disastrous result, the answer cannot be otherwise than a complex one. Something may be laid to the account of Charles's inferior financial position; something to the reluctance of the classes which furnished his principal supporters to submit to discipline; something to the ill feeling which prevailed between the military and the civilian element in his court. Nor was it of little moment that, although he had succeeded in enlisting on his side commanders like Rupert and Brentford, whose military talents were unquestionable, he had, in England at least, no one to direct his armies who rose, as Cromwell rose, to the rank of those who are possessed of the rare quality of military genius.' (Pp. 452, 453.)

ART. IX.—1. *Speeches of the Earl of Rosebery at the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, October 11, 1888; at Edinburgh, October 31, 1888; and at the Annual Meeting of the Imperial Federation League, May 1889; and Speech of Sir Charles Tupper, June 1889.*

2. *Report of the Colonial Conference presented to Parliament, July 1887.*

3. *Speech of Sir Hercules Robinson at Cape Town, May 1, 1889.*

FIVE years have passed away since the late Mr. Forster launched, under the high-sounding title of the 'Imperial Federation League,' a scheme by which its authors proposed to solve all the problems attending the administration of our colonial empire. From first to last the authors of this scheme have never condescended on particulars. 'Imperial federation,' we were always told, was the only specific against the disintegration of the Empire, but as to what this specific really was, no information was vouchsafed. Lord Rosebery announced indeed to the Leeds Chamber of Commerce so recently as in October last that imperial federation was 'a cause for which any one might be content to die;' but as no other volunteer martyrs have come forward in the cause, which has excited little interest at home or in the colonies, it has now almost vanished from the domain of practical politics.

It is very natural that the citizens of a vast but fragmentary empire, whose territorial atoms (instead of forming, like those of the United States, a 'ring-fence' domain) are scattered over the surface of the globe, should cast about for some artificial links to bind together the colonies we have planted, and

'the thousand tribes  
Nourished on strange religions and lawless slaveries'

which we have gathered under our rule.

This anxiety has been naturally augmented by a chronic agitation for the abandonment of all colonies as expensive and useless. For though there may be little to boast of in the fact that Great Britain has in the course of less than three centuries contrived by war, diplomacy, and adventure, to annex about a fifth of the globe, it can hardly be expected that she should relinquish without an effort

even the nominal sway she still holds over her colonial empire. Hence it comes to pass that any scheme which seems to supply the needed links is caught up by those who, possessing slight acquaintance with the past history or the present aspirations of our colonists, are simply looking out for some new contrivance by which they may hope that an enduring bond of union may be provided. 'Imperial federation' is the last new 'notion' which has cropped up in pursuance of this laudable object.

But, like some other new political articles, it does not seem to be 'made to wear.' For even already some of the dreams, as old as the days of Adam Smith, which the Federation League had in its first essays revived, such as a representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament, or the creation of a sort of extra parliament or congress of colonists in London, have dropped out of sight. And the only residuum of the federationist programme seems to be a *réchauffé* of Lord Grey's scheme, now more than ten years old, of turning the agents-general into a board of advice to the Cabinet, with functions somewhat corresponding to those exercised by the existing Indian Council in its relations with the Secretary of State. Nobody could object to any such experiment, which is indeed already in operation, as the agents-general have at all times both collectively and individually the ear of the Colonial Secretary, and consequently of the Cabinet. We are not aware of any other practical suggestions started or promoted by the Federation League, nor can any advantage be derived from a discussion of the ever varying phases of its visionary programme. Some clue, however, to its objects and aims may be gained by a reference to the earliest exposition by Mr. Forster of his motives contained in his answer five years ago to the question, 'Why was the League formed at all?' 'For this reason,' says Mr. Forster, 'because in giving self-government to our colonies we have introduced a principle which must eventually shake off from Great Britain, Greater Britain, and divide it into separate states, which must, in short, dissolve the union unless counteracting measures be taken to preserve it.' Believing, as we do, that it has only been by conceding to our larger groups of colonies absolute powers of self-government that we have retained them at all, and that the secret of our protracted empire lies in the fact of this abandonment of central arbitrary power, the retention of which has caused the collapse of all the European empires which preceded us in the path of colonisation, we are bound to enter our em-

phatic protest against an assumption so utterly erroneous as that propounded by Mr. Forster. So far from believing that the permanent union of the British Empire is to be secured by 'measures which may counteract the workings of 'colonial self-government,' we are convinced that the only safety for our Empire lies in the unfettered action of that self-government which we have ourselves granted to our colonies.

It would almost seem that for Lord Rosebery and his fellow workers the history of the colonial empires of Portugal, Spain, Holland, and France had been written in vain. For if we ask why these colonial empires have dwindled and decayed, the answer is simply because that self-government which is the life of British colonies was never granted to their dependencies. There was a time when one hundred and fifty sovereign princes paid tribute to the treasury of Lisbon. For two hundred years, more than half the South American continent was an appanage of Spain. Ceylon, the Cape, Guiana, and a vast cluster of trade factories in the East were at the close of the seventeenth century colonies of Holland; while half North America, comprising the vast and fertile valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Ohio, obeyed, a little more than a century ago, the sceptre of France. Neither Portugal, nor Spain, nor Holland, nor France has lacked able rulers or statesmen, but the colonial empire of all these states has crumbled and decayed. The exceptional position of Great Britain in this respect can only be ascribed to the relinquishment of all the advantages, political and commercial, ordinarily presumed to result to dominant states from the possession of dependencies.

Whether Lord John Russell was right or wrong when fifty years ago he inaugurated in Canada the system of 'responsible government' which he had a fortnight before instructed Lord Sydenham to condemn, it is now too late to inquire, for responsible government is now an established institution in nearly all our North American, Australasian, and South African colonies. In all these dependencies the same causes which, according to Adam Smith, have led to government by party in all countries in which representative government exists at all, naturally operate. In our colonies, as at home, 'men desire to have some share in 'the management of public affairs, chiefly on account of the 'importance it gives them. Upon the power which the 'leading men—the natural aristocracy—of every country 'have of preserving or defending their respective importance,



‘depends the stability and duration of every system of free government.’\*

The romantic dreams of the Imperial Federation League were in fact dissipated beforehand by the irrevocable grant of independent legislatures to all our most important colonies, and Lord Rosebery may rest assured that, charm he never so wisely, they will not listen to his blandishments at the cost of one iota of the political privileges already conferred on them.

With respect to those colonies in which, though ‘responsible government’ has not been established, some representative element has existed, as at the Bermudas, Guiana, Jamaica, the Bahamas, and the Windward and Leeward Islands, the tendency has been of late years rather to the surrender of existing political privileges than to claims in advance, and the twenty Crown colonies now under our paternal sway have as yet shown no great eagerness for the blessings offered by the Imperial Federation League. The Falklands, Heligoland, Ascension, the West African settlements, St. Helena, Fiji, and Hong Kong are not apparently very likely to trouble themselves on the subject. Nor even in the more considerable colonies of this class, such as Mauritius, Ceylon, Jamaica, or Trinidad, have there been any signs as yet of any dissatisfaction with their present status as ‘integral portions of the Empire.’ The League has not yet told us whether they contemplate the eventual fusion of British India in the political crucible of the future, but for the present perhaps they will have almost enough on their hands without taking ‘power to add to their number’ the two hundred and fifty millions of Hindostan.

But perhaps we shall be told that we have overlooked one important item in the programme of the Federation League contained in the fourth of the resolutions which form their constitution. It runs as follows: ‘That any scheme of imperial federation should combine on an equitable basis the resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests, and adequately provide for an organised defence of common rights.’ To a resolution so vaguely worded it is difficult to attach any definite meaning. The ‘maintenance of common interests and the defence of common rights’ may have a commercial, political, or military significance. If the commercial relations between Great Britain and her colonies constitute the ‘common interests’ adverted to, it is

\* *Wealth of Nations*, book iv. chap. 7.

certainly much to be desired that these relations should be placed on a more equitable basis. The tariffs of Canada and Victoria, for instance—more adverse to our trade than those of many countries of continental Europe—leave indeed much to be desired in the direction of 'equity.' But it is not by imperial federation that these 'equities' can be secured, or these relations readjusted, nor are there at present any signs of the assent of the colonies generally to the abolition of custom duties within the Empire, as suggested by Sir Charles Tupper.

If again it is intended by this resolution to suggest that the military defence of the Empire is more likely to be secured than at present by any system of federation, it will be well to note our actual position in this respect. If it is meant to affirm that in return for the protection afforded to our colonies by our North American, Pacific, and Australasian squadrons, they should be prepared to furnish their quota of military aid in the event, for instance, of an invasion of India by Russia or of England by any continental power, the obvious answer to such a suggestion is that the colonies are not responsible for the protection of *themselves*, still less of the mother country, from perils arising from the consequences of imperial policy over which they have no control. What might be the responsibilities of the colonies if the foreign policy of Great Britain were ever placed in the hands of a colonial syndicate empowered to decide the issues of peace or war, it will be time enough to consider when such a contingency arises. But in the meantime we have only to consider the existing state of things. Our self-governing colonies accepted in 1862, on the report of a parliamentary committee, of which Lords Salisbury, Derby, and Northbrook, and other leading men of both parties were members, the principle of self-reliance for their internal defence, while the Home Government accepted, on the other hand, its responsibility for the protection of all portions of the British Empire against perils arising from the consequences of imperial policy. On the principle established by this committee the Imperial and Colonial Governments have since uniformly acted. During the last quarter of a century the vigour of our Australian colonists has shown itself not only in improving their internal defences by organising their volunteers, but by providing ships to the extent of an aggregate tonnage of over 7,000 tons, besides torpedo boats, gun-boats, and fixed batteries. Under the able administration of Sir Henry Loch and the Government of Victoria, Melbourne

has, we are informed, been made one of the best defended cities in the Empire. The Imperial Government, on the other hand, has undertaken, under the terms of the conference held in London in 1887, to provide an extra naval force of five cruisers and two torpedo gunboats, to be employed exclusively in Australasian waters, without any reduction in the ordinary Australian squadron.

As our distant colonies must depend mainly on our naval power for their defence against foreign aggression, and for the protection of the courses of their trade, the existing arrangements leave nothing to be desired, so far as our Australian colonies are concerned. The present relations of the Imperial Government with South Africa in the matter of external defence need little comment. But the valedictory address of Sir Hercules Robinson at Cape Town, in May last, challenges a passing remark, as negating the value of imperial intervention—whether for federation or otherwise—in that quarter. Farewell speeches of British proconsuls—now rather fashionable—may have their value, but have also the serious inconvenience of being addressed to the colonial ‘gallery.’ When Sir H. Robinson contrasts what he calls ‘colonialism, republicanism, and imperialism’ as the three competing influences at work in South Africa, and pronounces the last of these to be a ‘diminishing quantity,’ which has little left to do but gradually to prepare the way for handing over all the outlying territories to the Cape Colony, his utterances, though perhaps gratifying to his audience at Cape Town, will not afford much encouragement to the Imperial Federation League at home. And we are not surprised that these views, so crudely stated, were not in accordance with those of her Majesty’s Government.

But if the fourth resolution of the Federation League has little practical application to our American, Australasian, or South African dependencies, it is obvious that to our Crown colonies, and to India, it can have none at all. Our Mediterranean garrisons are kept at full strength mainly for the purpose of reinforcing the seventy British battalions held necessary for India; and in the present condition of South Africa, our imperial responsibilities there do not seem likely to be lessened or affected by any federationist schemes that may be afloat.

On the whole, then, imperial federation cannot be said to offer us any assistance in our military relations with our colonies. If Greater Britain were nothing more than a scattered multitude of territorial atoms welded together by military

force, like those which yielded to the spear of the Romans, the bond of federation or any other likely to subserve, under the guise of liberty, the purposes of arbitrary power, might perhaps suggest itself. What might have been the effect of any such machinery in prolonging the rule of Portugal, Spain, Italy, or France, it is impossible to say; but it is precisely because England has abandoned any claim to tribute or monopolies that no artificial links are needed to secure the loyalty of her subject provinces. It is too late to speculate whether bargains might have been made long ago with our colonies for their own self-defence, or for free trade with us as the price for our concession of self-government. Such stipulations would probably have failed. Now, at all events, our trust for friendly tariffs, or for co-operation in defence, must be in the influence of an enlightened public opinion on the free parliaments which we have ourselves created.

But it has recently been suggested that though federation may not be needed for the normal purposes of government, it might be of some use in keeping off political poachers from our colonial manor. Several scares are current of foreign nations having designs on our preserves in the Pacific. But federation, even if otherwise possible, could do nothing either in the Pacific or elsewhere towards protecting our dependencies against aggression from other powers. Imagine an attack by the convicts of New Caledonia on New South Wales or Queensland. It would not be by the mere sentiment of imperial federation, but by the batteries of Lytton and Port Jackson, supported by British ironclads, that such an attack would be repelled. If Germany again conceives the idea of planting a few settlements on the coast of Africa (which continent has still some ten millions of square miles open to the colonists of the world), what security would Sierra Leone or the Gold Coast derive from imperial federation against German filibusters?

The real truth is, that whether in time of peace or war, for purposes of military defence or of political progress, imperial federation has no practical applicability to our colonial empire.

It is possible that the federationists may have been encouraged to embark in a scheme so visionary by some supposed precedents of grouping colonies. But the only example of this kind which can be cited is that of the Dominion of Canada, which had its origin (as was pointed out in this Journal more than twenty years ago) not in any scheme framed by theorists at home, but in the Quebec Con-

ference of 1864; and the federation of the North American provinces has given rise to frequent contests between the Dominion and the several states, which have been adjusted, with some difficulty, by the Privy Council at home and the authority of the Crown. The only other attempt at colonial confederation was that devised about fifteen years ago in Downing Street for our South African colonies, which, as might have been expected, entirely failed. What is to be the fate of its revival, as was suggested by Sir Hercules Robinson, remains to be seen. But the notion of clubbing together the old Cape Colony, with its responsible government, and the outlying Boer republics, some of which can scarcely be said to have any government at all, into a federation of which two-thirds are to be Dutchmen and not more than one in thirty of the whole population of any European descent, is sufficiently chimerical. No one who has watched with any interest the workings of our colonial constitutions can have failed to notice the invariable obstacles which beset any attempts at fusion. An intense political *particularism*—more marked even than that which distinguishes nations of different race and language—characterises colonies whose moral and material interests would seem to be identical. New South Wales, for instance, and Victoria are next-door neighbours, having the same climate and products, but the commercial policy of the two colonies is decidedly antagonistic. About ten years ago an inter-colonial conference was held at Sydney, at which all the Australasian colonies were represented. An attempt was made to bring about some uniformity of laws and tariffs, but the only topic on which all could agree was to tax heavily the importation of Chinese labourers! A railway runs through both colonies, but the traveller from Sydney to Melbourne has to change his gauge when he crosses the Victorian frontier. The moment you suggest the federation of any existing colonies into a group, the choice of a capital gives rise to endless controversies. It was as a compromise between the rival claims of Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto that the obscure metropolis of Ottawa was chosen for the Canadian Dominion. If ever the Australian or South African colonies should be grouped, the same intercolonial disputes will inevitably arise; and even if they are satisfactorily settled, and all jealousies overcome, Lord Rosebery and his colleagues will be no nearer to the grasp of their phantom of imperial federation than they are now. Experience has shown that no colony or province is disposed to make the

smallest surrender of its peculiar local privileges or interests, or what are deemed to be so, either for the purpose of establishing a closer connexion with its immediate neighbours, or for the promotion of the general interests of the Empire.

It would be well if our federationists, giving up their unpractical dreams, would turn their attention to the machinery actually existing for the attainment of all that is worth having in their objects. We have (as has been already pointed out) the agents-general, the accredited representatives of the colonies, who can individually and collectively urge their views whenever required on the attention of the Home Government; and, if more is wanted, the Colonial Conference of 1887 and its recorded results furnish abundant proofs that in these days, when steam and electricity have brought our distant provinces practically close to us, any outstanding question which may demand an early settlement can be speedily adjusted. Among the subjects discussed only two years ago between deputed colonial delegates and the Home Government in London, were postal and telegraphic communication, international customs tariffs, bankruptcy, an imperial census, together with the then vexed questions of the New Hebrides, Samoa, and New Guinea, and, last but not least, the terms on which the extra naval defence to which we have already alluded was to be provided for Australasia. Whenever occasion may arise for the reassembling of such a conference as that of 1887, it can, of course, be again held as circumstances may require. Let us hope, then, that, instead of wasting their time and energies in chasing a political will-o'-the-wisp, and raising in the minds of themselves and of our colonists hopes sure to be disappointed, Lord Rosebery and his friends will for the future direct their attention to the many practical means open to them of strengthening the links which still bind to us the scattered provinces of our Empire.

That a crotchet so essentially unpractical should have been taken up by men so sensible in most respects as Mr. Forster and Lord Rosebery is partly explained by the tendency of unemployed statesmen to embark on topics untinged by party politics. Mr. Forster started on this line at an unoccupied period, and was, as Lord Bury described him, 'walking through dry places seeking rest, when he found imperial federation.' And it fulfils the conditions prescribed by the celebrated Mr. Tadpole when he recommended 'The Church in danger' as a cry for the country, because it means nothing, and therefore won't interfere with busi-

'ness when you get in.' There is something irresistibly comical in the last suggestion of Lord Rosebery, made only in May last at his annual meeting. After admitting that he had nothing to show as the result of a five years' campaign of his League, and that the colonies were still irresponsive to his appeals, he gravely suggested that out of the working men of England a band of globe-trotters should be selected to be sent round the world, and, on their return, to convert their countrymen to the cause of imperial federation. As thousands of these working men emigrate annually, and have abundant opportunities of reporting to their fellow men at home all they may think worthy of notice in the colonies, it is difficult to see the necessity or advantage of exporting at the expense of the country Lord Rosebery's band of missionaries.

While fully appreciating the laudable motives of the Federation League, we cannot recognise in their programme the slightest contribution towards any practical solution of the problems of our colonial policy. Lord Derby remarked the other day with dry humour that whenever the scheme of imperial federation is not only propounded, but carried into effect—*ad Græcas kalendas*—he will be ready to become a Home Ruler; but meanwhile it is curious that the same politicians who are anxious to federalise the Empire are seeking to disintegrate the United Kingdom. Let us hope that henceforward, instead of planning artificial constitutions, which will not last so long as the paper on which they are written, they will take courage from the teachings of their own history. Then will they learn that the surest guarantee for the enduring connexion of imperial England with her distant provinces, whose subjection could never have been enforced by bayonets or bought by commercial monopolies, is by the fearless extension of those free institutions which have been to the parent State through the vicissitudes of six centuries the secret of her strength and the mainspring of her moral and material progress. With regard to those dependencies which from various causes are still confessedly incapable of self-government, and must need awhile the fostering influence of a central authority, our main objects must be, as in India, to maintain law and order, to develop their resources, to foster their civilisation, and to watch anxiously for the dawning of that inevitable day when the years of their tutelage shall have been passed, and Nature shall have pronounced them free.

But the epoch of separation is not, as Mr. Merivale has

well said,\* marked and definite—a necessary point in the cycle of human affairs, as some theorists have regarded it; for the mere political links of sovereignty may remain, by amicable consent, long after the colony has acquired sufficient strength to stand alone. The true symbol of the union of the Empire is the crown. The crown is the keystone of the arch. The loyal attachment of the colonies to the person of the Sovereign is more than a mere sentiment, for it springs from the confidence of the people in the justice and liberality of the British monarchy, which unites them all to a common centre, without impairing their local freedom. On such conditions as these—and assuredly if not on these, then on none—may we not conceive England as retaining the seat of chief executive authority, the prescriptive reverence of her station, and the superiority belonging to her vast accumulated wealth as the commercial metropolis of a hundred nations scattered over the surface of the world, and owning one law, one language, and a common ancestry?

ART. X. — *Historical Manuscripts Commission.* Eleventh Report, Appendix, Part VI. *The Manuscripts of the Duke of Hamilton, K.T.* (1887.)

HERE is a volume, of 260 pages 8vo, issued by her Majesty's Stationery Office, at the price of one shilling and sixpence. It forms the Appendix, Part VI. to the Eleventh Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and is edited by Sir William Fraser, the author of many famous volumes of Scottish family history. It is a humble-looking volume in paper covers; its paper and printing are of the most ordinary character; its whole appearance is suggestive of some uninteresting parliamentary publication, written to be printed, but not read. And yet it is really a valuable book. It is full of good original material bearing upon the history of Scotland, and not only so, but upon some of the most crucial and recondite points in that history. It is edited with all the skill and care for which Sir William Fraser is well known; it has a full index, and is in every way a complete book. If it had been printed with the type and paper of the Bannatyne Club books, it would have commanded a

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\* Lectures on Colonisation, by Herman Merivale, delivered at Oxford, 1841.



involved in some obscurity. But the most plausible suggestion, Sir William Fraser thinks, is, that Walter Fitz-Gilbert belonged to a Northumbrian family.

'About the year 1209,' he says, 'Roger and Robert de Hameldon appear in Northumberland, the first having dealings with the Abbot of Kelso; and it has been supposed that they or others of the name of Hameldon in England were probably the ancestors of the Scottish house of Hamilton. It may be doubted, however, whether this alleged descent is to be accepted. It does not appear that Walter Fitz-Gilbert bore the surname of Hamilton, which, as stated, was first applied to, and apparently first assumed by, his grandson David about the year 1375. On the other hand, the Northumbrian origin of the family is probable, as Fitz-Gilbert frequently appears as a surname in Northumbrian records. A Walter Fitz-Gilbert appears in 1201. His wife was Emma de Umfraville, and he was dead before 1207, when his widow was again sought in marriage, and gave her hand to Peter de Vaux. Gilbert de Umfraville, one of the great baronial family of that name, and a Walter Fitz-Gilbert appear side by side as witnesses of the Confirmation Charter by King Malcolm the Fourth to the Abbey of Dunfermline about the year 1155. The Umfravilles, as evidenced by their seals and by heraldic works, equally with the old Earls of Leicester, bore a single cinquefoil on their shield. The origin of the three cinquefoils in the Hamilton escutcheon may perhaps be traced to this source; and, as already indicated, the Northumbrian Fitz-Gilbert married an Umfraville. This heraldic fact tends to confirm the alleged Northumbrian descent of the Hamiltons' (p. 2).

If this is to be accepted as the probable origin of the Hamilton family—and present evidence seems to point to this issue—then it is to be noted that they were in Scotland at an earlier date than that of their first charter. A Walter Fitz-Gilbert was resident in Scotland in 1294, and his name appears as a witness to certain charters. In 1296, also, he, along with other barons whose lands lay in the counties of Lanark and Renfrew, paid homage to King Edward I. at Berwick, and in the Ragman Roll he is described as Walter Fitz-Gilbert de Hameldone. Again, in 1306, he is mentioned as having a grant from the English king of the lands of Ughterotherestrother (now Struthers, in the county of Fife, long the seat of the Lords Lindsay), which lands, however, were claimed by another baron. Whether Walter Fitz-Gilbert continued long faithful to the English king is a matter of doubt; but it would almost seem as if he did—that is, if we are to regard the 'Schyr Waltre Gilbertson' of Barbour as identical with the progenitor of the Hamiltons. After the battle of Bannockburn, as the rhyming biographer of Bruce tells us, 'the Earl of

‘ Hereford ’ (not Hertford, as Sir William Fraser prints it) ‘ departit fra the melee ’ with a great following, taking his way straight to Bothwell Castle, which was then held ‘ in the Ingliss mennys fay ’—that is, in the English interest—by the captain, Sir Walter Gilbertson. But, if the captain was in the English interest before this, the news of the disastrous defeat of Edward at Bannockburn must have brought about a change of sentiment; for while the Earl of Hereford and fifty of his men were by him ‘ ta’en in owre ‘ the wall,’ they were immediately made prisoners. Shortly afterwards King Robert Bruce exchanged the earl for five illustrious prisoners in the hands of the English, including, among the five, Bruce’s own wife, his sister Christian, and his daughter Marjory. In consequence of this exhibition of Fitz-Gilbert’s loyalty to Bruce the latter may have taken him into his favour; hence the grant to him in the following year, as we have already seen, of the Comyns’ property of Machan. In the year 1323 King Robert Bruce added to these gifts, among other lands, the barony of Kinneil, in the county of Linlithgow—a property which to the present day has remained in the possession of the Hamilton family.

It would be tedious and uninteresting to follow the early fortunes of the family in the dim dry light of charters and other such records. It is not till about the middle of the following century that the family comes into prominence in the person of James Hamilton, lord of Cadzow, whose whole lands were, in 1445, consolidated by James II. into one lordship, to be called the lordship of Hamilton; at which time the laird himself was created a Lord of Parliament under the title of Lord Hamilton. This first Lord Hamilton was evidently a man of much policy and cunning, and succeeded in establishing—on not very honourable foundations, perhaps—the future greatness of the Hamiltons. It was during the period when the overgrown power of the house of Douglas was endangering even the stability of the throne, and when the pride and arrogance of the Douglas chieftains rendered them objects of mingled dislike and terror to their weaker neighbours. Hamilton espoused the cause of the Douglasses as against that of the king; and when, in 1452, James II. in a moment of passion had slain the eighth Earl of Douglas in Stirling Castle, the lord of Cadzow joined in the conspiracy against the king. He was, indeed, nearly connected with the Douglasses, for he had married the mother of the murdered earl. In 1454 he was sent into England by James, the ninth and last Earl of Douglas, in

order to form an alliance with the Yorkists; but afterwards, when the Scottish king with his army confronted the Douglasses at Falkirk, Hamilton was tampered with, and, under cover of night, he and his men deserted their camp and went over to the side of the king. The destruction of the Douglasses speedily followed, and Hamilton was one of the many greedy and unscrupulous nobles who rose to greatness on their ruin. Only a month before his defection he had received from the Earl of Douglas certain valuable grants of territory; and two years afterwards, when George Douglas, fourth Earl of Angus, obtained possession of the ancient lordship of Douglas and the other lands of the great Earls of Douglas—that is, when the Red Douglas put down the Black—Lord Hamilton ‘found it convenient’ to give Angus a bond of manrent, in which he declares himself to have become ‘for all the days of his life’ a ‘man of special service and retinue’ to the Earl of Angus. Altogether, a shifty and self-seeking man.\*

But, howsoever we may judge of Hamilton now, he must at the time have been regarded by the royalists as a valuable acquisition, for the king immediately proceeded to reward him by various grants of land from the forfeited estates of the Black Douglasses, as well as by various other honours. He likewise received in 1474, as his second wife, Princess Mary, the sister of the king, and by her had a son, James, who thus became, in default of the king’s issue, the nearest heir to the throne of Scotland. So rapidly and to so great a height did the house of Hamilton rise during the lifetime of its first lord. James, second Lord Hamilton, was created Earl of Arran in 1503; and *his* son, the second Earl of Arran, became in 1543 tutor—that is, guardian—to the infant Queen Mary, and Governor of Scotland. During the war of parties which in the childhood of Queen Mary raged throughout Scotland—the country being torn into factions over a question half religious, half political, the French interest on the one hand, the English interest on the other—Arran displayed a weak and vacillating policy; at one time being devoted to the English Henry and the growing Protestantism of the age, at another becoming the tool of

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\* Sir William Fraser notes that this ‘bond of manrent’ between Angus and Hamilton, which is dated May 23, 1457, is one of the earliest documents of the kind on record. One of 1444 is found in the Gordon Charter-chest; but such writs were, he says, by no means common until a later period.

Cardinal Beaton, and so serving the purpose of the Guises and the old religion.

The Earl of Arran was in 1548—he being then Regent of Scotland—created a peer of France, and the duchy of Chatelherault conferred upon him and his heirs. He died in 1575; when, in consequence of the mental imbecility of his eldest son, James Earl of Arran, the succession to the Hamilton estates devolved upon the second son, John Lord Hamilton. He, as is well known, headed in 1568 the partisans of Queen Mary; hence, during the regency of Morton, to whom the Hamiltons were obnoxious, their estates were confiscated, and Lord John fled into England. In 1585 he returned, was favourably received by James VI., had his estates and other honours restored to him, and a few years afterwards was created Marquis of Hamilton—being the first of that rank in Scotland. In 1643 the third marquis was created Duke of Hamilton; and with this consummation we may quit the personal records of the family.

II. What is of more interest to the historical student than these merely personal details, is the light which some of the documents for the first time printed in this volume, cast upon certain episodes in the history of Scotland. We will notice one or two of these.

Going back once more to the time of Robert Bruce, we come upon a somewhat interesting document. It may or may not have reference to one of those romantic stories with which the old chroniclers, Fordoun, Bower, Barbour, and others, love to decorate the career of the early heroes of Scottish history—the story, for instance, of Bruce and the spider; of the mysterious lights which lured him from Kintyre; of Binny the labourer, and the taking of Linlithgow Castle; of the English soldier who taught Randolph how to scale the rock of Edinburgh Castle; and many more, which Scott sifted, as it were, out of the tedious ambiguities of the ancient chroniclers, and set forth in his own inimitable narrative style, for all lads and maidens to read, in his ‘*Tales of a Grandfather*.’ One of these stories, told by Bower and repeated by Buchanan, is less known than those we have alluded to. It relates to Bruce’s siege of the Castle of Dumbarton, situated on its high precipitous cone of rock. The story runs that Sir John Menteith, who betrayed Wallace, received from the English, as the reward of his treachery, the governorship of Dumbarton Castle. Bruce, having retaken from the English

almost all the other castles in the country, and finding Dumbarton practically impregnable, entered into negotiations with the governor for the surrender of the fortress. As the price of surrender Menteith demanded the Earldom of Lennox, and would listen to no other condition. The king ultimately agreed to the condition, and went forward to receive possession of the castle. On the way, and when about a mile distant, he was met by a carpenter named Roland, who informed Bruce that Menteith meditated treachery; that in a wine-cellar underground he had concealed a considerable number of English soldiers, who, while the king should be at dinner, would be admitted to the banqueting hall either to kill him or to take him prisoner. Thus warned, the king, when he had received possession of the castle, broke open the cellar door, and had the English soldiers dragged forth and put to death. Menteith he did not slay, but put him in prison, as he did not wish, by killing him, to offend his numerous powerful kindred and friends. Bower adds that the carpenter was rewarded by King Robert for his fidelity with the lands of 'Edalwood,' in Clydesdale.

Historians as a rule do not set much store by anecdotes such as these, and perhaps do not trouble to look for evidence either for or against them. But, curiously enough, with respect to this particular story, there is something like corroborative evidence found among the Hamilton papers. This is in the form of a charter granted by David II., confirming and narrating a grant by his father, King Robert the Bruce, to Oliver Carpenter, of the lands of Eddlewood, near Hamilton; and it is difficult at first sight, even though the Christian name of the hero in the story is different from that in the charter, to dissociate altogether the one from the other. Sir William Fraser, however, rather dislikes the suggestion. 'No reference,' he says, 'is made in the charter to his special service, and no conclusion whatever can be drawn from it as to the truth or falsehood of the tradition.' Proceeding, he says: 'It may be added that there is reason for doubting the incident, as it is said to have occurred in 1311, while Sir John Menteith had already in 1309 sworn fealty to the Bruce, and was afterwards a prominent adherent of that king' (p. 203). We are aware that Sir William is very tender in his treatment of the families whom he puts into his splendid quartets; and readers of 'The Red Book of Menteith' will recollect the more than ordinary efforts at rehabilitation put forth, not only as to the alleged betrayer of

Wallace, but also as to the first Duke of Albany and the murder of Rothesay. Nor are we able to regard the discrepancy as to date as of much consequence. Within two years, a man in those times had many opportunities of turning his coat; and even admitting that Sir John Menteith was as faithful as his defender would have us believe, this fact could affect only the date, not the truth, of the story. Bower was born probably within seventy years after Bruce's death, and the stories then current of the stratagems and hair-breadth escapes sustained by Wallace and Bruce during the long war, may have been true in substance and in fact, though a wrong year may occasionally have been assigned to them. Taking the story and the charter as they stand, we cannot help seeing some link of connexion between them.

To pass on to a later period. The story of the death of James V. after the Rout of Solway has been rendered conspicuous in Scottish history by the alleged fabricated will, produced thereafter by Cardinal Beaton, in which the dying king is represented as appointing that powerful ecclesiastic and three others as tutors of the infant Mary, and Governors of the kingdom. By some writers the story of the will has been regarded as apocryphal; by others as quite in keeping with the daring and unscrupulous policy of the man who was then at the head of the Catholic party in Scotland. But by none of the modern historians has such a document ever been seen; and its purport, if it existed at all, could only be gathered from the statements of contemporary writers. Here, however, Sir William Fraser has produced a complete copy of what appears to have been the original document by means of which Beaton attempted to obtain the chief authority after the death of the king. Buchanan, who was a contemporary, says, 'Having bribed Henry Balfour, a mercenary priest, he (the Cardinal) with his assistance forged a false will for the king, in which he himself was nominated head of the government, and three of the most powerful of the nobility joined with him as assessors.'

'This,' says Sir William Fraser, 'is precisely the tenor of the document now reported on, which is drawn up in the usual form of a notary's instrument by a Henry Balfour, who asserts that he is a presbyter of the diocese of Dunkeld, and a notary public by apostolic authority. He authenticates the instrument by his subscription: "Henricus Balfour, Notarius Publicus." The document bears to have been carefully prepared. The witnesses named as being present on the occasion are eleven in number, including the Master of the Household, the Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the Doctor, and other persons, both

lay and clerical. The writ bears the date of 14th December, 1542, but, according to the treasurer's accounts, the king lived until the 16th. An indorsation on the instrument in a very large hand, quite different from that in the writ itself, bears that Henry Balfour "never was" notary. A further charge was made against the cardinal that he had forced the dying king to subscribe a blank paper, on which a will was afterwards written to the cardinal's dictation. But Knox and Calderwood, in their respective Histories, state that the cardinal, coming suddenly to the king, asked, with other questions: "'Sal there not be four regents chosen, and sal not I be principal?' Whatsoever the king answered, documents were taken that so it should be as my lord cardinal thought expedient." This is more consistent with the character of the notarial instrument now in question, which details, as was usual in such instruments, all that was done in the presence of the writer. It tells of the king's illness, alleges his anxiety about his daughter and the kingdom, and narrates how he appointed David Beaton Cardinal and Archbishop of St. Andrews, James Earl of Moray (natural brother of the king), George Earl of Huntly, and Archibald Earl of Argyll, to act as tutors testamentary to his infant daughter, and also as governors of the kingdom. This agrees with the account given by Calderwood, and there is therefore every probability that the present writ is the very document which was thus founded upon by Cardinal Beaton. As is well known, however, his attempt was unsuccessful, his alleged authority being declared a forgery, and the Earl of Arran was appointed governor. The instrument had probably been taken possession of by the Governor Arran as a superseded document. It has apparently continued amongst the Hamilton muniments ever since the time of the Governor Arran. The Act of Parliament appointing him Regent, and the notarial instrument in favour of the cardinal, which would have set aside Arran, have thus been preserved in the same charter-chest; but hitherto the last-named deed has escaped observation.' (Pp. 205 6.)

We have already alluded to the struggle that set in subsequently to the death of James V., between the party in the French interest on the one hand and that in the English interest on the other. The central point of dispute was the prospective marriage of the infant queen. Henry VIII. had made overtures for her marriage to his son, and displayed a most savage temper towards Scotland because these overtures were not without question accepted. In 1544 he sent an army over the Borders which wrought almost unparalleled havoc among the towns, towers, villages, and churches, in the south of Scotland; and this destructive policy was renewed in the following year. But it does not appear to have been known to historians that in 1545 an attempt was made to settle the dispute in a manner by which both the French and the English interests should be

excluded. This is now brought to light by a bond which exists among the Hamilton papers, and which indicates that a party in Scotland were favourable to a compromise between a union with England and an alliance with France. The proposal contained in the bond is in effect that the young queen should be married to the son of the Governor Arran. The writ is drawn up in the vernacular, and sets forth that the war, with its 'destruction of abbacies, castles, and other 'houses of this realm, burnings, herships, slaughters, and 'all other displeasures that our auld Enemy the King of 'England has led and leads upon this realm and the lieges 'thereof,' is understood to have been due to 'the ardent 'desire that the said king has conceived to have our sove- 'reign lady the queen's grace in marriage to his son Edward, 'Prince of England, against all law of God and haly Kirk, 'and therethrough to make this realm and lieges thereof 'thralls to him and his successors, Kings of England.' After many circumlocutory phrases of a similar kind, the document comes to the point, which is, that as James, Earl of Arran, is second person in the realm, and heir to the throne failing the queen, and as the granters declare that it is their will and desire that 'our sovereign lady sall noch't 'be married but upon ane prince born of the realm self,' therefore they think it expedient that the queen at proper age should marry Arran's eldest son, and they bind themselves to consent and vote for this arrangement. Whether this bond was drawn up at the instigation of the Governor himself, or whether the party in its favour had thought it inexpedient to press the matter, does not now appear; but it is curious to note that the only signature attached to the document is that of the Master of Eglinton, who afterwards became the Governor's son-in-law. This fact would almost indicate that the compromise thus suggested had its origin in the ambition of the Hamiltons themselves, and that, not finding their expectations of support such as to warrant the pursuing of the purpose further, they allowed the matter to drop, the bond itself, with its one signature, being consigned to the darkness of the charter-chest. This seems to be substantially Sir William Fraser's opinion also.

'The project,' he says, 'may have arisen out of private ambition, and circumstances prevented the developement of the plan; although, when Queen Mary arrived in Scotland [from France, in her widow-hood], the subject was revived, and the heir of Hamilton [the same 'eldest son' of Arran referred to in the bond] appeared among her



suitors. Even then, however, the scheme had few supporters, though it is said to have been approved by John Knox.'

As exhibiting the relations of the higher nobles to each other, and of the higher to the lesser nobility, an interesting series of bonds of manrent, dated 1503-1528 (pp. 81-84), are here given. These all relate to James, first Earl of Arran, who married the sister of James III. In cases where the bond of manrent is between nobles of equal standing, as in that between the Earl of Arran and the Earl of Menteith, and in a similar one between Arran and the Earl of Cassilis, the obligation is assumed to be mutual. But where the bond is between the Earl and one of the lesser nobility or gentry, the lesser baron binds himself wholly to the service of the greater. Among this latter class is a bond, dated 1528, between Arran and Walter Scott of Braxholm, the ancestor of the Dukes of Buccleuch, which indicates that the Scotts, powerful as they afterwards became, were in the days of James V. very much the social inferiors of the Hamiltons. Another noticeable usage of chivalrous times is found in a receipt granted by a Sir James Douglas (not otherwise identified) to Sir Robert Stewart (presumably of Durrisddeer), about the end of the fourteenth century, in which the former acknowledges his pecuniary indebtedness to the latter, and promises that, if he failed to repay the loan, he would not again carry arms without his creditor's permission (pp. 204, 210).

III. We come now to the most valuable and important of the documents here printed—namely, the State and other correspondence bearing upon public affairs, which make up the greater part of the report.

This correspondence is broken up into sections, and so treated separately. The first batch contains letters dating from 1568 to 1650; but so farfully have the later of these been already printed in Bishop Burnet's '*Lives of the Hamiltons*,' and in the volume of '*Hamilton Papers*' issued by the Camden Society and edited by Professor S. R. Gardiner, that it is unnecessary to dwell at any length on this section of the correspondence. The first of these letters, dated from Bolton in 1568, is from Mary, Queen of Scots, informing Lord John Hamilton of the commissioners whom she had appointed to appear in her behalf at the York Conference. There are also various letters to Hamilton from Queen Elizabeth. But the most interesting portion of this early correspondence is a series of twenty-three letters addressed

to Lord John Hamilton by Mary's son, King James. The first is a permit, in usual form, signed by the king and Sir John Maitland of Thirlestane, and dated from Holyrood in February 1586, in favour of Lord John and his spouse, allowing them to eat flesh in Lent, for their lifetime. Other letters inform Hamilton of the king's success in wooing his future queen, Anne of Denmark; of the attack upon him in Holyrood by Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell; of the king's having received 'your brach, for the which I thank you heartily;' of his offering Hamilton 'a couple of hounds' from the royal kennel, to be of Hamilton's own choosing, when it shall please him to see the king's kennel run. In another letter he tells Hamilton that Lord Home is so constantly boasting to him of his dogs—'nine couple of *fleeing fiends*,' the king calls them—that he prays Hamilton to send 'with the bearer twa or three of your fleetest and fairest running hounds,' as he, the king, has 'to defend the honour of Scotland at this time' in this department of field sports.

James, third Marquis of Hamilton, afterwards first Duke, comes into prominence in the reign of Charles I., and a great portion of the correspondence here reported upon is connected with the public affairs in which he took part. This marquis, Burnet tells us, was naturally of a retiring disposition, and disposed to stay at home on his own estates; but Charles drew him out of his privacy in 1628, and next year he proceeded to the Continent to aid in the recovery of the Palatinate. He undertook various commissions under the heroic Gustavus Adolphus; but the many letters and other communications here printed concerning these would be of little interest to the general reader. There is, however, a letter addressed to Hamilton by General Alexander Leslie, afterwards first Earl of Leven—'that old, little, crooked soldier,' whom Baillie describes as displaying so much wisdom and authority in 1639 among the Covenanters on Duns Law—in which the general gives a graphic account of the death of Gustavus on the field of Lutzen, on November 6, 1632. The letter is important in view of the fact that nothing is said as to any supposed treachery on the part of the king's friends and attendants, such as was afterwards charged against Franz Albert of Lauenburg, to account for the gunshot wound in the king's back. Leslie, on November 26, writes:—

'My most noble and honourable good Lord,—I have thought it expedient to make to your excellency this sad narration of the lament-

able death of our most valorous and worthy chieftain, who in the sixth of November did end the constant course of all his glorious victories with his happy life, so :—His Majesty went too far on with a regiment of Smoland's horsemen, who did not second him so well as they should ; at the which instant there came so thick and dark a mist that his own folks did lose him, and he being separate from his own, amongst his foes, his left arm was shot in two, after the which, being shot again through the back, fainting he fell upon the ground ; on the which while he was lying, one asking him what he was, he answered " King of Sweden," whereupon his enemies that did compass him thought to have carried him away. But in the meanwhile his own folks coming on, striving in great fury to vindicate his Majesty out of their hands, when they saw that they must quit him again, he that before asked what he was, shot him through the head, and so did put an end to his days, the fame of whose valour and love to the good cause shall never end. When his corpes were embalmed, there was found in them five shots and nine wounds. So are we to our unspeakable grief deprived of the best and most valorous commander that ever any soldiers had, and the Church of God, with her good cause, of the best instrument under God.' (Pp. 81-2.)

The above letter, the orthography of which we have modernised, is signed by Leslie, but not written by him—a circumstance which may be regarded as bearing out what has been said of the 'little crooked' general, that he knew nothing more of writing than to sign his name.

Of the papers and letters bearing upon the period 1687-47 we need say nothing more than we have already indicated, Burnet and the Camden Society having exhausted these. But it is to be noted as bearing upon the general accuracy of Burnet's History—which it was the fashion among certain writers at one time to decry as untrustworthy—that these papers bear him out in a remarkable way, while Sir William Fraser points out no essential errors in Burnet's transcription of them beyond an occasional mistaken date.

The portion of the later Hamilton correspondence which is of most value, as hitherto unpublished, is that from 1680 to 1707. Many of these papers are of course of no great intrinsic value ; but there are one or two which throw quite a new light upon the troubled period during which Charles II. was trying to thrust Episcopacy upon the Scottish people by force of sword and pistol.

It will be remembered that a few months after the Restoration Charles sent down a proclamation in which he assured his Scottish subjects that he had 'resolved to protect and preserve the government of the Church of Scotland as it is settled by law, without violation ; and to countenance, in

'the due exercise of their functions, all such ministers who 'shall behave themselves dutifully and peaceably as becomes 'men of their calling.' These words formed part of a letter addressed by the king to the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and, through them, to the Scottish nation. It is also to be noticed that James Sharp, afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the bearer of this letter from the king. The words 'as it is settled by law,' did not pass without suspicion, but, as coming from the king, were naturally considered satisfactory by the Scottish Presbyterians. When, however, the Parliament met at Edinburgh in the beginning of the following year (1661), and an Act was passed by which all the statutes of the Scottish Parliaments from 1640 downwards were blotted out of the statute-book, then all the laws on which the Presbyterian Church had been established in the time of Charles I. were set aside. This, the Act Rescissory, as it was called, cast a new light upon the king's letter of the previous year, for 'the government of 'the Church of Scotland *as it is settled by law,*' was now no longer Presbyterianism, but the Episcopacy of 1633. Nothing can exceed the baseness of the king in framing so false a missive to his loyal subjects in Scotland, except it be the baseness of that unprincipled ecclesiastic who was probably the inspirer, certainly the bearer, of it. The way being now cleared by the Act Rescissory for some substantive action, another proclamation was issued in June 1661, in which the king said: 'We will make it our care to settle 'and secure the Church government in such a frame as shall 'be most agreeable to the Word of God, most suitable to 'monarchical government, and most complying with the 'public peace and quiet of the kingdom.' This proclamation, as is now known, was actually the work of James Sharp himself, who was entrusted to draw it for the king.\* Episcopacy was very soon a settled thing in Scotland—so far as statute law could settle it.

\* In 'The Lauderdale Papers' (Camden Society, 1885), vol. ii., the editor, Mr. Osmund Airy, speaks as if the letter in which Sharp states that the king asked him to draw the above proclamation had been buried since 1823 in the pages of the 'Archæologia Scotica,' and accentuates its reappearance in the second volume of his 'Lauderdale 'Papers' as 'finally settling the vexed question of whether and to what 'extent Sharp was an active co-operator in the re-establishment of 'Episcopacy in 1661' (p. vi). This is a little ridiculous in view of the fact that Hill Burton quotes, and pointedly comments upon, the same letter in his 'History of Scotland,' published as far back as 1870.

Following this in June came an Act of Parliament, which declared that all ministers who had been admitted since 1649 should be deprived of their benefices, unless before September 20 they obtained presentation from the patrons of their several churches, and collation from their bishops. This Act was almost entirely ignored, especially by the ministers in the West of Scotland; whereupon the Privy Council—not, be it observed, the Parliament—repaired to Glasgow, and on October 1 passed that wild order, known since as the Act of Glasgow, by which all ministers who did not within one month comply with the above Act, and receive collation from their bishops, were forbidden to exercise any part of their functions in their several churches. This meeting of Council in Glasgow was spoken of as ‘the drunken Parliament,’ Kirkton telling us that there was only one man among them that was not drunk at the time of the passing of the order. This statement has been called in question, though without any proof being offered to the contrary, by Episcopalian writers; but it is worth noting that two of the members of Council, Lord Rothes and the Duke of Hamilton, are later on spoken of by their own associates as so given to excessive drinking that the attention of the king was called to it.\* The Council were afterwards aghast at the precipitancy of their own action, and gave the ministers an extended time; but the end was, that in 1662 three hundred and fifty ministers abandoned their benefices—being, according to Wodrow, more than a third part of all the ministers of the church in Scotland. Then followed a long struggle between the aristocracy and the prelacy on the one hand and the ousted Presbyterians on the other, continuing for years, until the more moderate men among the former began to discern that they had been following too extreme measures, and that Episcopacy was no nearer than ever striking its roots among the Scottish people.

Much of the correspondence among the Hamilton Manuscripts, like that published from the ‘Lauderdale Papers,’ is taken up during these years with the abiding recriminations and jealousies of the higher nobles, more especially as between Middleton and Lauderdale, Rothes and Hamilton; and, except as giving us a glance into the inner circle of the king’s advisers in Scotland, forms very sorry reading. By 1673 the work of repressing the Covenanters in the west had become irksome in the highest degree to the Duke of

Hamilton, who was inclined to leniency; and when it was proposed in that year that he and four other noblemen should be formed into a Commission to keep order within the diocese of Glasgow, he is exceedingly anxious to escape the task.

‘I cannot but regret,’ he says, writing to Lauderdale, ‘my misfortune that such services and employments falls to my share, as are not only above my power, but of the most dangerous consequence; for, if you will consider this commission for five of us to put in execution that which has been the greatest work of the Council this ten year past, and yet I fear will be a harder task now than when they began . . . how then it can be expected to be undertaken by so few a number, or upon what reason so great a business and of so great consequence ought to be imposed upon us, and how more can be expected from such a commission than from the Council, passes my understanding or courage to undertake.’ (P. 145.)

Wodrow’s account of the situation of parties in Scotland at this time, and of the dissatisfaction of many in the Council with the manner in which the king, pressed on by his secret advisers, was urging a policy of reckless stringency against the recusants, is borne out by the above and other portions of the correspondence in the volume under notice. Hamilton in another letter gives as his opinion, with regard to such Commissions as that above proposed, that he does not think it very safe for private persons, so commissioned, to take their own measures in executing the laws. A very wise, statesmanlike observation.

But the most remarkable contribution to our knowledge of the struggle then going forward in Scotland, and the manner in which the king’s policy was regarded by the finer minds among the Episcopalians, is to be found in a paper here printed from the pen of Leighton, then Archbishop of Glasgow, and written by him in 1674. In the previous year he had besought the king to relieve him of his charge, and the king had agreed to do so on condition that Leighton continued to hold the archbishopric for another year. The paper in question was written in this the final year of his office in Glasgow. ‘It,’ says Sir William Fraser, ‘is a copy; but, according to a note in the middle of it signed “G. Burnet,” is a copy of a draft made by Mr. Gilbert (afterwards Bishop) Burnet for Leighton’s use.’

‘The paper begins by a statement that Archbishop Leighton accepted the see of Glasgow in the hope of bringing the Presbyterians to terms, and obtaining concessions from the King—but these hopes failed. The next thing thought on was the supply of many vacant churches in the

Glasgow diocese, who were so addicted to Presbyterian ministers that, as the archbishop could find none well qualified who would serve these cures—the “outed” Presbyterian preachers, in 1672, being everywhere busy in conventicles—[he] judged it necessary either that they should all be carried to other countries, or lodged where they might be tied to particular charges, and no more ramble over the nation. The former being against his conscience and inclination, he thought it most advisable that the Indulgence which had been granted to thirty parishes should be extended to other twenty-five, and two outed ministers confined to each of the indulged parishes. This course, however, though considered prudent, had not been obeyed, as during “the last winter, 1673,” field conventicles and other disorders increased, and ministers were deserted and affronted in the service of God. Complaints of this were made to the Commissioner [Lauderdale], but nothing had been done.\* On the contrary, the disorders had been pardoned, which made “all those people” become bold, &c., and they are now possessing the vacant pulpits, and also filling the pulpits of regular incumbents. “Amidst all these confusions, the archbishop is “in an utter incapacity to carry on the service of God in the Church; “for, as parishes fall vacant, the incumbents he sends to them are “beaten and stoned away, which is not got punished; and though, “during all the years of his stay in this See, he hath constantly “every Lord’s Day preached from parish to parish, and done all [that] “lay in his power for encouraging the regular clergy, yet without “more vigorous assistance” he will be too weak to resist a torrent which threatens to bear away the Church as established.” (P. 148.)

After the above statement by the archbishop as to the situation of Church affairs, and the evidently hopeless task of putting straight that which was crooked, he goes on to make three proposals, and these of a kind—the first two at least—sufficient, one would imagine, to afford any king, save perhaps Charles II., ample food for serious thought. These proposals are (the italics being ours):—

‘1. That the king should consider whether Episcopacy should be maintained *at the rate of the trouble it has cost*, and whether it should not be given up. If it is to be maintained, religion and order should not be neglected, offences against churchmen should be punished, &c.

‘2. The laws concerning the Church are *too severe to be executed*, and should be revised and made practicable.

‘3. A synod should be called to settle the Church,’ &c.

How far, if Charles had but listened to Leighton, Scotland would have been relieved of the internal pressure which during the latter half of the seventeenth century

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\* Burnet in his ‘History’ (vol. i. p. 369) notes that at this time Lauderdale took ‘all possible methods to become more popular,’ by conniving at ‘the insolence of Presbyterians,’ &c.

kept her in a state of anarchy, it is difficult to conjecture; but it is surely obvious that the king's cause was far from likely to succeed in the end when one so conscientious and spiritually-minded as Leighton spoke out thus plainly as to its immediate prospects. Nor is this all. The second part of the document in question—which second part is, says Burnet, ‘a copy of what is written by the archbishop on ‘the same paper’—enforces the proposals above set forth. Leighton says:—

‘The errors in the management of these whole Church affairs have been so great and so many, all along from the first setting out, that it looks like a judicial stroke from Heaven, either on the business itself or on us that were intrusted with it; for we have still been tossed betwixt the opposite extremes of too great rigour and too great relaxations and indulgences—well-made laws too severe to be executed, and for a counterpoise have executed almost none of them, except by exorbitant fits and starts that, by their extremity, made all men sure of their short continuance. Our first unhappy stumble that boded us no good journey was the discharging Kirk-sessions and Presbyteries before we came from London, and so laying loose the reins of all discipline for the most part of one whole year. Our overbended Act of Restitution and mishapt Act of Convocation followed. But our desperate fall that (I fear) we shall never recover, was the fatal Act of Glasgow, laying so great a tract waste to make it quiet, and then stocking again that desert we had made with a great many owls and satyrs. For our remissness, on the other hand, and extreme neglect of exercising due authority, and so exposing it to be despised and trampled on, there need no more instances but the two last, the former of which is the not following out of the Act of Council of '72, which the king himself and my Lord Commissioner, and I believe all other intelligent persons, look on as both the softest and surest way, by giving up some lodging to stop the contagion from spreading, and bestowing a little ground upon a few channels to drain the rest of the whole country.’ (P. 149.)

In the above paper the archbishop touches upon what must by all candid observers be regarded as the leading feature of Episcopalian policy in Scotland in the seventeenth century—namely, its great *unwisdom*. This unwisdom has marked Scottish Episcopalianism from the beginning down, we fear, even to the present day. The leaders of it have never been able to gauge their true relations to the Scottish people. They have never fully realised how deep is the aversion—almost contempt—with which the Scotch have regarded their system of ecclesiastical polity and worship; while the occasionally absurd and ludicrous pretensions of certain of their hierarchy have only served, by antithesis, to bring out



their absolute insignificance in relation to the social and religious life of Scotland.

But, apart from all else, there is one point of historical dispute which the above paper by Leighton is sufficient to settle. Wodrow, following Burnet and Kirkton, says of the clergy who filled the pulpits of the three hundred and fifty ministers who were driven from their parishes in 1662 by the Act of Glasgow, that 'they were mostly young men from the 'northern shires, raw, and without any stock of reading or 'gifts; these were brought west in a year or two after they 'had gone through their philosophy in the college, and 'having nothing to subsist upon were greedily gaping after 'benefices,' &c. Writers of Scottish Episcopalian history have always been irritated by the description of these clergy as given by Burnet, and have never hesitated to deny the truth of it, without, however, bringing forward any facts to disprove it. Mr. Grub—one of the fairest of their historians—says: '*With an utter disregard for truth*, the curates, as 'the new incumbents were called by the western peasantry, 'have been represented as almost without exception vicious 'in their conduct, and contemptible in their manners and 'attainments.'\* Yet, notwithstanding the strong assertion by Mr. Grub that this description is given 'with an utter 'disregard for truth,' his pages will be sought in vain for the slightest vestige of historical evidence in disproof of Burnet and Kirkton's statements. The evidence is all on the other side; and the above paper by Leighton should set the matter at rest for ever. The effect of the Act of Glasgow, by which the Presbyterian ministers were driven to quit their parishes, the archbishop describes as 'laying so 'great a tract waste to make it quiet, and then stocking 'again that desert we had made with *a great many owls and 'satyrs.*' In what more contemptuous language could the good and gentle Leighton have spoken of the kind of men by whose help he was expected to reconstruct the broken fabric of religious life and worship in the west of Scotland?

There are many other details of the religious struggle during the period referred to that find illustration in this Hamilton correspondence; but sufficient, we hope, has been said to draw attention to the collection which is here given to the public, and which forms a volume that cannot be ignored by any future writer upon this portion of the history of Scotland.

ART. XI.—*On Parliamentary Government in England: its Origin, Development, and Practical Operation.* By ALPHEUS TODD, LL.D., C.M.G. Second edition, by his Son. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1889.

MR. ALPHEUS TODD, who died in January 1884, may be regarded as the first man who has attempted to collect and embody in a systematic and historical form the laws, usages, and traditions of parliamentary government. Other writers of much greater fame have given us a general outline of the political system of England. Hatsell has treated of the 'Precedents of Proceedings in Parliament,' and his four volumes will always maintain the important position among works on parliamentary procedure which they have justly won. Lord Farnborough (better known as Sir Thomas Erskine May), in his great work on the 'Law and Usage of 'Parliament,' has developed a general view of the proceedings in both Houses, and has supplied a text-book for the guidance of those who have to direct the working of responsible government in our colonies, and in all those countries which, either in a complete or in a partial form, have adopted a parliamentary system. But it has been left to Mr. Todd to trace the progress of our Parliamentary institutions—the growth, for instance, of the Cabinet—and to follow out the development of those institutions and their interdependence one with another. This task has been left to him, and he has done it elaborately and well. For upwards of fifty years, and from the time when he was a mere lad, his life was spent in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. At twenty years of age, at the time when responsible government was given to Canada, he compiled a 'Manual of 'Parliamentary Practice.' It was formally adopted for the use of members of the Legislature. It became the guide and text-book of the two Houses, and its author was recognised as the constitutional adviser of the uninitiated members of the Upper and the Lower Legislatures, who, in the early dawn of responsible government in Canada, were groping in darkness. At that time Mr. Todd contemplated a work of special application to the colonies. This work was to include a dissertation upon the peculiar features of colonial as distinct from Imperial government. But he decided to change his plan, and to confine himself to the exposition of parliamentary government in England. The original work was published in 1866, and the two important volumes

which constitute the second edition are compiled by Mr. Todd's son. They may be described as a perfect storehouse of historical facts and constitutional principles, grouped together in an interesting form and fortified by references, illustrations, and precedents which are sufficient in themselves to render the book of the highest value to public men, whether in England or in the colonies.

The book appears at an opportune moment. 'From an observation of the working of our municipal institutions in Canada,' says Mr. Todd, 'and of the characteristics and results of responsible government in the British dependencies generally, it is evident that the democratic element is everywhere gaining the mastery, and seeking to overthrow all institutions which are intended to be a check upon the popular will.' This he wrote in 1866. At that time England was governed by a Parliament elected on a limited representation, and the 'democratic element' had not asserted its influence. In 1889 the limitations have disappeared, and this country is governed by a Parliament only one degree less democratic than the colonial Parliaments. We have not yet got to manhood suffrage and paid members; and the better traditions of the old parliamentary life still linger about the precincts of St. Stephen's. But these traditions are disappearing one by one, and the approach of manhood suffrage has been already heralded. Indeed, it is not confined to manhood; we are already within almost measureable distance of womanhood suffrage; and when we get to that we may be sure that the enterprise of female politicians will not rest satisfied with the platform outside Parliament and the ballot box. Just as they have thrust themselves into the school boards, and the boards of guardians, and the county councils, so we may be certain that they will make their way into the House of Commons. We have not yet got to this length; neither, indeed, have our colonies; but we have marched a long way upon the path that leads to pure democracy since 1869, and we have begun to feel precisely the same influences upon our own Parliamentary institutions which for some time have been conspicuous in those of our colonies. It is the tendency of the age to relax the bonds of all authority. The authority, and even the dignity, of the Crown has been gradually and steadily declining for more than half a century; the authority of the House of Lords is well-nigh extinguished; the authority of the Executive is swayed by the slightest wish of the House of Commons; and the authority of the House

of Commons is at the mercy of those who are not the best instructed and not the most responsible of the electors. For a long time this decline of authority has been apparent in the colonies; within recent years it has manifested itself at home. From Parliament to Parliament, and even from session to session, this tendency becomes more and more conspicuous; and while, during the session which is now approaching its termination, the Executive have shown a little more independence than they did in the earlier sessions, and a little more determination to have their own way, it is only too apparent to those who have watched the working of the machine closely that the Executive feel the weakness of their position, that they are unduly timid in the face of opposition, and that it is only with difficulty that they keep the control of events.

And this weakness cannot in justice be attributed to any failure of the Government as a whole, or to any shortcoming on the part of the individuals—or at least the great majority of the individuals—who constitute the Government. Undoubtedly they have had to feel their way. They came into office for one purpose—to govern Ireland—and they have held office because it has become manifest that Ireland has experienced more of the blessings of settled government, or something approaching to settled government, than she has enjoyed for many years; and it is also manifest that no change of Ministry would be likely to improve matters. On the contrary, a change of Ministry would only unsettle what is beginning to be settled. It is their Irish policy which gives stability to the present Administration. On any question connected with Ireland the Government can confidently count on their majority; and so long as Mr. Balfour remains at the Irish Office, and carries out his straightforward and independent policy, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left for favour or for votes, so long as he displays the capacity in administration and debate which has earned for him the reputation for statesmanship and for fearlessness which he has justly gained, the Government need not fear any defection in the House of Commons nor in the country in respect of their Irish policy.

But nowadays a government cannot live upon a single item of policy, however important. The whole sphere of administration is exposed to the daily and hourly fire of both newspaper and platform criticism. Any weakness in the joints of the ministerial armour is sought out, and every dart of criticism is levelled against the spot. It is this continuous and

unsparing criticism which in time must undermine the stability of any ministry; and in the whole history of British administrations no ministry has ever had to bear such persistent and such unscrupulous attacks as the Ministry by which we are now ruled. So far, fortunately for that Ministry and for the country, the press and platform critics have mainly directed their attacks against the points on which the Ministry are strongest. So long as hostile critics confine their operations to the Irish policy of the Government they are harmless. The country has learned to see through the unreal nonsense about coercion, about the prison treatment of Irish members of Parliament, about sensational evictions, and the rest of it, which has constituted the main attack. The hostile critics have been found out on all these points, and the country has turned a deaf ear to the clamour of the agitators and the lamentations of the victims. The people do not believe in the reality of these attacks. They take a broad view of the question. They see that Ireland is prospering under coercion, that prison treatment appears to agree with the Irish members of Parliament, and that the evictions are got up for theatrical effect to split the ears of the groundlings; and seeing these things in their true light, they pay no heed to them.

But there are some critics who think they are 'making way' because a Separatist rogue forged the name of the Separatist leader and hoaxed a Unionist newspaper. The theory of this class of men is a curious one, and it is worthy of a moment's consideration. It shows to what an abyss of folly and of moral obliquity clever literary men may fall when they take to dabbling with practical matters of which they can have only a theoretical acquaintance. Mr. Frederic Harrison is the representative of this class of critics. He wrote an article the other day in a magazine, in which he argued that nowadays it was no use addressing yourself to the understanding of the electors. You must appeal to their feeling. The heart of the great unwashed was better than its head upon the Irish question, and to this organ you must appeal, especially in London, if you were to secure a majority in the next Parliament. If the great pulse of the nation, if the sensational emotions of the people could be touched, your side was sure to win. The heart was better than the head, and if by hook or by crook, by fair means or by means that were not fair, you touched the sympathies of the masses you might reckon on your majority. The transactions with regard to the forged letters were

exactly what was wanted. The masses were convinced that the Separatist leader was unfairly treated by the leading organ of the Unionists. He had been struck below the belt, and the masses would not stand unfair play. This conviction had burned itself into the great heart of the nation, and all the argument, all the logic, all the reasoning of statesmen and philosophers would be powerless to eradicate it. The blind generosity of the nation was so touched by the perfidy of this Separatist rogue that it would consent to the disintegration of the Empire without regret. And so the Separatist cause was 'making way,' and was sure to win. Such was the argument with which Mr. Frederic Harrison comforted himself and his friends in their affliction. He could not wait for the judgement of the Judicial Commission. It was nothing to him that the whole question of the Nationalist movement was under the consideration of a judicial body, and that no judgement upon even a fragment of the case had been pronounced. With the childish exhilaration of a man who had escaped, and narrowly escaped, a great calamity, he threw his cap in the air because the case had not come out quite so badly as he anticipated, and burst into pæans of self-congratulation because the sympathies of the masses would be touched, and, rightly or wrongly, honestly or dishonestly, the cause of separation would be strengthened. But the scandal of the forged letters was but a nine-days' wonder. The profits of the scandal, which, if judiciously used by Separatist writers and speakers, might have been considerable, were squandered in a night. If the heart of the nation was touched for the moment—and that is very doubtful—that moment has passed. Appeals have been made to the reason and understanding of the nation, and the nation has responded to the appeals. Like the outcry about coercion, like the wailings of the imprisoned members of Parliament, like the theatrical evictions, the scandal of the letters has gone into oblivion. The sound common sense of the people of England and Scotland has, as usual, if you give it time, asserted itself against a sham; and the hysterical denunciations of Separatist writers and speakers have wasted themselves away, and proved to be futile when brought in contact with the sober judgement of the people. In short, it has been proved conclusively that the Ministerialist position with regard to Ireland is impregnable. Even the most sanguine among the Separatists does not believe at the bottom of his heart that his cause is 'making way.'

It does not, however, follow that there are no points

against which a strong and compact Opposition, led by a capable and judicious leader, might not make an impression. We have no desire to weaken the position of the Unionist Government. Our desire is to make it strong all round. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that if the Parliamentary Opposition were united, and if it were well led—even if it were decently led—if it had any of the characteristics of the old-fashioned legitimate Opposition of the time prior to 1874, and if it had any of the natural instincts and any sense of the responsibility of an organised Opposition, it might make the position of the Government less stable than it is.

There are three elements of insecurity in the Ministerial position. The Colonial Office is not so firmly administered as it might be either inside or outside Parliament. The Secretary of State has earned—and justly earned—a high reputation for courtesy and consideration towards the colonists, and he is deservedly popular among all classes of people with whom, in his official capacity, he has come in contact. But his best friends—and he has many good friends—would admit that his policy has sometimes been lacking that steady consistency which ought to characterise a great administration.

His Under-Secretary in the House of Commons can hardly be considered as the successful man in the Ministry. His reputation is largely a newspaper reputation, and that sort of reputation rarely stands a strain. The strain has come on the Sugar Convention, and the Under-Secretary's reputation has suffered under it. His speech, in introducing the Bill upon the subject, damned the whole transaction before the Bill was seen. The project was regarded with suspicion in Parliament before the measure was produced. It required the most judicious handling to make it acceptable. Judicious handling it certainly did not receive, and when the Under-Secretary sat down his Bill was doomed.

Some years ago the Colonial Department had the reputation of being one of the most efficient in the service. It was well manned from top to bottom. It may still be so, but for some reason it hardly maintains its reputation. There is an impression abroad—it may be unfounded, but it certainly exists—that from one cause or another the work is hardly what it used to be. It may be that as the colonies grow older their ministries become more independent and more difficult to manage from Downing Street. It may be merely another illustration of the tendency of the age to relax the

bonds of all authority. If, however, these difficulties do exist, is not that a reason for strengthening the department and for selecting the most capable men in the Administration to fill the posts of responsibility?

Another source of insecurity exists in the Education Department. The Vice-president, though the most amiable of men, has not yet shown his mastery over the intricacies and the difficulties of his work. Fortunately for him and for the Government, the fire of criticism directed against his department has not been active. The annals of the department have been nearly silent since Sir William Hart Dyke was installed as Vice-president. He has made an annual statement on the Education Estimates, and that statement has been dealt with leniently. He has made an effort to pass a Bill dealing with Technical Education, but that effort was not crowned with success. This session he has to defend the New Code, which has been settled during his vice-presidency. That defence will test his strength. There may be power and force latent in the mind of the Vice-president which have not yet had an opportunity of coming to the surface. If so they may be developed during the present session. If they do not exist, and if the New Code is to be successfully defended, some other Minister had better hold himself prepared to assist his colleague. Next session may be largely an educational session. It is generally understood that now that Free Education has been gratuitously mooted, and that the principle has been accepted and adopted by the Government, it cannot rest. If the experiment of free schools is to be tried, it is probably wise to commence the experiment in Scotland. It is much easier of application in Scotland than either in England or in Ireland. The denominational difficulty can hardly be said to exist in Scotland. The schools in that country are practically all denominational. About 90 per cent. are Presbyterian, and the remainder are either Roman Catholic or Episcopalian. If, therefore, you give free education to the Board schools, which are all Presbyterian, you cannot refuse it to voluntary schools belonging to the other denominations. Thus the great bone of contention in the shape of the voluntary schools does not exist. No doubt many of the Scotch Radicals would gladly exclude the Roman Catholic and the Episcopalian schools from participation in the grant for free education; and, with the dread of establishing a fateful precedent, the English Nonconformists would like to co-operate with them if they dared to raise the question. But



they are in this difficulty : The bulk of the schools in Scotland which are not under school boards are Roman Catholic, and they are maintained chiefly for the use of the Irish populations in the large towns of Scotland. The Scotch Radicals depend, to a very great extent, upon the support of the Irish voters in these towns, and they cannot afford to alienate it. Consequently, whether they like it or not, the Scotch Radicals find themselves bound to support a scheme of free education in which denominational schools will participate. To a man like Sir George Trevelyan this necessity must be especially galling. Ever since he entered Parliament his hand has been against the denominational schools. The first time that he resigned office he did so on some plea that State money was to be given to these schools. To be consistent Sir George Trevelyan ought to oppose the grant to the Roman Catholic schools or to give up his seat. But political consistency is not likely to stand in his way. He will sit quiet while he sees the whole denominational system in Scotland endowed out of public money. He cannot help himself. His constituency contains many Irish electors, who vote to a man at the bidding of their priests. And to a man they would vote against their representative if he opposed the proposal of the Government to make their education free.

In Scotland, however, the matter is, comparatively speaking, a simple one. The real complexity and difficulty of the question will not arise in Scotland. Next session it is probable that free education will be offered to England. Then the denominational question will be upon us, and all the smouldering fires of ecclesiastical rancour will be lighted up. Will the Vice-president of the Council be strong enough for the place? That is a problem which time alone can solve. One thing is clear. The difficulties of the Opposition will be the opportunity of the Ministry. The Opposition cannot resist the Roman Catholic demands at present. Wherever there is an Irish population the votes of that population are cast for the Opposition candidate. If Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy has done nothing else, it has secured for his party the Catholic support. But that support will not be given to the Home Rule candidate if he attempts to limit the grant of free education to the Board schools. Much as the Irish Catholics in England love Home Rule they love public money more; and if public money for education is going, their share of that public money they will have. These considerations may, to some extent, lighten the task of the Vice-president when he comes to propose a scheme of

free education for England. But the task, under any circumstances, will be difficult, and the duties connected with the Education Department will be very different in the next two sessions from what they have been in the sessions which preceded them.

The third element of weakness is of a different kind from the two to which we have alluded. Mr. Goschen's financial policy may be an element of weakness in the House of Commons, but it is an element of strength in the country. There is no doubt that the relations between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the representatives of the landed interest have not been uniformly comfortable during the present session. Mr. Goschen's determination to equalise, as far as possible, the death duties on personal and on real estate has not been accepted with favour by the owners of realty. No Chancellor of the Exchequer who attempts to widen our fiscal basis can avoid incurring a certain amount of passing unpopularity on the part of those sections of the community which may be menaced. The financial policy of recent administrations has tended too much to the restriction of taxable subjects. The excise, the duties on tea and on tobacco, and the income tax are practically the only sources of revenue which are left. The income tax is a very handy means of raising money. It is easily calculated, and it falls with uniformity upon all the members of the tax-paying community. No class is especially mulcted, and no one can specially complain. And so long as there are no excessive demands upon the Exchequer the income tax can remain at a reasonable rate. But Mr. Goschen is well aware that the time may come when excessive demands may be made, and he naturally enquires, How are these demands to be met? Chancellors of the Exchequer cannot draw indefinitely upon the income tax, and in ordinary times they are bound to keep it at a reasonable figure, so that in exceptional times it can be raised. Mr. Goschen has declared that in his opinion sixpence in the pound is the maximum which should be charged upon income in ordinary times. But the expenditure of the current year must be met, and new sources of revenue must be discovered to meet it. And there is where the pinch comes. Whatever class is threatened, that class resents it. The van and wheel tax was a just and reasonable proposal, but the trades which use drays and vans and heavy waggons were up in arms. They started the manufacturers; and the manufacturers started the workmen in their employment; and the workmen started the trades

unions; and the trades unions put pressure upon their Parliamentary representatives, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was at their mercy. Very much the same thing occurred in connexion with the landed interest. That interest was embarrassed and uncomfortable in respect of the proposed increase in the succession duty. The leaders of the Opposition were sharp enough to see that the relations between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the representatives of the landed classes were strained, and they set themselves with some temporary success to foment the quarrel. But they overdid it. The supporters of the Government saw through their game. It was too palpable—too broadly played. Accordingly that difficulty Mr. Goschen, helped by the maladroitness of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone, easily surmounted. But a new cause of suspicion was engendered. The representatives of the beer industry rose in rebellion against a proposal to raise a modest sum of 300,000*l.* at their expense. It was an equitable proposal, but it touched the pockets of an influential class. This class, however, was not sufficiently numerous to do much mischief by their own unaided exertions. Accordingly, just as the dray and van people used the manufacturers against the van and wheel tax, and the manufacturers used their workmen, and the workmen used the trades unions, so the brewers got up the cry that the farmers would be prejudiced and their barley-growing ruined if the tax were pressed, and the farmers' representatives roused the landed interest, and the landed interest roused the representatives of the agricultural labourers, and so the game went on. Mr. Goschen, however, was strong enough to overcome the brewers on this occasion. He carried his proposal, and he will get his 300,000*l.* But his policy, though it is a just and reasonable policy, has left something of a sore, and it will require tact and financial ability to heal it.

Thus there are three sensitive spots in the Ministerial position—the Colonial Office, the Education Department, and, to a small extent, the Exchequer. The two first can be strengthened, and ought to be strengthened. The third does not want strengthening, hardly wants attention so far as the country is concerned. It is a House of Commons difficulty. It is the result of a vigorous rather than a feeble financial policy. As a House of Commons difficulty, however, it is better that it should be met. And now that Mr. Goschen has succeeded in equalising the death duties so far as Imperial

taxation is concerned, and in compelling successors to real estate to bear a fair share of the taxation of the country, he might cast about and see if there are no burdens—such, for instance, as the income tax—which press unduly upon land, and if he finds them he might devise some justifiable means of relieving those who bear them. Whether the recent outburst of a section of the Peers against the Land Transfer Bill has any connexion with Mr. Goschen's financial policy it is difficult to say. It was, in any circumstances, an unwise outburst. The abolition of primogeniture is one of those reforms on which the country has set its heart, and it is certain to come. The Government deserve credit for proposing it, and they will gain credit if they succeed in carrying it. By such measures the Government and the new reformed Conservative party increase their popularity with all men of moderation. It is from such men that the future strength of the party will come. But the blind action of the old Tory peers in a matter of this sort raises suspicion in the minds of moderate men, and shakes their confidence in the reality of the reformation and in the possibility of the old-fashioned Tory being able to recognise the radical change which the extension of the suffrage and the spread of democratic feeling have produced in this country. They will not see that there is no room in England nowadays for a party of privilege. For moderate and reasonable Conservatism, there is plenty of scope; for high and dry Toryism there is none.

And now it is time to turn from the policy and the attitude of her Majesty's Government to the conduct and attitude of her Majesty's Opposition—a phrase which may not be strictly accurate, but which has the sanction of more than half a century, and which, invented by Hobhouse, was accepted by Tierney, Canning, Brougham, and all the great statesmen of that time. If her Majesty's Opposition had devoted themselves to attacking the weak points in the Ministerial position they might by this time have really made some way. But they have not done so. They have hurled themselves with a reckless and fanatical impetuosity upon the one point on which the Government is impregnable. They are so besotted in their love for Ireland, and so blind in their fury against everyone who differs from them, that they go on fighting a hopeless battle—playing an impossible game—without the smallest chance of winning. It is almost touching to read Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and to note how he hugs himself with the delusion that the by-elections are

going with him, and that, if he could only get rid of this septennial Parliament he would sweep the board. It is useless to point out that there is not the smallest evidence that the country has changed its mind since 1886, and that it is prepared to sanction the erection of an independent Ireland. Half the life of this Parliament has gone, and nine seats only have been lost to the Unionist party. There has not been a Parliament since 1832 in which so small a change of feeling has been exhibited in the same space of time. By-elections, as a rule, go against the Government of the day. But over one hundred seats have been vacated since this Government came into office, and only three of these seats upon an average have gone against them during each of the three years of their official tenure. Surely there is no indication here that the country has changed since the last election. But these facts make no impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind. He has his delusion; he hugs his delusion; and no power on earth will convince him that it is a delusion.

But if the cherishing of this delusion were the only incident in the action of Mr. Gladstone and her Majesty's Opposition there would not be much subject of complaint. Unfortunately this is not so. The action of the Opposition during the whole of this Parliament, and ever since they joined hands with Mr. Parnell and his Nationalist contingent, has been at variance with the best traditions of parliamentary conduct, and has gone a long way to shake the foundations of representative institutions altogether.

'The political party of which the Administration for the time being is the mouthpiece and representative,' says Mr. Alpheus Todd, 'is invariably confronted in Parliament by another party, who themselves expect to succeed to power whenever they acquire sufficient strength to overthrow their antagonists and to assume the responsibilities of office. Acting upon well-defined principles, and within the lines of the constitution, to which they profess an equal attachment to that exhibited by its official defenders, the adherents of this party have been aptly styled "*her Majesty's Opposition*," and although the propriety of this designation has been disputed, yet it may be understood as implying that loyalty to the sovereign, and that honourable and patriotic rivalry in political strife, which should equally animate all parties in the great council of the nation.'

This is a fair and adequate description of what an Opposition ought to be, and what it was in the palmy days of parliamentary government. As there was one ministerial party under one chief carrying out a well-defined and continuous

policy, so there was another organised party under one chief which confronted the Ministerialists, and, acting on well-defined principles, and within the strict lines of the constitution, performed the part of constitutional critics of all public affairs. The duty of this party was to state the case against the Administration, to say everything which might be reasonably and even plausibly said against the measures and the acts of the Ministry, and to constitute a standing censureship of the government, subjecting all its actions and all its measures to a close and jealous scrutiny. Provided that these duties were performed under a due sense of responsibility, the functions of an Opposition were indispensable to the complete working of the parliamentary system.

But what is the Opposition of to-day? It is not one organised party, and it is not subject to the direction of one acknowledged chief. It is a collection of groups or factions of discontented men under different chiefs, each faction carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare in its own way, acting on no defined principles, with no regard to the lines of the constitution, with no sense of responsibility to the State, and exhibiting, in some instances, no great loyalty to the Sovereign. There are at least five distinct factions sitting on the left of the Speaker's chair, each with its separate leader, its separate organisation and official managers, and each going its own way without regard to the interest of the constitution or the welfare of the State. There are seventeen separate whips, officially appointed, on the Opposition side, carrying on their work diligently and daily; five party factions, five leaders, five distinct organisations, at least five policies, and each faction probably with its separate candidates at the general election! How can an Opposition conducted in this fashion discharge its duties to Parliament and to the country? It may pander to the popular passions for selfish or sectional ends. It may be the vehicle for personal acrimony and false accusation. It may be perverted to factious and unpatriotic issues. It may be, and it may do, all these things; and, as a matter of fact, such are its characteristics and such its action. But it cannot be regarded as a constitutional instrument, or as performing the part of a loyal and patriotic adjunct to the responsible government of the nation.

But let us look into the condition of the Opposition of to-day a little closer. It contains, as has been said, five distinct factions. The Liberal Unionists, numbering seventy members, have their separate organisation, their separate leaders, and their separate whips. But, as they

support the Ministerial policy, though they sit upon the Opposition side of the House, they may be dismissed from consideration; they cannot be called a faction. They are rather a section of the Ministerialists; and they cannot be charged with carrying on guerilla warfare, because as a matter of fact they are always on the defensive. They are, as Mr. Gladstone plaintively stated the other day in Cornwall, 'by far the most obstinate, by far the most determined, by far the most incurable of the opponents of Home Rule.' They represent the advanced wing of the Ministerialist forces; they sustain the burden of the attacks upon the Ministerialist position; and, while they act independently of the main body, and do not, technically, share the responsibility of the Ministerial measures and policy, their fortunes are so bound up with the fortunes of the Government, and the cause of the Union is so closely identified with the fate of the Unionist party as a whole, that the two wings may be practically considered as one army; and whether the cause succeeds or fails—and we have no doubt that it will succeed—the Liberal Unionists and the Conservative Unionists must succeed or fail along with it.

Of the other factions of the Opposition the most numerous is the official Opposition, nominally led by Mr. Gladstone. It has a separate organisation under Mr. Schnadhorst, and separate whips. This faction numbers about one hundred and ten members. Next in numerical importance is the Irish Nationalist faction. It has its separate organisation, its separate leader, and its separate whips. It numbers eighty-six votes when they are all available. After that faction comes the new party organised by Mr. Labouchere from the men below the gangway, who do not consider that the official faction is sufficiently in earnest. They constitute the 'Stalwarts' of the Opposition, and they stick at nothing. They have their separate organisation, their separate leader, their cabinet, their whips, and their distinctive policy, of which we shall have something to say presently. They number about seventy in all, but they can always reckon on the undivided support of the Nationalists in their more extreme proposals, so that in reality they are numerically more formidable than the official Opposition. On the latest occasion on which they showed their strength the official Opposition were nowhere in the race. It was an interesting case, and it deserves a moment's notice. The Royal message regarding the grants to Prince Albert Victor and the Princess Louise were under consideration in the House of Commons. A

private arrangement existed between the Government and the official leaders on the subject, and an agreement had been made as to the terms of the resolution to be proposed. Mr. Gladstone adhered strictly to the understanding, and he opposed an amendment proposed by Mr. Bradlaugh, which, if carried, would have vitiated the arrangement. Both Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt advised Mr. Bradlaugh not to press his amendment. But the member for Northampton was inexorable. The division was called, and the whips of the 'Stalwarts' were named as tellers. There was consternation on the front Opposition bench. Sir William Harcourt's courage failed him at the mention of the tellers, and, with Mr. Childers and Mr. Campbell Bannerman, he chivalrously left his aged chief and fled behind the Speaker's chair—

'You'll find him 'mong the missing, missing,  
Not among the slain.'

Four ex-Cabinet Ministers only—Mr. Morley, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Lefevre, and Mr. Mundella—shared the fallen fortunes of their leader and followed him into the lobby. Sir George Trevelyan humbly accompanied Mr. Bradlaugh. He alone among ex-Cabinet Ministers, alone among the members of the Privy Council, registered a vote for an inquiry into the Civil List and for raking up, before a committee of the House of Commons, the savings and economies of Her Majesty since she succeeded to the throne. The division was disastrous for the official Opposition. Only thirty-two of them had the courage to follow Mr. Gladstone. One hundred and twenty-seven of those who sit on the Speaker's left, including some twenty-five of the Irish contingent and Sir George Trevelyan, swelled the ranks of the 'Stalwarts.' It was a glorious victory for Mr. Labouchere and his whips! The Welsh members have formed themselves into a separate faction with all the appliances of an organised Opposition, including whips and leaders, and they number about twenty-five. As a rule, however, they are steady-going men who act with the official Opposition on most questions, and reserve themselves for separate action on those questions only which especially affect their own country. The Scotch members have not yet taken any separate action. There are some half-dozen irreconcilables among them, who are prepared to go any length in faction, and whose energies are chiefly exerted in wrecking Government measures affecting Scotland. Last session and the



preceding session they succeeded in depriving their country of one or two useful measures, which but for them would certainly have been passed. Their power of mischief, however, begins and ends with Scotland. They have no Parliamentary standing and no influence in the direction of national affairs. If their Scotch constituents tolerate their action with regard to Scotland, that is the concern of no one except themselves. Their half-dozen representatives are harmless excrescences in Parliamentary life. The House of Commons would be better without them, because they consume some time; but they hardly count one way or the other. The rest of the Scotch members are pretty equally divided among the Ministerialists, the Liberal Unionists, and the official Opposition—the larger share going with the official Opposition as supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Besides these various groups or factions there are three or four free lances sitting on the Speaker's left who are a law to themselves alone, and who fall foul of friend or foe with equal impartiality and as the spirit moves them. There are always some of these men in every Opposition, but they do not, as a rule, sit through more than one Parliament. Such, then, are the constituent elements of her Majesty's Opposition.

And now let us consider the attitude and conduct of this congeries of heterogeneous factions. In their Irish policy alone they represent a united front. In it they act upon the dictum of Tierney that the functions of an Opposition consist in 'opposing everything and proposing nothing.' Whether it be a Coercion Act, or a land purchase scheme, or an investigation into Parnellism and crime, or a drainage scheme, or the appointment of an under-secretary, or the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenant—whatever it be, if the Government proposes it, all the factions join in their opposition to it. And while they are unanimous in their resistance to everything the Government proposes for the good of Ireland, they are equally unanimous in their refusal to say what they themselves would propose. Time after time they have been exhorted to declare their policy, and time after time they have declined to do so. It was hoped that Mr. Gladstone would unfold his policy in the Whitsuntide holidays, when he undertook his electioneering expedition by land and sea to the south-western districts of England. But these hopes were blighted and we did not get much further forward than we were three years ago. But we did get something. We got a hazy and reluctant admission that the logical result of Home Rule, as now developed, is federation.

If Home Rule is granted to Ireland it must, logically, be granted to any fraction of the kingdom that asks for it. The Isle of Wight, 'the kingdom of Fife' (as Fifeshire men delight to speak of their bleak, inhospitable land), the county of Rutland, and any district of the still United Kingdom—almost any place where two or three are gathered together—has a right to Home Rule if it is demanded. This halting admission from Mr. Gladstone, taken in connexion with the fuller and more ingenuous admission of his distinguished young lieutenant, Mr. Asquith, at the Palmerston Club dinner, places the Home Rule scheme on its logical basis, and shows it off in its conspicuous absurdity. In very many of the existing electoral divisions there are what they call local parliaments—debating clubs, where young politicians meet and debate questions of political interest. Under the new developement of Home Rule there is no reason why each of those local parliaments, with their speakers and their ministers and their oppositions, should not legislate as well as debate, or why they should not be the nucleus of the new federation. This is all we have got from the Cornish expedition. Its manifest absurdity has already been exposed by Mr. Balfour, by Lord Derby, by Mr. Goschen, and by other eminent men. It does nothing to help us towards the elucidation of the policy, or policies, of her Majesty's Opposition towards Ireland.

Resist everything, suggest nothing: that is the watchword of the various groups which make up the Opposition, and, in following that barren direction, and in that alone, these groups are unanimous. At that point there is an end of unanimity. When we get away from Ireland the united action of her Majesty's Opposition ceases. The factions fly asunder and resolve themselves into opposing atoms; and their opposition is directed against each other quite as resolutely as it is directed against the Government.

Take the declared policy of the 'Stalwarts.' They have announced it through their responsible leader, speaking in his place in Parliament, and this is what their leader said:—

'The Chancellor of the Exchequer says that a guerilla warfare is monstrous. Well, that is just what we are going to carry on. . . . I would not give a single day to the Government, because never a day in their hands passes without their doing some sort of evil. I would not give them a day nor afford them the opportunity of getting a single sixpence. . . . If the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Smith) takes up an attitude of defiance we will throw every obstacle we can in the way of the transaction of public business. I say what I mean; I

believe it is our business to do everything we can to provoke a dissolution; and one of the ways of doing that is to render public business exceedingly difficult in the present Parliament. I, for my part, am prepared to do everything I can to attain that excellent, most admirable, constitutional plan.\*

That is the declared policy of the Stalwarts, and that is the policy which that particular faction of her Majesty's Opposition have assiduously endeavoured to carry out during the whole of the present session. It is a very simple policy—a policy of open and avowed obstruction of all Parliamentary business. A policy of this character carried out persistently by sixty or seventy responsible members of parliament is a serious thing. But add to these sixty or seventy men the forces of the Irish contingent, a contingent trained in the arts of obstruction, always willing to do anything to clog the working of the parliamentary machine; when these forces are added together, as they have been on one or two occasions, they produce embarrassment to the official Opposition, anxiety to the Government, and a menace to the authority of Parliament. What is the constitutional doctrine which lies at the very foundation of parliamentary government? It is that a free country should govern itself by the votes of the majority of its representatives for the time being, duly chosen at a general election. As long as the ministry of the day is supported in Parliament by a majority of duly chosen representatives, so long is that ministry responsible for and bound to carry on the government of the country. Up till now that has been the fundamental doctrine of constitutional government.

But now Mr. Labouchere and his confederacy of obstructionists declare that they will upset this fundamental doctrine of the constitution. They say that the majority of the people's representatives shall not govern. We, the minority of a minority, shall prevent them. We shall use the forms of the House—forms which came into existence centuries ago, and were necessary at that time to protect the country against the power of the Sovereign, but are now obsolete—we shall use these forms to prevent the majority of the Government from getting the necessary supplies and from carrying on the business of the country. We shall appeal from the duly constituted Parliament at Westminster to excited public meetings out of doors, and the business of the country shall be conducted by public meetings and not by

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\* 'Hansard Debates,' March 19, 1889.

the Queen's Government working through the people's duly elected representatives. That is the policy of the Stalwarts. All this session they have endeavoured to force it upon the House of Commons, and night after night of barren talk has been consumed by their endeavours. Up till now they fortunately have not succeeded. Their Irish contingent have been disheartened and demoralised, and have rendered only a halting assistance. But though their action has failed their intention is avowed; their policy is undisguised. It is to strike at the foundation of parliamentary authority. It leads straight to anarchy and to the destruction of all representative institutions.

And now let us look at another phase in the attitude of her Majesty's Opposition.

By the theory of our constitution those to whom the administration of justice is entrusted are not responsible to Parliament, except for actual misconduct in office. In order to prevent any undue encroachment upon the independence of the judicial bench, which is in itself one of the main bulwarks of liberty, Parliament has prescribed certain constitutional rules and limitations. Among these none is more sacred than that which guards against the intrusion of party influences in Parliamentary proceedings affecting the administration of the law. Upon this principle any questions reflecting on the administration of justice, or any direct references to or complaints against the judges of the land, have been discouraged in Parliament. Provision is made for the removal of judges who have been guilty of misconduct, and special forms of procedure exist for the purpose. Judges can be proceeded against by impeachment, by address for removal from office, or charges against them can be investigated by a committee. These are recognised methods of procedure. Any other methods of attack are regarded as highly irregular, and are at variance with the principles of the constitution. It is irregular to bring into discussion, in either House of Parliament, any matters, whether they relate to civil or to criminal cases, which are undergoing judicial investigation, or are about to be submitted to courts of law, as it leads to the imputation of a desire to interfere with the ordinary course of justice. No man more resolutely upheld these doctrines than Mr. Gladstone when he was in the prime of life and in the full vigour of his understanding.

'What do you intend,' he said, in defending in the House of Commons the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee in 1872, 'what do you intend to be the relation between the Legislature

and the judges of the land? At present you are strictly restrained from interference except in one most solemn and formal manner. You are not to tamper with the question whether the judges are in this or that particular assailable. You are not to inflict upon them a minor punishment. You have never thought it wise to give opinions in criticism or in refutation of their conduct when they have casually gone astray. . . . Are you prepared to say that you will venture on breaking down that fence which by your own wisdom—it is not by an external power—prevents you from intermeddling with the characters of the judges by means of votes which, if I may say so, dare not aim at their removal, but which at the same time have a certain tendency to lower their character and to impair their credit and authority? '\*

These are sound constitutional doctrines, and ought to be imprinted in the mind of every parliamentary leader. Now let us consider how her Majesty's Opposition, under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues on the front Opposition bench, have been carrying them out during the period of their ill-fated alliance with the Irish Nationalists. Not content with attempting to supersede the authority of Parliament by the hasty verdict of excited and heated public meetings, they have endeavoured to supersede the legally constituted judiciary of the land by appeals to a turbulent Parliament. Daily, almost hourly, in the House of Commons attacks are made upon the judicial bench and the resident magistrates in Ireland. Either by question, or by resolution, or by some other means, the action of the judiciary is irregularly impeached two or three times a week inside the House of Commons by some of the Irish or by some of the English members acting in alliance with the Irish. It is matter of public notoriety and of public scandal. Last session, when the Judicial Commission was appointed, most unseemly attacks were made upon one of the judges. Those attacks were not made by the Irish members alone; they were led by Mr. John Morley, they were seconded by Sir William Harcourt, and they were supported by Mr. Gladstone. The origin of the attack was a private letter addressed to Mr. Morley by an unknown Irish barrister, which was never intended for publication. There was nothing in the letter which a man of common sense or knowledge of the world would have regarded as important; and no man, unless blinded by partisan passion, would have made the letter public. But any stick is good enough to beat a dog with; and this trumpery letter, from an unknown and irresponsible Irish barrister, was considered by the

three leaders of the official Opposition to be good enough to blacken the character of a distinguished judge, and, through him, to attack the Government who had appointed him. Nothing more discreditable than that episode, for which the leaders of the official Opposition are alone responsible, can be charged against the Parnellite faction, nor against those gentlemen below the gangway who take their marching orders from Mr. Labouchere. Their leader is too much a man of the world to have committed such a mistake in tactics.

But within the last few weeks the unseemliness of that conduct has been eclipsed. The policy of the Opposition is to discredit the Special Commission, and to disparage the Irish judiciary, and the labour is divided between the Irish and the English members. The Irish attack the resident magistrates, the English attack the conduct of the proceedings before the Commission. The case before the Commission is *sub judice*. We know nothing as to what the judgement of the Commission will be, or how they will deal with the evidence before them, or with the witnesses; the entire case is in the hands of the judges. It is contempt of court to comment upon it, and any individual within the jurisdiction of the court who does comment upon it is liable to punishment unless he can shelter himself behind an obsolete institution called the 'Privilege of Parliament.' It is grossly irregular and unconstitutional to reflect in Parliament upon proceedings which are pending before a court of law, but a member of Parliament is safe from actual punishment if he chooses to avail himself of his privilege. In the healthier days of Parliamentary conduct this tradition of constitutional government would have been respected, and the scandal of an attack upon the conduct of a case *sub judice* would never have arisen. But we have fallen upon evil days, and the exigencies of an alliance with men who desire to hold up the constitution to execration and contempt have driven the official leaders of the opposition to courses which in his earlier and better days Mr. Gladstone would have been the first to deprecate. For what have we witnessed within the last few weeks? We have witnessed the unprecedented and unparalleled spectacle of a discussion which lasted for four days of one week and nearly the whole of one day of a second week, turning on nothing except this very case, which is still *sub judice*. And this scandal was not the work of the rump of the Opposition; it was not carried on by Mr. Labouchere and his obstructionists. It was taken up with

zest and eagerness by Sir William Harcourt, who gloried in it; and by Mr. Morley, who, to do him justice, seemed ashamed of it. Mr. Gladstone was absent, and the leadership was in commission; and this commission of leaders, consisting of Mr. Labouchere, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley, had the management of the Opposition all to themselves. And they made the most of their opportunity, though it ended in disaster. Never within recent years has a Parliamentary attack been so triumphantly refuted as the attack led by Sir William Harcourt against the Attorney-General, and never was a Parliamentary party more crest-fallen than the combined forces of the commission of leaders. And in his better days, and before he was contaminated by the company which he keeps, Sir William Harcourt was a stickler for the proprieties of debate in respect of judicial proceedings. This is what he said some years ago in reference to the matter:—

‘I should have thought that a man who claims to be a member of the English Bar would have known that *he had no right in his speech to found himself on the evidence in a trial not yet concluded.* That is a thing which not only by the office I hold, but by the profession to which I am proud to belong, I feel myself absolutely precluded from entering upon.’\*

That was a proper and a dignified course to take. But times have changed with Sir William Harcourt, and circumstances have changed. When he made this protest against a member of the English Bar, founding on the evidence in a trial not yet concluded, he was in office, and under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone in his better days. When he attacked Sir Richard Webster and the Commission ‘in a trial not yet ‘concluded,’ he was in opposition, hungry for office, and under the guidance of Mr. Labouchere.

And let us give one more illustration of the action of the Opposition which Mr. Gladstone has been lauding to the sky as a dignified and self-respecting body. The obsolete institution called the ‘Privilege of Parliament’ has frequently been put to uses that cannot be commended. But never has it been prostituted to such vile purposes as it has been during the present Parliament, and even during the last few weeks. A member of Parliament may, in his place in the House of Commons, under shelter of privilege, attack the personal character of any man who is obnoxious to him, and the person attacked has no legal remedy; and if he has the

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\* ‘Hansard,’ February 20, 1883.

misfortune to be a member of the Civil Service he cannot, without incurring official censure, defend himself in the newspapers. This is a harsh rule, but probably the exigencies of the service require it. Many flagrant instances of the abuse of this privilege of Parliament might be adduced. They have been very frequent since Mr. Parnell and his minions have come to the front. And they are cases in which, had the matter been between two private individuals, the person libelled would have had his legal remedy and secured heavy damages. Only the other day an Irish member, by means of a question to the Speaker, thought himself justified, under shelter of privilege, in charging a well-known Irish baronet, formerly a member of the House of Commons, with being 'implicated in the Pigott forgeries,' and 'as having supplied money to defame the character of 'members of this House.' Still later another Irish member, under shelter of privilege, accused a well-known official of 'having stolen' certain correspondence, and in the same sentence he accused another gentleman against whom no charge has been formulated, much less proved, of having 'swindled the "Times" newspaper.' If these accusations had been made outside the House of Commons, or if they had been uttered by a private individual, an action for libel would lie. But being 'privileged' statements, there is no redress. Perhaps, however, the most flagrant case of late is the charge made by Mr. Healy against Mr. Cecil Roche.

On March 26 the following letter appeared in the 'Times':—

'Sir,—As an individual who is calumniated by a member of Parliament, who avails himself of the privilege of Parliament for this purpose, has no legal remedy save to state the true facts in the public press, I ask you to be so good as to print the following letter from the secretary of the Irish Land Commission.

'On March 19 Mr. Timothy M. Healy, in his place in the House of Commons, made the following speech, as reported in the "Freeman's Journal" of March 20:—

"Yet in a case like this Colonel Turner decided the matter and directed that Mr. Latchford, the National magistrate, should be prosecuted by Cecil Roche, with whom he (Mr. Latchford) had been sitting on the bench in Tralee, and had been differing from his (Mr. Roche's) decisions and preventing harshness to the people under the ordinary law. Roche hated this man. He was paid for hating the people. This Roche, who had been dismissed from the Land Commission for drunkenness. (Hear, hear.)

"The Chairman asked the hon. member to adhere to the subject."

'In consequence of this speech I communicated with the secretary of the Irish Land Commission, and have received the following reply:—



“The Irish Land Commission, Dublin : March 23.

“Sir,—I am directed by the Irish Land Commissioners appointed under the Act of 1881 to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 20th instant, in which you state that a statement had been made by Mr. T. M. Healy in the House of Commons that you were dismissed from the Land Commission in consequence of drunkenness, and request that the Commissioners should inform you officially whether that statement is correct.

“The Commissioners direct me to state that there is no foundation, directly or indirectly, for such a statement.

“I am also to add that you were appointed temporarily, and that you ceased to act as Assistant-Commissioner solely in consequence of the reduction of the Sub-Commissions existing when your official appointment terminated.

“I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. FRANKS.

“Cecil R. Roche, Esq., R.M.”

‘I do not think any comment on my part is necessary on these facts.

‘I beg to remain your obedient servant,

‘CECIL R. ROCHE, Resident Magistrate and  
ex-Assistant Legal Commissioner under  
the Land Act, 1881.’

The same statement, to which Mr. Roche takes exception, appears in ‘Hansard’s Debates,’ and there can, therefore, be no doubt of the accuracy of the report, or of the fact that Mr. Healy made this unfounded charge on no evidence against a man of position and respectability. It also appears that Mr. Healy has not apologised for this breach of decorum, nor expressed regret for having made the statement. To an ordinary lay mind it does appear a monstrous thing that such a charge as this can be brought against an honourable gentleman, even if he is an Irish official, by a member of Parliament, and that the person so unjustly libelled has no remedy at law against the libeller. But such is the case. An action could not be sustained against the plea of privilege. What is a member of Parliament, that he should be suffered to make false and malicious charges against any individual he may choose to single out without suffering any penalty, whereas if anyone makes a false charge against him he has his legal remedy? It is surely time that such gross abuses of Parliamentary privilege should be dealt with. It may be a question whether the obsolete institution should not be abolished altogether, and members of Parliament learn that they cannot blacken men’s characters, and pour out false charges upon men’s heads, without

incurring the same liabilities for an unguarded tongue as other men incur.

And it must be borne in mind that it is not the Irish members only who take advantage of their position as members of the Legislature to make charges against individuals which they cannot prove. Sir William Harcourt, forgetful of the relations which ought to exist between a former chief of a department and a former subordinate, was not ashamed to throw discredit on Mr. Anderson with a view to damage the Home Secretary, and to insinuate slander against Mr. Houston in order to damage the Attorney-General. But even greater men than Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Healy have stooped to calumny to promote their policy. Mr. Gladstone, in his new-born zeal for his Irish policy and his Irish allies, has not scrupled to bring baseless charges, both inside and outside Parliament, against innocent men whom he regarded as his political opponents. He made a baseless charge against Colonel Dopping, but that charge was not promulgated in Parliament, and he made what amends he could when that dangerous antagonist applied to him for explanation through his legal adviser. He adopted, and made his own, accusations of a more serious nature against Mr. Freeman in connexion with the murder of Kinsella. These accusations were found to be as baseless as the other. But Mr. Freeman did not secure the services of a lawyer, and no apology or expression of regret has been forthcoming.

But enough has been said of the conduct of her Majesty's Opposition. Space will not permit the prosecution of so fruitful, if so painful, a theme. We have not discussed the policy of the Opposition, because outside their blind and fatuous Irish policy they have none that is continuous or consistent. The old Liberal party, with its definite policy and its glorious traditions, is dead and gone, destroyed by its leader in pursuit of a Parliamentary majority. There is nothing to succeed it, neither a party, nor a leader, nor a policy. The various factions which compose the Opposition have a yearning after many wild projects, a yearning stronger or weaker in proportion to the sense of responsibility which exists in each faction respectively. In ten short days last session the nominal leaders of the combined factions accepted for themselves and their followers payment of members, disestablishment of the Scotch Church, prohibition of liquor traffic, and the Channel Tunnel. This session they have thrown the Welsh Church, septennial parliaments, and

federation of the United Kingdom into the caldron. These wild schemes are all included now in the programme of Mr. Gladstone's party if it, under his leadership, should ever secure a majority. It is useless to discuss them now. The Parliamentary conduct of the various factions we have discussed. That in itself is enough to exclude them from office for the remainder of the century.

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# EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1889.

No. CCCXLVIII.

ART. I.—1. *University of Oxford Commission. Minutes of Evidence taken by the Commissioners, &c., and presented to Parliament.* 1881.

2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. By the Right Hon. MOUNTAGUE BERNARD, D.C.L. (one of the Commissioners).* 1881.

3. *Return to an Address of the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Thorold Rogers, giving particulars as to the University Professorships, College Fellowships, number of Students attending Lectures, &c.* June 24, 1886.

4. *A History of the University of Oxford.* By the Hon. G. C. BRODRICK, D.C.L., Warden of Merton College. 1886.

FEW institutions are so generally interesting as the historic universities; few appeal to so many sections of modern society. If Oxford and Cambridge are habitually separated in the language of common life from the other universities or quasi-universities of the country, it cannot be denied that there are more respectable reasons for the distinction than academic vanity or ancestral pride. It is not possible for new institutions, however efficient and successful, to occupy the place which has been without question conceded to Oxford and Cambridge by generations of Englishmen.

The tenacity with which this interest in the historic universities maintains its ground under circumstances and amid surroundings very unfavourable to its continued existence is certainly to be reckoned a remarkable fact of English social life. It is not only in the upper ranks of the people that Oxford and Cambridge are believed in, and regarded with interest, but also among the masses of the

artisan population; and this is the more surprising when it is remembered that the degree in which the universities affect the lives of those masses is exceedingly small. 'University men' are really very few and far between in the great centres of population. The canonical obligation to wear the hood of their degree during the performance of divine service has associated university education more closely with the clergy than with any other profession in the minds of the masses; and yet of the clergy nearly half receive their education, such as it is, in semi-private seminaries called theological colleges, and of these non-university clergymen the great majority are resident in the poorer and more crowded districts. Notwithstanding this, the belief in the universities is a very real fact even in such localities, and the hoods of Oxford and Cambridge are recognised as badges of superior knowledge, the absence of which indicates something unsatisfactory about the individual clergyman. It is frequently and confidently stated that the number of individuals now educated at the universities is immensely greater than it was before the revolutionary changes effected in these institutions by the Royal Commissions. It is not, however, so evident that this assertion is well founded. It is, indeed, certain that the actual number of students has very largely increased; but when the growth of population is taken into account the exact significance of this increase is materially diminished, and it may reasonably be questioned whether the number of undergraduates is not, relative to the growth of population, stationary, or but very slowly advancing.\*

It is difficult to understand the reason why Oxford and Cambridge are interesting to the masses of artisans, whose connexion with them is of the slightest; no such difficulty exists with regard to the causes of that interest among the educated sections of the nation. The intrinsic interest of a great university must always be considerable; but when there is also added the charm of a long and varied history, expressed in majestic and venerable buildings, and illustrated by the picturesque ceremonial of long obsolete manners, the measure of that interest is materially enlarged, and its character deeply affected.

The special attraction of the University of Oxford springs directly from its history. That history is a record of paradox. Oxford has been most powerful as a centre of

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\*See the Warden of Merton's little book on the University, p. 198.

national education precisely when, as a home of learning, it was most contemptible; unendowed, it educated the poor; endowed richly, it educates the rich. The effort of its latest history is to restore its earliest form, and its most permanent and popular features are excrescences, or, perhaps, even outrages of its primitive constitution. This university, in fact, is a wedge of mediævalism projected into modern life, and con-sorting uneasily with its surroundings. In Oxford men can view the Middle Age still living. That Middle Age, as we call it, is the permanent enigma of history; at once so coarse and so spiritual, so earthly and so aspiring, so conservative and so original, it at once excites aversion and exacts homage. All the circumstances of human life have changed since the Middle Age; the political constitutions, the religious conceptions, the social arrangements of Christendom have undergone alteration almost beyond recognition; but mediæval ideals still attract the respectful notice, and even enlist the deliberate allegiance, of men; mediæval models are accepted as the competent guides of modern effort; mediæval methods are admitted to be the primitive types of all that is most healthy and most permanent in the machinery of modern government. Of mediæval institutions the most permanently interesting is the university, and with reason, for the university at once sums up and expresses the noblest elements of mediæval life, and utters a perpetual and eloquent protest against its worst defects. The home of free-thinking in an age of ecclesiastical despotism, a republic in the midst of absolute powers, a society hierarchically organised on the basis of merit, gathered out of a society ordered on an unyielding principle of caste—a mediæval university has good title to the affectionate study of an age which has deified Liberty.

The maintenance of discipline was the crux of academic government in the Middle Age. The records of the time are full of violent disturbance and lawless crime, of which a faint memory was long preserved in the now obsolete rivalries of town and gown. It is indeed difficult to realise the formidable character of these perennial riots. Class prejudices, national rivalries, professional jealousies, sectarian hatreds, local and personal feuds, all contributed their several proportions of animosity and rancour to the troubled course of academic history in the Middle Age. The very existence of the university was threatened. In the fourteenth century the intolerable anarchy of Oxford was advanced as the justification for a secession of a large body of students, who

attempted, and for a short time with success, to establish a new university at Stamford. The two proctors, to whose hands is entrusted the administration of discipline in modern Oxford, themselves represent a mediæval arrangement for assuaging the chronic feud between the northern and the southern students. The most remarkable and permanent result of the disorder of mediæval Oxford was the collegiate system, which in a very true sense may be regarded as an expedient to secure order. No doubt other motives entered into the foundation of the colleges. The interest of learning, the assistance of poor students, the maintenance of religious worship, these all are recognised in collegiate statutes. A college combined the characteristics of several institutions—the monastery, the cathedral school, the chantry, and the hospital. It was the necessity of securing discipline that superimposed on the colleges that which in modern times has come to be regarded as an almost inseparable feature of their constitution, the character of lodging-houses. The collegiate system, then, owed its importance to the rudeness of the Middle Age. It was as the best securities of good order that colleges grew so rapidly into favour, that within two centuries of the first collegiate statutes they had practically acquired that supremacy which they have retained ever since. The university, as such, sank into comparative insignificance; in its place there grew and expanded a congeries of corporations, independently governed and richly endowed. The ‘college monopoly,’ in the opinion of the Warden of Merton College, ‘owed its origin, in a great degree, to natural selection in a genuine struggle for ‘existence between endowed and unendowed societies.’

The colleges have long survived their *raison d'être*, and they are now the crux of university government. No longer needed for the maintenance of discipline, since mediæval rudeness has been replaced by the gentler manners of a higher civilisation; no longer required as places of cœnobitic rule and propitiatory prayer, since the Reformation discredited the one and prohibited the other; helplessly inadequate as eleemosynary institutions, since the immense increase of population has made such things impracticable on the grand, and unsatisfactory on the small scale,—the colleges owe their apparently indestructible life to their large endowments and their social prestige. They resist the efforts of domestic reformers and repeated Commissions; and at this moment, after all the efforts of the century to advance the University at their expense, and to restore the earliest

medæval type of student, they remain apparently unshaken in their position—as powerful within, as popular without, Oxford, as ever they were at any stage in their long history. No doubt one reason of this lies in the fact that the colleges have themselves abandoned much of their earlier exclusiveness. The number of non-collegiate students *eo nomine* is small, but the number of students on the books of colleges not resident within the walls of hall and college, but living in lodgings, where they will, about the town, is very large. It is said, indeed, that a considerable number of students never reside, and rarely ever dine, within the colleges to which they belong; but this is regarded as an abuse by the more distinguished advocates of the collegiate system, and there is reported to be a strong opposition against this ‘semi-collegiate system’ growing up within the best colleges. In the matter of education the colleges have gone so far in the direction of inter-collegiate action as to suggest the inquiry, What is the present value of the tutorial system and the ‘college lecture’? The tutor rarely resides in college; he is therefore little able to exercise a salutary influence over the undergraduates; his own centre of interest is his home in the parks, from which he comes down to the college for work, after the manner of the ‘City man’ to his office, and in the same temper. The tutorial system, in fact, is moribund, and derives its continued importance from its past reputation. The same logic which has created the ‘combined lecturer’ would, if permitted to operate, create the ‘combined head,’ and, in the university, the ‘combined professor.’ Absolutely no academic justification exists for the large number of wealthy sinecures, known as ‘headships;’ they have to fall back upon the general apologia which can be offered for all endowed sinecures. Meanwhile there are heard many complaints that the collegiate system directly tends to the encouragement of intellectual indolence, by the stimulus which it undoubtedly gives to that passion for athletics which in Oxford has now almost reached the dimensions of a mania, and to those social festivities which are admitted to divide with the final examinations the attention of the summer term.

After all the changes of 1854 and 1877—to say nothing of the ceaseless innovation which has been in progress within the University itself, and which has very materially affected the subjects and the methods of examination—it still remains a question which must be asked, Is the University of Oxford, with its immense revenues, adequately performing its



functions as a centre of national education? There can be little doubt that if that question be asked outside the University, the answer would be the reverse of favourable. To the Englishman of average intelligence it cannot but be a puzzling and humiliating reflection that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, endowed with an income estimated at nearly three quarters of a million pounds sterling, and possessed of a prestige which would suggest some solid claims to the national gratitude, yet hold in the education of Great Britain a place scarcely superior to that filled so honourably by the poverty-stricken universities of Scotland. Accustomed to test all things by the simple standard of result, such a man is amazed at the really astonishing insignificance of the educational work of the great English universities, as compared with that of the kindred institutions of Scotland and the Continent. Without doubt such amazement would not be wholly justified by the facts. Results are not always most truly estimated by the popular and simple method of gathering statistics, because the highest kind of work does not easily lend itself to statistical statement. It is undeniable that, as homes of learning, Oxford and Cambridge hold an incomparably higher place than Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen; and it is at least arguable that their true function in the work of national education is to be sought in that capacity. Nevertheless, even so, the difficulty is not removed, nor the first impression appreciably disturbed. Knowledge on academic matters is still confined to comparatively few men, and of those who know, the great majority have been educated at Oxford and Cambridge, and recognise in the circumstance a quasi-obligation to take no action which could be interpreted as hostile to the universities; but it is said that a very strong feeling on academic questions is revealing its existence in quarters where such considerations have no influence, and that feeling is stated to be very hostile to the historic universities. It is not surprising that this is so, for even within Oxford there is deep and widespread discontent with the existing state of things. The resident university is still deeply divided on the most fundamental questions of academic constitution. The Teutonic ideal of the professoriate, the professional ideal of the 'teaching body,' the collegiate ideal of the dwindling, but still respectable, company of resident celibate tutors, the mediæval ideal of the non-collegiate students—these, and yet other and less commonly expressed ideals of university ambition, receive the allegiance of sections of the resident graduates. Nobody pretends to be

satisfied with the existing *régime*. Some hate the examination system, some would still further subdivide and extend it; some deride and dislike the 'nursery system' of collegiate discipline, some would restore it in its most stringent form. The *bête noire* of one section is the professoriate; of another, the college tutors; of a third, sectarian colleges; of a fourth, 'the pagan university.' The habitual language of one set would induce the belief that Oxford was definitely anti-Christian; that of the rival set that it was aggressively clerical. But amid so strange variety of complaint and dissension, scarce any voice is raised in advocacy of the University as it is. There is an unanimity of discontent, and the ordinary citizen, at once perplexed and disgusted with wranglings which seem to him both unintelligible and contemptible, inquires with anxious misgiving whether the object of so many commissions and domestic revolutions be not as remote from attainment as ever.

The most constant subject of inquiry during the lengthy and careful investigations which Lord Selborne and his colleagues carried on at Oxford previous to the issue of the memorable statutes of 1878 was the professoriate; and certainly one of the most, if not, as commonly believed, the most prominent result of their labours was the developement and regulation of the professoriate. An inquiry into the character of the professoriate must form an important element in any investigation which has for its object a fair estimate of the working of the statutes of 1878, and a satisfactory solution of the doubts indicated above.

One of the most interesting survivals from mediæval days is the 'eminent-man' theory of the professorial office. It links itself on naturally to that conception of the university as a 'centre of learning,' which is as obsolete as it is misleading. Centres of learning were indispensable in a rude and violent age, because aggregation was the condition both of security and of instruction. The isolated student could find neither the opportunity nor the means of study. In the university he could find both. Exactly parallel is the history of cities as centres of industrial activity. In the ages of violence industry must of necessity be cooped up within strong walls in order to exist; but in quieter times it disperses itself according to a natural order. Civilisation renders equally obsolete the university as a 'centre of learning,' and the 'city' as a place of residence. Before paper and printing-press had brought into the intellectual world the means of diffusing ideas with unexampled

precision and rapidity, the living voice was almost the only means of imparting knowledge. These were the heroic days of universities. Great teachers—‘eminent men’—attracted to their lectures hordes of students from every part of Christendom. The individual professor was everything; the system was nothing. But with the causes which had secured his importance, vanished the value of an eminent individual to the university where he taught. The student could better learn the master’s doctrine in books than at lectures; and the master himself—in proportion as he was really eminent—preferred the more deliberate, more accurate, more permanent method of imparting ideas. Universities are no longer ‘centres of learning’ in the ancient sense. It is not necessary to go to them for the highest teaching of the century. Any respectable bookseller, for a modest consideration, will provide *that* in a much more convenient form than any which the student could arrange for himself.

Closely related to the ‘eminent-man’ theory is the ‘ornament’ theory. Professors, on this view of their character, are valuable to the university, not as original researchers, still less as instructors of students, but as ornaments, whose conversation will elevate the general tone of the society which their presence adorns. Several times over the precedent of Salmasius was quoted approvingly by Oxford residents, bearing witness, or, rather, propounding theories before the commissioners in 1877.\* Salmasius, it may be remembered, was invited to reside at the University of Leyden, without any obligation to study or lecture, simply in the hope that ‘he might improve by conversation, and stimulate by example, the learned of the place. Such an arrangement may have been well-advised in the seventeenth century, but in the nineteenth its utility may reasonably be doubted. The quickening influence of intercourse with the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the age is indisputable; and if the only means of securing it as an element in University life were the endowment of ‘ornaments,’ that endowment assuredly would not lack justification. But the direct contrary is clearly the case. The life in Oxford is only a part of the ‘resident’s’ life. For nearly half the year he is free to go elsewhere.

The society of the metropolis can supply, in the ordinary

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*E.g.* by Professor Rolleston, *vide* p. 275, Minutes of Evidence taken by the Commissioners. 1881.

course of its life, that quickening influence, without the assistance of endowment or the machinery of a university. Moreover, Oxford, so far as *time* is concerned, is nearer London civilisation than the remoter districts of the East-end; and the intercourse between the University and the capital is very close; in short, all the circumstances of modern life tend to minimise the importance of local association, and multiply the means of absentee intercourse. Therefore, even if the insinuation of the theory be true, and the highest eminence will not consent to work, the conclusion seems none the less obviously fatal to the purely ornamental professor. But the insinuation is not true, and on every ground the commissioners were justified in 'adhering to the opinion that a University which furnishes regular stipends to professors should require from them some 'corresponding duties.' \*

It is difficult to understand what conception of the professorial position the commissioners ultimately accepted. The minute attention which they paid to everything relating to the professoriate forbids the supposition that they had no definite view of the professor's functions; and yet there is a clear dualism in their statutes. Lord Selborne and his colleagues seem to have combined a strong sense of the indispensable character of the professoriate with a deep distrust of the individual professor. Thus while they multiplied chairs, taxed colleges for the support of an 'university purposes fund' for the payment of readers—a class of sub-professors—and almost squandered money on professorial 'plant,' they, at the same time, surrounded the individual professor with an elaborate machinery of rules and checks designed to make indolence impossible and efficiency certain. The professor might be distinguished, honoured, well-paid; but he must not be left the liberty of a college lecturer in the administration of his office. The number of his lectures, and their distribution at so many per week, were carefully laid down; nor was this all, he was compelled to give 'informal instruction' to those who desired it; and thus was degraded into a mechanical and compulsory thing that kindly, non-official relation which naturally grows up between a great teacher and his more ardent pupils. These minute, and—as very eminent professors have been known to speak—degrading definitions of

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\* *Vide* A Letter to Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, by Right Hon. Mountague Bernard. Rivingtons, 1882.

duty seem to indicate that the commissioners regarded the instruction of undergraduates as the most essential part of professorial work; but, on the other hand, the provision made for university readers (a class of teachers of whom it is no exaggeration to affirm that they combine the worst features of two offices, the meagre emolument and the inferior dignity of the college official with the limited freedom and suspected character of the academic dignitary, and add a trait peculiar to themselves, a limited term of office) points rather to a separation of the duty of undergraduate teaching from the professoriate, and its allotment to a distinct order in the hierarchy of the university. The retention of the collegiate system in a supremacy, diminished indeed, but still unquestionable, points in the same direction; only, as the commissioners were in their treatment of the colleges severely restricted by the statute under which they held office, their action in this matter cannot be regarded as fairly indicative of their own opinion. In truth the commissioners seem to have attempted to effect an union between two different and, as is often stated, mutually destructive conceptions of professorial function. They have combined the duty of research and the obligation to teach; and they have secured an inefficient performance of the first, and a perfunctory submission to the last. One of the most distinguished of modern Oxford professors, an original researcher of first-rate eminence, the present Bishop of Oxford, bade farewell to his chair in terms which express a very respectable body of opinion among the professors:—

‘I could have wished that the Commission had had more sympathy with literary and historical studies, that it had shown more appreciation of the true character of professorial teaching, that it had seen, more distinctly than the new statutes seem to show that it did see, the imprudence of arranging the duties of professors, the number and character of their lectures, not according to the nature of the subject, but according to the amount of stipend forthcoming in the several cases. . . . Restricting my remark to my own study, I will say, if an Oxford Professor of History is to be a man to be trusted to maintain the reputation of his University, to keep abreast with foreign scholars, and to conduct research on his own account, *he ought to have been left with some discretion as to the management of his teaching.* . . . I am told that the great historical works of the great foreign professors have been accomplished by men who have done much elementary lecturing and much informal instruction. That is true, but it is to be remembered that the great German professors have the power and the right to direct the studies of their pupils, classes, and individuals, *to the specialised and differentiated details of their own subject, not merely to general class examinations, in which all the candidates are*

expected to show the same sort of knowledge derived from the same sort of books. What I wanted from the Commission was not less work, but more liberty; *what I succeeded in getting was a little more elasticity of tether.*'\*

The truth is that the commissioners made a serious omission. In compelling professors to lecture they should at least have taken measures to secure them audiences. Short of compulsion, the attendance at professorial lectures will never be large in Oxford, owing partly to the multitudinous college lectures now open to members of all colleges, partly to the non-practical character of the subjects taught by the professors—at least, by most of them. Before, however, examining this point, it may be well to review briefly the arrangements of the new statutes, as they affect the endowments of the professoriate.

The commissioners decided that the fees should not form an appreciable part of the professors' income. The reasons which induced their decision do not seem very forcible, especially since fee-producing subjects are more heavily endowed than recondite, and therefore unpopular, subjects. Endowment as redressing the inequality which the ignorant caprice of voluntary favour inevitably creates is intelligible; but endowment as a direct substitute for voluntary payments seems a superfluous waste of property. And this point is the more deserving of notice in the present connexion since the fee-paying persons, *i.e.* the undergraduates of Oxford, are, as a rule, very well able to afford payment for their own education.

It is difficult, indeed, to discover good reason why instruction should be provided *gratis* to that class of the nation which has least need of gratuitous assistance. Yet it is so that the arrangement of the new statutes tends to work itself out. Vested rights made it impossible for the commissioners to secure a uniform system at once, but they provided for its ultimate attainment. The scale of income cannot certainly be called excessive. The normal income of a professor was to be 900*l.*, or 400*l.*–500*l.*, according as he was practically useful or not. 'In disposing of funds,' says Dr. Bernard, one of the commissioners, 'not unlimited in amount, it has been deemed reasonable to assign larger emoluments and duties to persons charged with the larger departments of study, and less to those whose departments

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\* Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History. Clarendon Press, 1886, pp. 381–3.

'are smaller, or of less educational importance.' Funds were secured for the general purposes of the university by a considerable appropriation of college revenues. This was rendered possible by a wholesale abolition of fellowships. Whereas before 1852 the number of fellowships at Oxford (including studentships at Christ Church) appears to have exceeded 500, and the number of vacancies is said to have averaged 45 yearly; at the present time the fellowships do not much exceed 350. In the interval the University has about doubled its numbers, and more than quadrupled the number of first classes gained in the final schools. Some accessions to the number of Fellows were made from the ranks of the professoriate; and the rival systems of the university and the colleges were thus forced into closer connexion with one another. It may, however, be doubted whether the well-meant endeavour of the commissioners thus in some measure to amalgamate the two has met with the success it deserved; and it is notorious that the arrangement, in some cases, ministers neither to the harmony of collegiate society nor to the popularity of the professorial body.

The return asked for by Mr. Thorold Rogers in 1886, and presented to Parliament at midsummer of that year, will repay careful study by anyone desirous of understanding the value of the professoriate as a teaching body. Two circumstances, indeed, somewhat detract from the value of the report. The professors in several instances evade the question propounded for answer, or declare themselves unable to furnish the required information; they never, with the single exception of Professor Westwood, distinguish between members of the university and strangers—often ladies—when they state the average number of their pupils. It will be found that the best-attended lectures are those of the theological chairs. The reason is obvious: there is a very efficient compulsion exercised by the bishops, who require testimonials of attendance at two courses of these lectures as a preliminary to holy orders. Of these courses, one—that of the *Regius* professor—is expressly named; and, *therefore*, Dr. Ince can present the respectable average of 88 students as attending his lectures. The Margaret professor, without this aid, can only muster a class of 19 in the summer term, and sometimes it sinks to 7. The chairs of Hebrew and Ecclesiastical History are directly useful for the Theological Final School, and are therefore fairly well attended; and both these professors employ competent and popular deputies, whose lectures—~~dealing, it may be presumed, with the more elementary~~

1889.

*Oxford and its Professors.*

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parts of the respective studies—are more numerous attended than those of their chiefs. The two professors of exegesis represent theology as a science rather than as an integer in the university 'course.' Professor Sanday, as eminent as he is popular and underpaid, has a large class when doing the work properly belonging to combined lecturers; but can gather no more than six students when he provides that higher teaching which it is one of the objects of a professoriate to secure. The theological faculty stands thus in the report:—

Professor, &c.	Endowment.	Average attend
The Regius Professor . . .	1,564 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i>	122—51
„ Margaret „ . . .	1,511 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>	19—7
„ Regius of Hebrew . . .	1,500 <i>l.</i>	10—12
		50—60
„ „ Pastoral Theology	1,500 <i>l.</i>	104—59
„ „ Eccl. Hist. . . .	1,500 <i>l.</i>	31—19
Dean Ireland's Prof. of Exegesis . . . . .	393 <i>l.</i> 9 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>	47—6
Oriel Prof. of Interpretation .	1,000 <i>l.</i>	No return.
Reader in Eccl. Hist. . . .	300 <i>l.</i>	50—3
Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint . . . . .	86 <i>l.</i> 9 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>	'Variable.'

Turning to the faculty of Law, it is to be noticed that a singular unwillingness to 'speak plain' manifests itself on the part of the professors. Where accuracy might have been most reasonably expected it is not found. An honourable exception from this censure belongs to the Readers in English Law and Indian Law, who stand alone, apparently, in keeping records of attendance at their respective lectures. It is significant that these two gentlemen are at once most popular and worst paid. The Law faculty presents the following return:—

Professor, &c.	Income.	Average attendance.
1. Regius Prof. of Civil Law . .	434 <i>l.</i> 18 <i>s.</i>	No record.
2. Vinerian Prof. of English Law	900 <i>l.</i>	No account kept; about 20.
3. Chichele Prof. of International Law and Diplomacy . . .	1,500 <i>l.</i>	About 35; no record kept.
4. Corpus Prof. of Jurisprudence	500 <i>l.</i>	No record kept; the class is a small one.
5. Reader in Roman Law . . .	400 <i>l.</i>	No account is kept; about 13—6.
6. Reader in English Law . . .	300 <i>l.</i>	10—50.
7. Reader in Indian Law . . .	400 <i>l.</i>	—50.

unrepaired destroyed



The students attending the lectures of the Reader in Indian Law are mainly, if not exclusively, Civil Service students, and thus constitute a class by themselves. Of the rest, it seems clear that four professors and two readers, with an aggregate income of more than 4,000*l.*, are provided to meet the needs of certainly not more, probably less, than fifty students, a cost to the University of 80*l.* per student, every penny of which springs from endowment. And yet the Law school shows no tendency to increase; and it is an open secret in the University that many of the resident graduates adopt the opinion expressed before the Commission by Sir Henry Maine: 'I am afraid that the institution of 'our School of Jurisprudence now suggests that it is possible 'to give a liberal education through law exclusively, which 'I myself believe to be impossible.'

The faculty of Natural Science is provided with a staff of eighteen professors, lecturers, and demonstrators, and an aggregate income of nearly 8,000*l.* per annum, with an additional sum of about 5,000*l.* for apparatus. The attendance at lectures is, as a rule, very small, scarcely in any case rising above twenty, and frequently falling much below that figure. The Regius Professor of Medicine attracts a large number to his public lectures (given 'from time to time on subjects 'which he considers of great public importance'), but probably a majority of those present on such occasions are ladies and other persons not members of the University. Natural science vies with mathematics as being the subject taken up by fewest undergraduates for the B.A. degree, and both schools seem to steadily, though very slowly, dwindle in numbers. Thus, while in 1878 twenty-three men took honours in mathematics and thirty in natural science, in 1885 the numbers had fallen to twenty-one and twenty-two respectively.

It is, perhaps, in the faculty of Arts that the critic of the professoriate will find most material for criticism. Three professors, the Regius Professor of Greek, the Camden Professor of Ancient History, and the Corpus Professor of Comparative Philology, confess, with varying degrees of frankness, that they do nothing. A most accurate description of the professorial position may be obtained from Canon Rawlinson's explanation of his abstinence from lecturing. 'He offers his teaching, but, under present arrangements, has 'no hearers.' He should have added, 'He therefore does 'nothing, but, under present arrangements, draws 600*l.* a 'year.'

The following list certainly casts an ominous light on the vexed question of the educational value of professors :—

Professor.	Income.	Average attendance.
1. Regius Prof. of Greek . . .	500 <i>l</i> .	Does not lecture.
2. Boden Prof. of Sanskrit . .	1,000 <i>l</i> .	3 or 4
3. Laudian Prof. of Arabic . . .	300 <i>l</i> .	2
4. Prof. of Chinese . . . . .	500 <i>l</i> .	4
5. Jesus Prof. of Celtic . . . .	600 <i>l</i> .	15
6. Rawlinsonian Prof. of Anglo-Saxon . . . . .	300 <i>l</i> .	No record; say 5.
7. Corpus Prof. of Comparative Philology . . . . .	300 <i>l</i> .	Does not lecture.
8. Deputy Prof. of ditto . . . .	300 <i>l</i> .	3—16
9. Waynflete Prof. of Moral Philosophy . . . . .	600 <i>l</i> .	15—1
10. Camden Prof. of Ancient History . . . . .	600 <i>l</i> .	Does not lecture.
11. Lincoln Prof. of Archæology and Art . . . . .	310 <i>l</i> .	0—15
12. Merton Prof. of English Language, &c. . . . .	900 <i>l</i> .	No account kept; say 5.
13. Regius Prof. of Modern History . . . . .	700 <i>l</i> .	No record; say 5.
14. Chichele Prof. of ditto . . .	1,500 <i>l</i> .	32.

Here, then, are fourteen professors, with an aggregate income of nearly 8,500*l*., supplying instruction to a number of students considerably less than that which attends an ordinary combined lecture, for it must not be forgotten that the numbers given in the return, contemptible as they are, yet include ladies and strangers, as well as students, and it is well known that in many instances they form the majority, perhaps even the whole, of the class. •Whether or not it is the function of a university to provide amusement for a large idle population such as that which is now growing up in Oxford may be fairly questioned, at least, it cannot be questioned that such is not a fair use of endowment, and, if public entertainment is to be supplied by Oxford, the public ought to pay for it. A logical extension of the present practice would be the endowment of a professor of the drama, with the necessary assistants, to provide gratuitous performances in the new theatre. The *raison d'être* of an endowed professoriate before the bar of public opinion cannot be the entertainment of ladies. The practical solution which is suggested for this problem of costly inutility is the substitution, wholly or in part, of fees for endowment,

as the source from which professorial incomes ought to be derived. The principle which the commissioners adopted, that educational value should count in the determining of professorial stipends, would receive its most reasonable recognition in an arrangement which would at once measure and recompense educational value. That it would affect disastrously a professoriate placed, as that of Oxford is placed, under the serious disadvantage involved in the existence of the colleges, may be an argument against the Oxford University system, but does not in the least affect the reasonableness of the principle, recognised everywhere else in modern life, of payment by results.

How large a proportion of the charge of the professoriate is borne by the colleges may be gathered from this fact alone, that while the total income of the professorial body amounted in 1888 to nearly 36,000*l.*, the University accounts for that year register only 12,592*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* under the head of stipends of professors and readers. There can be no doubt that this fact goes some way to explain the extreme unpopularity of the professorial body among the resident Fellows of colleges. Of course there are exceptions, but it is beyond question that, as a body, the professoriate is disliked. It is not unnatural that in times of severe agricultural depression, when collegiate incomes are falling with startling rapidity, academic economists should regard with suspicion and resentment the secure and comfortable stipends of the professors and readers; nor is it surprising that in face of a public attention by no means friendly, when trenchant criticisms are heard from outside on the meagre educational results of heavily-endowed Oxford, busy college tutors and lecturers should chafe against the existence of well-paid professors, whose lectures nobody attends, and whose researches nobody cares about, as a costly and burdensome encumbrance, at once useless and indefensible. To the average outside observer this attitude appears absurd; to him the expenditure on the professors appears comparatively insignificant by the side of the enormous cost of the collegiate bodies, of which the educational function is less obvious, and the intense corporate life is unintelligible. The income of the University is very large, more than 67,000*l.*; but it is not much more than a fifth part of the endowment of the colleges.\*

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The Duke of Cleveland's Commission reported, in 1872, that the income from endowment of the University of Oxford amounted for the

The professorial body is composed of sixty-eight individuals, of whom forty-five are styled professors, and the remaining twenty-three readers, lecturers, demonstrators, and teachers. They are distributed thus in the four faculties:—

	PROFESSORS.	Readers, &c.	Total endowment		
			£	s.	d.
*Theology . . .	7	2	9,359	11	8
Law . . .	4	3	4,434	18	0
Natural Science .	13	5	8,226	1	10
Arts . . .	21	13	13,740	0	0
	<hr/> 45	<hr/> 23	<hr/> £35,760	<hr/> 11	<hr/> 6

The average income of a member of the professorial body is thus about 525*l.* per annum; the incomes vary, however, greatly in amount. The Regius Professor of Theology heads the list with 1,568*l.* 8*s.*, the Lord Almoner's Professor and Reader in Arabic brings up the rear, his net stipend being only 50*l.* a year.

In estimating the cost of the Oxford professoriate it must not be forgotten that the imposing sum of 18,796*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*,† which the University expended last year on 'Institutions and 'Public Buildings,' was mainly devoted to supplying necessary plant to the National Science professors, and to maintaining the Bodleian Library. The last is a purpose of national interest and importance, but the value of the first is wholly dependent on the efficiency of the professors concerned, and their power of attracting students to Oxford. Roughly, the expenditure of revenue on the professoriate of Oxford may be placed at nearly 50,000*l.* a year, of which rather more than one half is paid by the colleges.

The professors and readers may be grouped under four heads, according to the purpose of their existence. Some are merely ornamental and ceremonial—such are the Professors of Music and Poetry; some (and these are the most numerous class) are engaged in research—such are the Professors of Hebrew and Arabic, and the mass of scientific

year 1871 to 47,589*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.*; that of the colleges and halls for the same year to 366,253*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* The recent depression in agriculture has very seriously affected the income of the colleges. St. John's, Wadham, and the smaller colleges have suffered severely.

\* It must, of course, be remembered that five of these professors are also canons of Christ Church, and paid out of capitular (*i.e.* ecclesiastical), not out of academic or collegiate revenues.

† *Vide* Abstract of Accounts for year ending December 31, 1888.

professors and teachers; some, again, may be styled professional, because they are designed expressly to meet the needs of definite professions—such are the Professors of Divinity, of Pastoral Theology, most of the Law Professors, and the teachers of modern Oriental languages; finally, a fourth class exists, composed of teaching professors, whose instruction is valuable either in itself, or as ‘paying in the schools’—such are the Regius Professors of Ecclesiastical History, of Modern History, and of Civil Law, the Taylorian ‘teachers’ of modern languages, and most of the readers.

This classification is obviously very rough, but it will serve to illustrate a not uninteresting fact. Including the ‘classical’ professors under the head of ‘Instruction,’ the following figures represent the distribution of the professorial body according to function:—

Professors, &c., of Research	. . . 32	} Academic.
„ „ Ornament	. . . 2	
„ „ Instruction	. . . 21	} Educational.
Professions	. . . 13	

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The full force of this analysis will not be perceived without a further examination of the last two classes. The professors of ‘instruction’ deal with the following subjects:—

Ecclesiastical History	. . . . . 2
Civil Law	. . . . . 1
Classical Languages, Literature, and History	. . . . . 7
Modern Languages and History	. . . . . 7
Philosophy	. . . . . 2
Logic	. . . . . 1
Political Economy	. . . . . 1
	<hr/> 21

The professors are thus represented in the professoriate:

Holy Orders	. . . . . 3
The Legal Profession	. . . . . 6
The Indian Civil Service	. . . . . 4
	<hr/> 13

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that unremunerative, non-educational studies absorb an inordinate proportion of the University endowments.

The ‘bread-winning’ subjects, as they have been well called, are neglected to a degree which is little less than

absurd in view of the conditions of modern life. As an example of this, it may be pointed out that the languages of the great Continental nations are inadequately taught; the literature not taught at all. It will not be disputed that a system of education which omits the literature of France and Germany, to say nothing of Spain and Italy, from the list of its subjects, cannot be other than seriously defective in a very important particular. From the professional standpoint the case is equally strong. The diplomatist, the schoolmaster, and the clergyman cannot be regarded as properly prepared for the technical training of their respective professions without a competent acquaintance with the languages and literatures of the leading Continental nations. It will not be long before the day arrives, if it has not arrived already, when such an acquaintance will be regarded as an integral and inseparable element in a liberal education. These things being so, it is surely a serious accusation against the existing *régime* of the University that no provision is made for these important studies, except the comparatively elementary instruction provided at the Taylor Institution by four poorly-paid 'teachers.' A student of modern European literature would find in Oxford to-day no assistance in his studies from the professoriate. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the genius of the professoriate is not naturally averse to utility. The commissioners—as has been already pointed out—in rearranging, to some extent, the scale of professorial incomes, recognised the justice of the principle that utility should be more heavily recompensed than ornament; but this view of the importance of utility does not seem to commend itself to the professors themselves, to whose influence must be ascribed the conversion of the chair of English Language and Literature into a second chair for the promotion of the educationally valueless study of the archaic dialects of Northern Europe. The Rawlinsonian Professorship of Anglo-Saxon was expressly designed to cover the very studies which the new Merton Professorship, by a strange twisting of terms and intentions, has been made to cover. The Rawlinsonian Professor (in the return presented to Parliament in 1886 on the motion of Mr. Thorold Rogers) described the subject of his chair as being 'the Language, Literature, History, and Antiquities of the Saxon period; as well as the illustration of these from kindred dialects.' The gentleman who holds the 'Merton Professorship of English Language and Literature' could scarcely find words better

fitted to express the subject of his chair as he understands it. Nor can it be contended, in defence of his existence, that the multiplication of chairs for the study of archaic dialects meets a popular demand. It is not disputed that archaic dialects ought to be studied at the endowed universities; nor is it for a moment suggested that popular demand alone should determine the allocation of dignity and income to the diverse studies which engage the attention of the learned, but it is contended that there is a due proportion to be maintained between studies, that popular demand is an integer, and not the least important integer, in the sum of considerations which ought to determine the distribution of academic dignities and emoluments, and that the claims of this particular study are adequately recognised by the existence of the Rawlinsonian Chair. This contention assuredly can claim the support of facts. The experience of the distinguished professor who holds that chair might well have induced the electors to the Merton Professorship to hesitate before they invited another scholar to share the same dignity and the same neglect. If Professor Earle's answer to the question as to the average attendance at his lectures is not free from ambiguity, he at least makes it obvious enough that, for all useful purposes, he might be freed from the statutory obligation to lecture, and permitted to confine himself to the undisturbed pursuit of his studies.

The same might be said, with equal truth, of the Merton Professor of English Language and Literature (*scilicet* Gothic roots, &c.), of the Boden Professor of Sanskrit, of the Professor of Chinese, of the Jesus Professor of Celtic, and of many other members of the professoriate.

From the point of view of the professions there are few more important subjects than rhetoric, a knowledge of which would seem to be essential to an adequate training of clergymen, politicians, and barristers; nevertheless, rhetoric is not represented at all in the ranks of the professoriate, or in the list of subjects which are encouraged by university prizes. In this respect Dublin and other universities are superior to Oxford and Cambridge. So far as the clergy are concerned there is indeed a professorship, which might conceivably include rhetoric in the somewhat unintelligible objects for which it exists. The Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology is stated to deal with 'subjects related to 'the pastoral office and work,' among which rhetoric ought certainly to take high place. This chair, in common with most of the theological chairs, is endowed with capítular

revenues, the professor being *ex officio* Canon of Christ Church. Probably this circumstance would render a rearrangement either of the subjects or of the endowments of those wealthy chairs a matter of difficulty; but from an academic point of view, which is the only point of view permissible in this connexion, the substantial merits of such a rearrangement are alone deserving of consideration. The character of the endowment or the ecclesiastical dignity of the professor is wholly irrelevant to the discussion as to the educational value of the chair. It is difficult—at least, for laymen—to understand the position of the Professor of Pastoral Theology. If he be intended to instruct candidates for holy orders in the practical details of pastoral work, his position would seem expressly designed to secure his incompetence. That object of the chair—assuming it to be an object which can rightly be included in the scheme of academic instruction, an assumption which certainly challenges attack—would be fulfilled at once more cheaply and more efficiently by the invitation to the university, as occasional lecturers, of distinguished and experienced parish priests, actually engaged in pastoral work. The adoption of this plan would set free a large amount of endowment, quite enough to endow liberally a chair of rhetoric. But if recent experience is to interpret the true functions of this chair, practical instruction is not, as indeed it could not well be, its object. The very distinguished clergymen who have held this professorship in recent years seem to have regarded it as emphatically a pastoral office in itself, a veritable *cura animarum*; and have succeeded in making of it a very efficient means for impressing candidates for holy orders, not so much with a knowledge of approved pastoral methods, as with theological views of a distinct party character. So administered the object of this chair has practically been the same as that of the Pusey House in St. Giles', an interesting missionary experiment made by certain advanced churchmen with the avowed object of propagating High Church opinions among the members of what they regard as a secularised university. But the legitimate object of a private society may not be equally legitimate as the object of a public and heavily endowed official; and there is certainly room for question as to the utility and even the propriety of this particular chair. Certainly the study of rhetoric at Oxford and Cambridge might exercise a most salutary influence on the pulpit, the bar, and the hustings; it might, indeed, go far towards healing that disease of talk which is threatening to make public



life hopelessly contemptible. It certainly would give appropriate recognition to a very valuable and beautiful art.

If the defects of the existing system are to be remedied, it would seem that much might be effected in the direction of improvement by the practical adoption of three plans, which are not indeed new, but which have not yet succeeded in securing any general attention. They may be briefly stated as the substitution of endowed professors for endowed professorships, the association of universities in the work of education, and the utilisation of collegiate headships for the endowment of research. Half the arguments which defend the existing system assume the excellence of the professor; and if human wit could have secured a succession of really excellent professors, assuredly the elaborate provisions of the last statutes would have done so; but it is not possible to provide any adequate safeguards against the degeneration of chairs. After all that has been done, it may be questioned whether the professoriate of to-day is in any way superior to that of præ-commission days. 'Surely,' protested Dr. Stubbs, 'the idle professor should have been caught before he was tortured.' 'Surely,' it may be answered, 'the eminent professor should have been proved before he was endowed.' Why should there not be a professorial fund, composed of the emoluments which are now permanently allocated to distinct chairs, out of which fund life-professorships might be created sufficient to provide for the educational requirements of the university—that would be a first charge—and to secure the services of distinguished scholars whom it might be desirable to include in the ranks of the professoriate? In this way any genuine popular demand could receive speedy satisfaction; and demonstrated excellence could be provided with the stimulus and reward of dignity and emolument. Mistakes would most certainly be made; but then they would be much more easily remediable; and no ill precedents could permanently affect the purpose of chairs, as it may be feared is the case under the present system. Why should not the universities recognise the principle of division of labour? Surely in these days it is high time to abandon the mediæval notion of creating a centre of all learning; such a notion—as has been above said—received its origin and its justification from the conditions of mediæval life. Why, for instance, should not Cambridge provide thoroughly for the teaching of natural science; and Oxford as thoroughly for that of theology; while the teaching of modern oriental languages might be left to the Imperial Institute. A university

ought to provide a liberal education, competent to form the basis of that technical training which is special to every trade and profession. Beyond this general course, the minutely differentiated special studies into which human knowledge is now necessarily distributed must be recognised and ordered. It is here, surely, that the principle of division might work with advantage. Let the universities abandon individualism, and accept individuality. Let one group of allied subjects be studied in Oxford; another at Cambridge. It must involve an enormous waste of endowment to provide the necessary plant for a duplicate system. Both sets of professors could pursue their labours in buildings and with appliances which now serve the purposes of one only; while the students would gain the very considerable advantage which must result from the more vigorous movement, the healthier competition, the increased enthusiasm of the stronger school. It is idle to argue that learning would suffer by a process of practical disintegration, for, on the one hand, the argument does not touch education, but a very different thing, special studies, which are *ex hypothesi* conducted in independence of one another; while, on the one hand, intercourse is so easy, thanks to the railroad, the post-office, and the press, that common residence is no longer a necessary condition of common labours. Universities, in fact, ought to be individually complete as centres of education, collectively complete as centres of learning.

Finally, by utilisation of headships for the endowment of research, that prominent element in the schemes of academic reformers would receive ample recognition. Without for one moment denying that a head of a college may have the most important influence for good or for evil on the society over which he presides—the recent history of Oxford proves both propositions to demonstration—it yet may be urged with conclusive force that there are too many headships. It would be possible to stand in the grass plot before the Radcliffe library, and throw stones into four colleges—All Souls, Exeter, Hertford, Brasenose. Every one of these colleges is wholly independent of the rest; every one is governed by its own head. The total number of undergraduates on the books of these four societies was, according to the calendar of 1886, 388. It cannot be argued that, locally or numerically, any reason exists for the maintenance of four separate headships, when one would suffice. Exclusive of halls, public and private, and of the non-collegiate students, there were in 1886 rather more than 2,600 undergraduates on the books of

twenty-one colleges; an allowance of one head to about 120 undergraduates, a most preposterous proportion. Boys want much more careful government, and yet the headmasters of the great public schools are able to govern five or six times as many in their respective societies. It cannot, therefore, be seriously maintained that so many headships are necessary for purposes of government. The individuality of the college can scarcely be advanced as a serious argument in the nineteenth century. The commissioners did not permit it to justify the existence of the halls; and it may be questioned whether anything, except the express words of the statute under which they acted, would have deterred them from at least amalgamating the headships of the smaller colleges. The social argument, often heard in common rooms, is not capable of statement anywhere else. The utility of headships is certainly very doubtful at present, but definitely connected with research there would be a final end of doubt on the point. Some reasons have been urged above in support of the view that research and instruction should properly be separated; the attempt of the Commission to unite both in the professoriate must, in view of the return to Parliament on the subject made in 1886, be ruled a failure. Let the sinecure headships come to the assistance of research. Then the individuality of colleges—whatever that may be worth—will be in some measure safeguarded; and a *raison d'être* will be created for the expenditure of the large mass of endowment which the headships annually absorb. Even here it is needful to enter a protest against the exaggerated importance attached in some quarters to the endowment of research. Experience has shown that endowment, whether capitular or academic, cannot be said with truth to encourage research as a stimulus to exertion, but as a reward for work done. In truth, the spirit which inspires men to undertake the protracted and, so far as the applause of society is concerned, thankless labours of original research in obscure and little-regarded departments of knowledge is very rarely, if ever, compatible with the tenure of sinecures or the indolent dignity of endowed office. It is an honest, an independent, a laborious spirit which so labours; and the 'encouragement'—perhaps, even the 'reward'—of academic or ecclesiastical revenues is more often an outrage than a decoration. The *apologia* for well-endowed sinecures which claims them as the necessary stimulants of learning is almost as old as the abuse; yet it is doubtful whether any contention quite so ill-supported in experience and reason ever held its own

for so long. Two centuries have passed since Milton denounced it as false, and his words are—*mutatis mutandis*—as true as when he wrote them.

‘It was’—so he writes in the ‘*Areopagitica*’—‘the complaint and lamentation of prelates upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him.’

Substitute ‘professor’ and ‘academic’ for ‘clergy’ and ‘church,’ and the great Puritan’s words would not lack point in the nineteenth century, and in the endowed universities. ‘Sordid and unworthy’ is the comment which inevitably suggests itself whenever the sacred interests of learning are treated as depending on the vulgar supports of admitted abuses; and the disinterested passion of research is pictured as claiming the stimulus and hire of material gain. Nevertheless, the endowments exist, and, though difficult, it is not impossible to employ them in the true interests of learning; and the establishment of competent rewards of proved merit would seem to be less open to serious objection than any other method of securing this result.

When the time comes for another University Commission—and in the interests of national education that time ought not to be too long deferred—it is to be hoped that Parliament will insist upon treating the universities in one scheme, not individually, and that the claims of education as such—distinct on the one hand from special studies, and, on the other hand, from technical training, but the efficient preparation for both—will receive more careful attention than in the past. In the university of the future the professoriate must necessarily hold a great place; but its claims to prominence must be based on its acknowledged utility. The endowment of research will not be forgotten, nor the indispensable necessity of justifying the disposition of collegiate revenues. As a result to such a Commission, it might reasonably be hoped that the reproach of English universities will be rolled away, and the students of Oxford and Cambridge, multiplied many times over by accessions from all classes of the nation, will present a final answer to all who would reduce the prestige or alienate the property of those venerable institutions.

- ART. II.—1. *Le Commencement d'une Conquête : L'Algérie de 1830 à 1840.* Par CAMILLE ROUSSET, de l'Académie Française. Paris: 1887.
2. *Campagnes de l'Armée d'Afrique, 1835-1839.* Par le Duc d'ORLÉANS. Publié par ses fils. Paris: 1870.
3. *Les Zouaves et les Chasseurs à Pied.* By the Duc d'AUMALE. Paris: 1855.
4. *Memoirs of Marshal Bugeard.* By the Count H. d'IDEVILLE. Edited from the French by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. London: 1884.
5. *Lettres du Maréchal de Saint-Arnaud.* Paris: 1855.

IN the whole of modern history there are few episodes alike more interesting and instructive than that which M. Rousset styles 'the first ten years of a conquest.' Full of romantic adventures, of desperate fighting, able operations, and tragic errors, it is also attractive from the fame eventually achieved by many of the principal actors in the drama. It was in Algeria that Changarnier, Pélissier, La Moricière, Macmahon, Canrobert, Saint-Arnaud, and many others graduated in the school of war, and laid the foundations of the eminent positions which they afterwards obtained. There also perished many who, had they lived, would have risen to high rank and reputation.

It is the fashion to say that Algeria was the ruin of the French army, and contributed in no small degree to the catastrophe of 1870. The argument is that the troops acquired there, in dealing with an uncivilised foe, habits of looseness of discipline, carelessness in fighting, and a contempt for their opponents, which unfitted them for a struggle with a highly trained, solid, and efficient army such as that of Germany. To sum up, it is averred that the French army was, in a military sense, demoralised by its experiences in Algeria. We are prepared to join issue on that point. One of the great features of the war of 1870 was the absence of well-planned, carefully carried-out strategic combinations, e.g. the battle of Spicheren. Another was the neglect of the most ordinary precautions to obtain information as to the movements and whereabouts of the enemy, and to guard against surprise, e.g. the whole of the flank march to Sedan, and especially the surprise at Beaumont. Another feature was the want of mobility of the French army, and the defective commissariat arrange-

ments, exemplified in numerous cases. For these glaring and signally punished errors Algerian experience cannot surely be held responsible. Owing to the conditions of the contest in Africa, both strategical and tactical combinations of various columns were absolutely necessary to success. No effective blow could be struck against an active, ubiquitous, and subtle foe, nor could the troops be safeguarded against a surprise which meant annihilation, without a due performance of reconnoitring and outpost duties. Finally, if there was one lesson taught more incessantly and imperiously, it was that of the necessity of activity and sound supply arrangements. The fact is, that the disasters of 1870 were due to many causes which had no connexion with Algeria, and are too numerous to be detailed here; but the chief cause was the utter demoralisation alike of the army and of all public bodies under the corrupt Napoleonic *régime*. With this preface we will proceed to sketch, necessarily in the barest outline, the history of the first ten years of the conquest of Algeria, which is not only full of historical interest, but also pregnant with military lessons of undying value.

Somewhat strangely, M. Rousset commences his narrative with the arrival of General Clausel at Algiers on September 2, 1830. The Duc de Chartres in his introduction to his father's work, supplying the missing first link, gives a clear, well-written account of the preceding events. Repeated acts of piracy and insult induced the Government of Charles X. to send a squadron to blockade the port of Algiers. This measure produced no effect, and the dey even added to his offences by opening fire on a French man-of-war which sought to communicate with him under a flag of truce. This last outrage caused the cup of patience to overflow, and the French Government decided to destroy the nest of pirates which had been so long the scourge of the Mediterranean. The expedition was on a large scale for those days, consisting of 30,000 men organised in three divisions of three brigades each, with three squadrons of cavalry, and 116 guns. The command of this army was given to the Comte de Bourmont, the Minister of War, best known for having deserted from Napoleon's army on June 15, 1815. Among the junior officers were several, such as Baraguay d'Hilliers, Vaillant, Péliissier, Changarnier, Magnan, De la Moricière, and Macmahon, who afterwards became known to fame. For the transport of the army 484 merchant vessels had been chartered, and these were escorted by 102 men-of-war.

The expedition started from Toulon on May 25, but, driven back by a violent storm, it was not till June 13 that the fleet found itself at anchor off the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch, within about nine miles from Algiers. The Algerians in their arrogance had resolved to allow all the French to land in order that they might all be captured or slain. Consequently no preparations had been made for the defence of the isthmus, and on the morning of June 14 only one shot was fired from a coast battery and the disembarkation was effected without opposition. As soon as the first and second divisions landed they occupied the battery without a contest. The third division was occupied in clearing the isthmus, which task they accomplished after a slight skirmish, in which the foe gave an evidence of their barbarism by cutting off the head of a French lieutenant who had been surrounded and killed. As soon as the troops were got on shore, steps were taken to fortify alike the landing place and the isthmus. On their side the Algerine troops, estimated at from 40,000 to 50,000 men, established a slightly fortified camp between Sidi-Ferruch and the town of Algiers.

At sunrise on June 19 the Algerine army attacked the French lines, and after a prolonged and well-contested battle the French captured the camp of the Algerines, whose loss was about 5,000 men, that of the victors being only 520. The siege train not having been disembarked, the victors, unable to follow up their victory, contented themselves with road-making and adding to the defences of the captured Algerine position. On the 24th the Algerines again attacked, this time with less energy, and were again repulsed. The French that afternoon established themselves at a distance of somewhat less than four miles from the town of Algiers. On the 29th, the last of the convoy, including artillery horses, having arrived, the French resumed their advance, and after a series of actions, some of them sharply contested, established themselves in front of a formidable work called Fort l'Empereur. That night the trenches were opened, and the siege works were pushed forward with so much energy that on July 4 at daybreak their batteries opened fire. Six hours sufficed to silence the guns of the besieged, and breaching operations were then proceeded with. Soon the garrison fled, only one negro remaining, who, finding that the batteries were steadily accomplishing their task, blew up a large magazine, the explosion overthrowing one front of the fort. A body of French soldiers rushed in and occupied the ruins. In the meantime an attack had been made on the exterior lines of

the French army, but without success, and the next morning the dey capitulated, and piracy on the Mediterranean was virtually extinguished.

This event, so creditable to the French arms, occurred just twenty-two days before the outbreak of the Revolution, and was a brilliant epilogue to the long career of glory in which the white flag and the lilies of the Bourbons had so often waved victorious over the field of battle. Actually the last fight in which Bourbon generals were engaged was somewhat of a disaster. The Comte de Bourmont, who had been rewarded for the capture of Algiers by the marshal's staff, deemed it necessary to establish French authority in the neighbourhood, and proceeded at the head of a strong column to Blidah. The inhabitants promptly submitted; but just as the troops were on the point of starting on their return march they were unexpectedly attacked by a host of Arabs. So vigorous was the onset, so little prepared for it were the French, that an aide-de-camp of the marshal was mortally wounded by a bullet, and the marshal himself and his staff were compelled to cut their way through the foe sword in hand. Some charges of cavalry arrested the onset, but in the retreat to Algiers the column was closely pressed, and was repeatedly obliged to face about and repulse the continual assaults of the Arabs.

Scarcely had Algiers been reached when the news arrived that Charles X. had been replaced by Louis Philippe. A few days later Marshal Bourmont, who refused to serve under the new government, quitted the scene of his triumph, and was succeeded by General Clausel, accompanied by a staff composed of officers of the Empire. Among the first steps taken by the new commander-in-chief was the creation of some native corps to replace several regiments sent back to France. Commandants Maumet and Duvivier were ordered to raise two battalions of Zouaves, and Chef d'Escadron Marcy a squadron of Spahis. The origin and early history of the Zouaves, soon to acquire a European reputation, is well told by the Duc d'Aumale. The name given to them was taken from a Kabyle tribe called the Zouaoua, a warlike tribe inhabiting the most remote gorges of the Jurjura mountains. They had never acknowledged more than the nominal suzerainty of the Dey of Algiers, and had gained a great reputation as mercenary soldiers. Few of these entered the new corps, which was composed of natives of every description, the officers and sergeants being French. Soon the original constitution was modified. Some of the



so-called 'Volunteers of the Charta,' despatched from Paris by the Government, which was doubtless glad to give these turbulent spirits a distant field of action, were incorporated in the Zouaves. Europeans of every nationality hastened to join the corps, but after a time those who were not of French nationality were incorporated in the Foreign Legion. When Abd-el-Kader appeared on the scene, and called all true Mussulmans to make war on the infidels, many of the native Zouaves, who had repeatedly fought with courage and devotion in the French ranks, deserted and ranged themselves on the other side. Hence the proportion of Frenchmen in the Zouaves steadily increased, and in 1841 the regiment was completely remodified, it being decreed that a third battalion should be organised, and that but one company per battalion should receive natives. Indeed, the mixture of the two races had not been a complete success, for the soldiers of the army of Africa were called upon, like the Romans, to use the spade as much as the sword; and the natives, though ready to do their share of fighting, avoided their proportion of work. By degrees the strength of the Zouaves increased, and the number of native soldiers decreased, till in the end the corps became purely French.

General Clausel, finding the detached posts around the town of Algiers daily more pressed by the Arab cavalry of the plain and the Kabyle infantry of the mountains, the Bey of Titteri daily more hostile to the French, and the whole province a prey to anarchy, resolved to strike an important blow. Announcing the deposition of the existing bey, he undertook an expedition, with 7,000 men, to Medeah, where he intended to instal a bey whose fidelity could be counted on. With this force, which started on November 17, 1830, marched the newly raised Zouaves. On the 18th the army reached Blidah after a short but sharp skirmish, but found the town deserted. On the 20th, leaving behind a small garrison, General Clausel resumed his march. On the 21st he stormed the col of Mouzaia, which was crossed by an abominable road, steep, intersected by ravines, and in places allowing only two men to march abreast. On the summit stood the deposed Bey of Titteri, with a large but miscellaneous force. The enterprise was of an audacious character, and the difficulties to be overcome of a grave nature; but General Clausel, who commanded the expedition in person, considered that the greater the difficulties the greater would be the moral effect of overcoming them. By dint of a combined front and flank attack and the

habitual gallantry of the French soldier the position was carried after some hard fighting, the first to reach the summit of the col being Lieutenant de Macmahon, aide-de-camp to General Achard, commanding a brigade. It was here that the Zouaves received their baptism of fire. The next day, with the exception of some slight skirmishes, the column arrived at Medeah without opposition, and the inhabitants came out to offer their submission. The general placed in the town three battalions and two mountain howitzers to support the authority of the new bey; and by depriving the troops of all but twenty cartridges per man established a reserve of 20,000 cartridges, in addition to those which the garrison had in their pouches. This was evidently a quite insufficient supply, so the general ordered fifty artillery and train drivers with their waggons to proceed under the escort of fifty infantry to bring up a supply from Algiers. The officer commanding the artillery pointed out the great risk of sending so weak a detachment through a country swarming with the enemy. The general received the remonstrance with contemptuous words, and the detachment set off. Before reaching Blidah the escort was increased to three companies; but after proceeding a short distance beyond that town, the officer commanding the latter, perceiving a large number of Arabs in the plain, suggested to Captain Esnaut, commanding the artillery drivers, to retrace his steps with him. Stung, no doubt, by the bitter language of General Clausel, Esnaut refused, and set off at a trot with his own men, the escort returning. Esnaut could only have proceeded a few miles when he was attacked, overwhelmed by numbers, and his party destroyed to the last man. As to the escort, scarcely had they commenced their return than they were assailed by a swarm of cavalry, and had great difficulty in effecting their retreat to Blidah.

On November 27 the army commenced its return march. When approaching Blidah a large force of the enemy was seen drawn up to bar the road. An attack was at once ordered, but the enemy quickly disappeared before they could be reached. At Blidah a dreadful sight met the eyes of the army. The streets were covered with stains of blood, the houses were filled with corpses, and every sign of a desperate struggle was visible. The garrison was too weak to occupy the whole of the enceinte, but the best disposition of the troops possible had been made. For the first few days the enemy made little demonstration of hostility. At daybreak, however, on November 26 a sudden

attack was made, both outside by the Kabyles, and from inside by the townspeople and a large number of Kabyles whom they had concealed in their houses. A desperate struggle ensued, but, chiefly through a brilliant tactical movement, the French eventually remained the victors. On the 28th the return to Algiers was resumed, Blidah being evacuated, and the army being accompanied by some hundreds of Moors and Jews, who sought to place themselves under French protection. These miserable creatures, including women and children, could scarcely, many of them, drag their weary limbs along; but the troops behaved nobly. Officers and cavalry dismounted and hoisted into their saddles these unfortunate creatures, and all strove to the best of their power to mitigate their misery. On the 29th Algiers was re-entered, the enemy having made but feeble efforts to interfere with the march of the column. On the whole, notwithstanding the massacre of the fifty artillery drivers, the expedition had produced a great moral effect on the natives of Algiers and the neighbourhood.

Attached to the staff of General Clausel during this expedition was a very remarkable man, whose name soon became famous in the army of Africa. Jussuf, the son of a Frenchman holding a high employment in the police of Leghorn, was born in 1808. In 1814, his father having followed Napoleon to Elba, the child was carried off by some Tunisian corsairs, and sold to their bey. He secured the favour of his master, and on becoming a man, unfortunately for himself, also the favour of one of the bey's daughters. A Greek betrayed the lovers to the bey. Jussuf, before he could be seized, cut out the eyes and tongue of the Greek, and laid them at his mistress's feet, saying, 'Here are the eyes which have seen us, here is the tongue which has betrayed us.' He then sought and obtained an asylum at the French consulate. Escaping from Tunis in June 1830, he arrived at Sidi-Ferruch at the same time as the French army. At first acting as interpreter, an unfounded accusation of treasonable correspondence obtained him an interview with General Clausel, who took a fancy to him, and, as we have said, attached him to his staff. His knowledge of the habits and the language of the natives, together with his boiling courage, soon secured him a commission, and he quickly rose in rank till he became a general.

Scarcely had General Clausel re-entered Algiers when he learnt that the garrison of Medeah was hardly pressed by the enemy, and almost destitute of ammunition and food. A few

hours after the departure of the army some Arab horsemen reconnoitred the place; and the next day the attack commenced. It was continued on the 28th, and that evening it was found that only thirty cartridges per man were left, and the friendly inhabitants of the town applied for ammunition in vain. On the 29th the enemy displayed less vigour, and on the 30th withdrew. The loss of the French had been in these three days' fight 192, and that of the friendly townspeople nineteen killed and wounded. The first thing to be done was to send a supply of ammunition, and General Clausel hit upon an ingenious device for effecting the transport both expeditiously and safely. He caused the cartridges to be made up in bales, with which were laden twelve mules, and as if the bales contained ordinary merchandise despatched by the merchants of Algiers, they were entrusted, as was the custom, to Arab muleteers, who unwittingly brought their precious loads safely to Medeah. On December 7 a more substantial succour was sent them in the shape of money, provisions, and more cartridges, under the escort of nine and a half battalions, a field battery, and one hundred chasseurs à cheval. With the exception of the most abominable weather the column met with no obstacles, and after reinforcing the garrison by two battalions returned to Algiers.

General Clausel next engaged in an ambitious diplomatic movement. The Bey of Constantine declined to recognise the suzerainty of the successors of the Dey of Algiers. Unable for want of troops to bring the Bey to reason by force of arms, he had recourse to diplomacy, and with the assistance of the Consul-General of France at Tunis, the now famous M. de Lesseps, he concluded a treaty by which Sidi Mustafa, brother of the Bey of Tunis, was to be appointed Bey of Constantine, and as such to pay a yearly tribute to France, to be guaranteed by his brother. In connexion with this treaty General Clausel issued two edicts, one deposing the Bey of Constantine, the other appointing Sidi Mustafa, the brother of the Bey of Tunis, to the discounted vacancy. As was to be expected, no one paid the slightest attention to the edict of deposition, which the French were not able to enforce; while as to the bey-designate, he took no serious steps on his own behalf. This extraordinary negotiation had been carried on without the knowledge of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when it became known it met with a bad reception from the Government and the public alike.

As soon as he had brought to a conclusion—on paper—the affair of Constantine, the general proceeded to carry out a

similar scheme relating to Oran. Circumstances were more favourable to him in this direction. The Bey Hassan had, on the capture of Algiers, recognised the sovereignty of France. On December 12, 1830, therefore, a regiment of infantry, a field battery, fifty cavalry, fifty sappers, twenty-five gendarmes, and two mountain guns under General Damrémont, embarked at Algiers, and the next day arrived at Mers-el-Kebir, the seaport of the town of Oran. The mission of General Damrémont was to support the authority of the bey, and to watch events. Knowing that agents from Morocco were busy in the province, that deputies from Tlemcen had proceeded to Fez to offer their submission to the Sultan, and that five hundred of his troops had occupied that town, General Clausel had sent Lieut.-Col. Auvray to Tangiers to make serious representations. That staff officer was prevented from either seeing or despatching a letter to the Sultan, and was obliged to return without having accomplished anything. Notwithstanding this check, and although he was acting not only without the authority but also without the knowledge of the Government, the General and M. de Lesseps entered into negotiations which had for their object the appointing another of the family of the Bey of Tunis, Bey of Oran on conditions almost identical with those on which the bey's brother had been named Bey of Constantine. The Tunisian Government were not very eager on this occasion; but the general, in order to anticipate objections at Paris, and to support a first error by a second, brought energetic pressure to bear. On February 4, 1831, an edict—we had almost said a general order—of the Commander-in-Chief nominated Ahmed, Prince of the house of Tunis, Bey of Oran. About three weeks previously the old bey had voluntarily resigned his office and repaired to Algiers, while simultaneously the French troops at Mers-el-Kebir had occupied Oran.

These conventions were condemned at Paris, for General Clausel had trenched on the functions alike of the Foreign and War Ministers. Moreover the Government had not yet decided on indefinitely occupying Algeria. The result was that both conventions were disavowed, and M. de Lesseps was severely reprimanded for his share in the transaction.

The reduction of the army, owing to the threatening state of affairs in Europe, rendered it necessary to concentrate what remained. Hence on December 29, 1830, a brigade of four battalions was sent to bring back the garrison of Medeah, which had suffered greatly from want of proper quarters, an

insufficiency of wholesome food, and from dysentery, the natural consequence of its privations. On January 4, 1831, the whole force in Africa, with the exception of the detachment at Oran, was concentrated in Algiers and its neighbourhood, within limits almost as restricted as those which existed when General Clausel had landed in Africa four months previously. His rule had certainly not been a success, and perhaps the Government were glad to spare him the humiliation of dismissal by the alleged reason that—first, he had, in hopes of a more important field of action in Europe, solicited that he might be relieved; and, secondly, that for the army of Africa was to be substituted ‘the division of occupation.’ On February 25 he embarked for France.

His successor was General Berthézène, a veteran of the wars of the Republic and the Empire, who had commanded a division at the capture of Algiers. He was a good general of division, but wanting in the qualities required in a commander-in-chief. Unfortunately he had been taken up by the Opposition papers, who had attributed to him the chief merit of the short campaign which ended in the fall of Algiers. Hence he was so much puffed up that, as M. Rousset observes, ‘when he returned to France in October 1830, he would not have been surprised at finding on his table the bâton of marshal.’ Moreover, though not unpopular with the troops, he was coarse and rough to those about his person. The composition of the division was as follows: Four regiments of infantry, each 2,500 strong, in three battalions; a battalion of Zouaves, two squadrons of French and one squadron of native cavalry, seven batteries, a company of military train, a company of sappers, and one hundred gendarmes. To these must be added the 21st Regiment at Oran and the Parisian volunteers, of which detachments arrived almost daily, and who were eventually organised as the 67th Regiment.

The feast of Bairam seemed to be the signal for acts of hostility on the part of the natives. Officers were attacked at night in the streets of Algiers. Outside it was dangerous to pass from one post to the other. A sergeant-major who had gone to pass the night at a canteen in the environs was, as well as the *cantinière*, assassinated. The roads in the district became unsafe, the bringing of provisions to market was hindered; other outrages were perpetrated, and letters were seized which contained an appeal for assistance to Muley Hassan, commanding troops at Tlemcen.

Evidently some vigorous measures were required if the French were not to abandon all authority outside the gates of Algiers, and on May 7 a division of 4,000 men was sent out on a so-called reconnaissance. Proceeding at first to the east, it entered the district of El Ouffia, and the flocks were sequestered until the assassins of the Kaïd of Khachna, who had been murdered a few weeks previously, were surrendered. On the 8th the column retraced its steps, and the troops believed that they were about to return to their cantonments. Having become acquainted with the changeableness of General Berthézène's mind, they were not much surprised when, towards evening, the advanced guard turned suddenly towards the south. On the 9th the column entered the territory of the Beni-Misra. This turbulent tribe, who had been guilty of many outrages, professed themselves repentant and solicited pardon. The general allowed himself to be easily appeased, and as he needed meat for his troops, imposed upon them the light contribution of six oxen. After waiting a couple of hours six calves were produced. On these being refused, two hours later they produced three miserable oxen, with the excuse that the three others had escaped on the road. The lie was accepted, yet immediately after resuming the march the column passed large herds of magnificent oxen. In the evening the territory of two tribes who had been guilty of a murder was reached. The sheikhs were ordered to surrender the assassins before noon on the morrow, under pain of fire and plunder. Fair words were given, but as soon as they had departed groups of men and women were seen to hurry off with their property and cattle. The next day at noon, the sheikhs not having reappeared, the huts, trees, and crops were destroyed, but the cattle had been carried off. The column then returned to Algiers, having irritated without cowing the natives.

A more serious expedition was at hand. The bey whom the French had set up at Medeah found his authority slipping away. He sent to General Berthézène urgently praying for succour. On the 25th the general, with a force of 4,500 men, taking with them but eight days' provisions and—extraordinary error—only forty cartridges per man, commenced his march to Medeah. On the 29th that place was reached, the opposition being purely nominal. The whole of the next day was passed in inactivity, the general feeling convinced that his presence alone would overawe the natives. By evening, however, it became evident that a serious insurrection had been kindled, and if it were wished to avoid

being shut up in Medeah a decisive blow would have to be struck. At daybreak of July 1 the army sallied forth in three columns and proceeded to destroy trees and crops. The foe slowly and steadily retired, without coming to action, as the French advanced. The Arabs, in accordance with their traditional tactics, were waiting for the retreat. Then they pressed the rear, harassed the flanks, threw the rearguard—some of which was new to African warfare—into disorder; nevertheless the force re-entered Medeah without serious loss. But the French could see that the enemy was every moment being reinforced by distant tribes. To use the words of M. Rousset, ‘The expedition had failed to attain its object; instead of imposing submission it had unchained revolt.’

No time was to be lost in returning to Algiers; this was obvious, yet not till 4 p.m. on July 2 did the army commence its march, encumbered by the presence of the bey and a large number of Moors and Jews, afraid of the Kabyles, who obtained permission to accompany the troops. The first stage was accomplished under a continual fire of skirmishers. The bivouac was formed, the fires lighted, and the soup was being prepared, when about 11 p.m. the order was issued to empty the camp kettles, but to leave the fires burning, and to resume the march. The general had received information that the enemy intended to attack the bivouac in the middle of the night. At midnight a woman’s cry was heard; it was the signal for attack. Howls and musket shots succeeded, but thanks to the hurried departure of the column, the number of the enemy at hand was comparatively small. At daybreak the number of Arabs and Kabyles increased, and they became more enterprising during the passage of the defile leading from the col of Mōuzaïa to the plain; the enemy, attacking simultaneously the rear and the flank of the long column, at length drove both the rearguard and flankers on to the main body, which was thus thrown into confusion. The panic even seized on the advanced guard, and the moment was critical. General Berthézène proved at this conjuncture that if an indifferent commander-in-chief he was at all events a brave soldier. Seizing a colour, he planted it in the face of the enemy. Several brave men formed up at his sides. At the voice of their commandant, Duvivier, the combined battalion, consisting of four companies of the newly organised 67th Regiment and 200 Zouaves, rallied, and before their firm attitude the enemy shrank from coming to close quarters. Retiring in good order, the battalion carried off



with it a mountain howitzer lying on the ground, and having for its only guard the gallant Commandant Camain, of the artillery, who had refused to leave it. Duvivier's men had saved the army, which soon recovered its formation and calmness.

A short halt was made, and food, brandy, and cartridges were distributed, but no water was to be obtained, the Arabs having turned the course of a stream. On entering the plain the Kabyles had been succeeded by swarms of mounted Arabs, but at four in the afternoon they rode off towards the east, in order to await the army at the usual crossing place of the river Chiffa. Informed of their intentions, General Berthézène waited till nightfall, and then marched to a crossing point about five miles to the north of the spot where the mass of the Arabs were awaiting him. A few Arabs followed skirmishing. The head of the column, badly guided, marched from the direct route, and it was not till 10 P.M. that the river was at length reached. M. Rousset thus describes what occurred: 'Immediately, without order, in spite of the efforts of their officers to restrain them, the ranks were broken; horsemen, infantry, artillerymen, pell mell, rushed into the water; each battalion, each company, arrived as a mob at racing speed; not even a squad kept together, the confusion was even greater than at the col.' Fortunately the Arabs had gone to the wrong crossing, or the division would have run the risk of annihilation. After two hours of effort order was restored, and at 4 A.M. the division arrived at Bouffarik, and on July 5 at Algiers. The loss officially admitted was 380 killed and wounded, but according to the reports current at Algiers it was much more serious.

The insurrection spread rapidly, and the French, demoralised by the result of the expedition, having no longer any confidence in their chief, suffering from fever and sunstroke—2,500 were in hospital, and one regiment had only 500 men fit for duty—were in no condition to undertake a vigorous offensive. A captain of engineers was on July 10 assassinated quite close to the Maison Carrée, a fort about six miles from Algiers; the following day some French colonists, while driving a carriage to the Model Farm, about the same distance from Algiers, were surprised, two being killed, three wounded. On the 13th the oxen of the commissariat contractor were carried off and the herdsmen slain; some artillerymen out foraging were attacked; a soldier was found close to a post with his throat cut; some marauders even ventured to pillage a house within the lines. On the

17th an attack was made on the Model Farm, but on the approach of succour from Algiers they drew off. On the 18th, during a review held in honour of a visit from the Prince de Joinville, then a midshipman of thirteen years of age, the sound of cannon was heard. The Arabs had attacked the Model Farm again. 3,000 men hastened from the review ground to the aid of their hardly pressed comrades. At 2 P.M. the head of the column appeared in sight, and simultaneously Colonel d'Arlanges, of the 30th, who with a portion of his regiment occupied the post, made a sortie. Fearing to be taken between two fires, the enemy fell back, firing, towards the river Harrach, on the opposite bank of which was their camp. If General Berthézène had followed them up closely he could have driven them into the stream. The general was urged to press them, but a battalion was a mile and a quarter in rear, and he insisted on waiting for its arrival.

Seeing that they were not followed, the Arabs regained courage and resumed the offensive. When at length the troops advanced the favourable moment had passed, and the tents and baggage of the enemy had been carried off. At 6 P.M. the column returned to Algiers. The general thought that all was over, but next day an attack was made on the farm, and more vigorously on a blockhouse near it. On the 20th, 400 infantry were sent to escort the wounded to the hospitals of Algiers. Suddenly attacked as they were nearing the farm, the men belonging to the newly organised 67th Regiment were panic-stricken; many of the men fled, some of the officers followed their example, and all would have been destroyed had not Colonel d'Arlanges made a sortie, rallied them, and brought them into the post, with, however, a loss of thirty-two killed and wounded. On the 21st the enemy advanced as far as Birkhadem, about four and a half miles from Algiers. At length, on the 22nd, General Berthézène did what he ought to have done three days sooner. With a column of the same strength as that sent out on the 18th, he defeated and drove back the enemy some distance on the Blidah road. This action put an end to the crisis. Luckily the different tribes had attacked by independent groups on successive days, showing that they were incapable of concerted and long-sustained operations. M. Rousset in a few pregnant sentences depicts the situation:

‘ Vanquished, not subdued, the insurgents were not less to be feared. The insurrection had thrown Algiers into a state of terror, and its

defeat had not effaced the memory of the col. To sum up, the army had done nothing more than defend itself, and for a long time it was reduced to the defensive. Shut up within its lines, more than decimated by the fever which sent fifty men per day into hospital, it had not that confidence in its chiefs which restores vigour to the heart. Since Médéa the command had been exercised with neither vigour nor decision. The soldier did not feel himself led; the officer was negligent; thence disorder, want of discipline, discouragement, and weakness.

Nor was it only at Algiers that the general was beset by difficulties. Bona had been blockaded since the month of May by the Bey of Constantine, jealous of its semi-independence. Commandant Huder, aide-de-camp of General Guillemot, ambassador at Constantinople, by accident put in to Bona. The inhabitants, reduced to great distress, seized the opportunity of appealing to General Berthézène for assistance in the shape of provisions and a body of those Mussulman troops which they understood had been raised by the French. The general, knowing that the Government were most anxious for the occupation of Bona, was easily induced by Huder to fall in with the views of the latter and to entrust their execution to him. Accordingly, Huder, on September 14, arrived at Bona with a large supply of provisions and 123 Zouaves. At first Huder was received as a saviour; but when instead of Arabs, or, at all events, Turks, the Zouaves with their drums, bayonets, fantastic uniform, and military habits, were seen, loud murmurs arose. Huder, who was more of a diplomatist than a soldier, tried to conciliate the inhabitants, and ordered that the drums should not be used. He then managed to obtain permission to occupy the Kasba first with thirty and afterwards with forty-five Zouaves. Unfortunately he neglected the most obvious military precautions, and allowed himself to be lulled into a sense of security. The result was that one day the guard at the entrance to the Kasba was surprised, and yielded without resistance; the remainder of the Zouaves—they were mostly natives at that time—who had previously been tampered with by their co-religionists, were won over by a money bribe. This was on September 27. Huder and Bigot, the captain of the Zouaves, with forty of the Zouaves who had remained faithful, were reinforced by one hundred men-of-war's men, but did not feel strong enough to attempt the recapture of the Kasba. Two days were passed in a sort of armed truce. On the 29th a crowd of Arabs and Kabyles poured into the town, the population became greatly excited, and some of the principal inhabi-

tants repaired to Huder's house and ordered him to depart. He yielded, and asked for boats to take his detachment to the French men-of-war in the harbour. While he was speaking three cannon shot gave the signal for a general attack. The different posts fell back on the port. Bigot strove to check his assailants, but, abandoned by his men, he dashed single-handed at his adversaries, slew two, and was then shot dead, his head being afterwards cut off with his own sword. Some fifty Zouaves, aided by a few men-of-war's men, defended themselves for an hour, and were then obliged to betake themselves to the boats. Huder, a brave man though an incompetent commander, was the last to leave the shore. Already twice wounded, he was swimming off to the ships when a bullet through the head put an end to his life. The ships had not been idle, and had during the struggle cannonaded the town, but without much effect. All of a sudden a white flag was hoisted on the ramparts, and a deputation came off to protest that the inhabitants of the town had taken no part in the affair. On September 30 and October 1 Commandant Duvivier arrived with 240 Zouaves which General Berthézène, disquieted by Huder's last letter, had sent as a reinforcement. Duvivier wished to attack the town and recapture the Kasba with his Zouaves and some men disembarked from the small French squadron. The senior naval officer, however, declined to take part in so rash an undertaking. The presence of the squadron produced the surrender of thirty Zouaves and one officer who had been taken prisoners. Many of the Zouaves, however, remained behind of their own free will. On October 11 the expedition arrived at Algiers.

At Oran the French were rather more successful. General Pierre Boyer arrived about the middle of September to take command of the place and garrison, the latter only consisting of the 21st Regiment and a weak company of Turks. He found that his predecessors had been much harassed by the Arabs, excited by the news of General Berthézène's unfortunate expedition, and that Morocco agents were intriguing actively in the province. General Boyer had been one of Napoleon's army in Egypt. He had also served six years in the employment of Mehemet Ali. While in Egypt he had acquired a habit of using strong measures to support authority, and during his campaigns in Spain he had shown so much severity to the guerillas as to procure him the title of Peter the Cruel. His reputation was known at Oran, which had frequent communication with Spain, and no

doubt produced an effect on the Arabs, who always respect force. Soon after his arrival he of his own authority cut off the heads of two shopkeepers who were in communication with the agents of Morocco. A few days later he caused to be hanged without trial a man accused of being a spy, as well as four sailors of a Moorish bark seized while landing powder for the Arabs. These acts of Oriental despotism brought upon him much reprobation, but there is no doubt that it awed the inhabitants of the province of Oran. Armchair philanthropy is generally foolish. M. Rousset, while condemning the conduct of General Boyer, says that he 'was not of a violent or sanguinary disposition; but 'in Egypt, as in Spain, he had made a system of extreme 'rigour, of pitiless severity, a system the application of 'which to races who recognise no other authority but force, 'seemed to him indispensable.'

During the last week of 1831 General Berthézène was replaced by Lieutenant-General the Duc de Rovigo. This officer, better known as Savary, was fifty-seven years of age when he assumed the command in chief in Algeria. Simultaneously with his appointment there was a sweeping change both in the army of occupation and of the system of civil administration. All the French regiments, four in number, were replaced by others from France. In addition to these, besides the artillery, the engineers, and the train, there were two battalions of Zouaves, the Foreign Legion, two disciplinary companies, and two battalions of African light infantry, composed of soldiers who had been convicted of grave offences, and who had either worked out their sentences or been pardoned. This gaol delivery corps came in time to be known familiarly as the 'Zephyrs.' As regarded the cavalry, on November 21 the formation of two regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique had been ordered, the suppressed Algerian chasseurs being attached to the French squadrons.

In all that related to the civil administration there was a complete revolution. To quote M. Rousset:

'A royal decree instituted at Algiers two authorities, independent of each other, equal and parallel, a Civil Intendant reporting to the President of the Council [of Ministers], side by side with a Commander-in-Chief reporting to the Minister of War. The only appearance of superiority which the latter possessed was the presidency granted him in the Council of Administration, composed, with him and the Civil Intendant, of the commander of the naval station, of the Inspector-General of Finances, and of the Director of Public Lands. In a word, it was dualism pending antagonism. To fill the high functions of

Civil Intendant, Casimir Périer had chosen a man of experience, Baron Pichon, Councillor of State.'

The new system only lasted four months, during which it gave rise to constant friction. At length a change was ordered from Paris, the civil intendant being subordinated to the governor, and the Baron de Pichon being replaced by a military sub-intendant, M. Genty de Bussy.

It is now time to refer to the views of the Government as to Algeria. Doubtless at first there was no intention of burdening France with the rule of the whole territory of the deposed dey—a territory parts of which were in loose subordination to the nominal ruler and which had to be conquered. Had the French promptly taken up the reins of power when they fell from the hands of the Turks, the task might have been difficult at first, but it would have been accomplished for good and all. Political events, however, in Europe had not only prevented the French Government from strengthening the army of occupation, but had even caused its reduction. Hence there was no settled plan, matters were allowed to drift, and ambitious natives had gained time to organise resistance to the captors of Algiers. Indeed there was no system, no definite object, and the Government for some years failed to make up their minds as to whether they should or should not content themselves with holding merely Algiers, Oran, and Bona. Hence insufficient means, continual change of plans—in short, a policy which was altered, or at least modified, day by day according to party necessities. There was, indeed, a strong section of the public which advocated the evacuation of the new conquest, save perhaps the town of Algiers itself. The Chamber and the public were divided into the advocates of abandonment and those of retention, the latter being further subdivided into the partisans of complete subjugation and those of limited occupation. Frequent debates took place in the Chamber; but the Government, influenced alike by considerations of economy and fear of the jealousy of the great Powers, gave vague answers to questions, and refused to be drawn into laying down a definite policy.

The Duc de Rovigo had arrived in Algiers resolved to assert French authority. One of his first acts was to summon to Algiers the Agha-Mahrdeen—who had been appointed by General Berthézène, but who treated the latter with insolent contempt—together with the kaïds and the sheikhs of the Métidja. The Agha came, but with him only some half a score of kaïds and sheikhs, the rest making

all sorts of frivolous excuses. The general made a mental note of those who were absent, but received well those who came, and the Agha departed with many protestations of devotion to him who, he felt, was not to be trifled with. The general improved the fortifications of Algiers, and commenced the construction of four permanent camps connected by a road and covered by a line of blockhouses. A powerful chief, the Sheikh el Arab, a declared enemy of the Bey of Constantine, sent a deputation to ask for French co-operation against the bey. The general did not commit himself to any positive engagement, but gave them a cordial reception, and sent them away laden with presents. On their journey back they were attacked and plundered on the territory of El Ouffia, just outside the French advanced posts. This tribe had a bad reputation for theft and murder, and were strongly suspected of having encouraged desertion from the Foreign Legion. Instead of holding a judicial inquiry, and sending the accused before a tribunal, the Duc de Rovigo determined on summary punishment of men against whom there was nothing but suspicion. On April 7, during the night, the douar of the tribe was surrounded by troops and plundered, and, save some women and children, all who were found were, to the number of seventy, killed. Among these were found two German deserters. By some accident four men had been spared. Two afterwards escaped; the remaining two were tried by court martial. The evidence tended to prove that it was not Ouffias but Khachnas who had plundered the envoys. But to acquit the two prisoners would have been to condemn the commander-in-chief, and one of the members publicly gave this reason for the verdict of guilty. It was hoped that the general would have pardoned them, but they were, nevertheless, executed, and the money resulting from the sale of the goods seized was distributed among the troops engaged in the expedition. The massacre naturally exasperated the Arabs, and reprisals before long took place. On May 25 a force was to be sent out to protect a party detailed to mow the rich crops of grass to be found near the Maison Carrée. At daybreak twenty-five of the Foreign Legion and twenty Chasseurs d'Afrique, followed at some little distance by a company of grenadiers, were sent in advance to see that the coast was clear. Suddenly the party came on a strong body of Arabs, and were slain to the last man, not, however, without killing many of their opponents. It was known that this ambush was due not to tribes of the Métidja, but to the Amrouas and

the Issers from the other side of the mountains which bound the plain to the east. To punish them the general sent by sea a strong detachment to attempt a surprise. The enemy were, however, on the alert; and the detachment returned without effecting anything.

For some time the general was inert. He seemed—he a hero of the Grand Army, a former aide-de-camp, first of Desaix, and afterwards of Napoleon—to have lost all moral courage, and to exaggerate every symptom of danger. A staff officer wrote of him: ‘We are threatened with an attack which scarcely disquiets us who know what it is; but the Duc de Rovigo loses his head at the idea of it. . . . Where the devil did Bonaparte fish out that minister? And yet this man has done good work here, but fear turns his head. Moreover, such is his versatility that three or four times a day he changes his opinions and ideas.’

He had, it must be admitted, reason for regarding the crisis as serious, for his men were falling ill of fever by scores. During the last half of July three thousand were in hospital; a month later the number was four thousand. Fortunately, the proportion of fatal cases was not large. It was found necessary to evacuate some of the most unhealthy posts. To use M. Rousset’s expression, ‘The Duc de Rovigo threatened to sink to the level of General Berthézène.’

There were frequent reconnaissances and skirmishes, but nothing of importance till October 1, when General de Faudoas at the head of 1,600 men was sent to surprise at Souk-Ali, about a mile and a half to the east of Bouffarik, the principal camp of the insurgents. The march commenced after sunset. The enemy had received intelligence of the movement, and so imperfect were the precautions of the French that between 4 and 5 A.M. they were themselves surprised and thrown into disorder. The firmness of Duvivier’s battalion of Zouaves checked the Arabs, and a loose but dashing charge of the two squadrons of the Chasseurs d’Afrique threw them into confusion. Just then day broke, to the advantage of the disciplined troops. The Arabs fled, followed only by some shells, for General de Faudoas did not venture to engage himself in the defile. He accordingly fell back towards Algiers. On this the Arabs reappeared and harassed the return march; a second charge of the Chasseurs, this time in regular order, put the pursuers to flight with a loss of a hundred men, and half avenged the surprise. The expedition was, however, a distinct failure. The same night as that on which the above-mentioned



abortive enterprise was undertaken General Brossard with 2,300 men marched on Kolea, in the Sahel, with what object is not very apparent. The column returned to quarters after a march prolonged by the pretended or real mistakes of the guards without firing a shot. The result was a requisition of three hundred oxen and the loss of two stragglers murdered. During this march a singular proof of the demoralisation of the army and the weakness of the commander-in-chief took place. The colonel of the 4th Regiment, whose second battalion was separated from the first by a battery of artillery, asked for a guide for the latter battalion. The general refused, when in presence of the troops the following dialogue ensued :

“Then, general, you will march with the battalion, and if it loses its way I shall report the fact.” “Be silent, colonel. That is not the way to speak as a colonel in front of his regiment.” “I shall report the fact.” “You will undergo twenty-four hours’ arrest.” “I shall report the fact.” “Forty-eight hours.” “I shall report the fact.” And so on until fifteen days’ arrest. Three days afterwards the colonel was released from arrest by the commander-in-chief, and General de Brossard asked permission to return to France.’

This very General Brossard only a few days previously had, on the occasion of a false alarm, said to General de Faudoas, brother-in-law of the Duc de Rovigo, ‘I am not responsible for the stupidities of your brother-in-law.’ That very evening the commander-in-chief caused it to be intimated to both of them that whichever of them should challenge the other should be at once sent back to France.

Though the expedition of General de Faudoas had been a failure, yet at the close of the affair the Arabs had been put to flight. They, therefore, not having, as it were, the last word, considered themselves and were considered worsted, and deputations arrived from all directions giving in submission and begging for peace. The Duc de Rovigo, intoxicated by his quasi victory, imposed contributions on the towns of Kolea and Blidah. The first paid a portion because General de Brossard had carried off hostages; the second pleaded poverty, and paid nothing. A strong column was sent to Blidah to enforce payment. The town was deserted, and pillage produced but little. It was ascertained, however, that the rich inhabitants had buried their property in a gorge a mile or two distant. A detachment proceeded there, and disinterred goods to the value of some 30,000 francs, which goods were distributed among the troops. The column returned to Algiers after making breaches in the walls of Blidah, almost

without having exchanged shots during the whole expedition.

Another Turkish proceeding stained the reputation of the Duc de Rovigo this year. Two Arab chiefs who had held aloof from the commander-in-chief were induced to come to Algiers under the protection of a safe-conduct. On their arrival towards the end of December 1832 they were seized, brought before a court martial, condemned, and executed on February 4, 1833. This act was blamed at Paris, but the dishonourable author of it was not even recalled!

It is now time to return to Bona. Since September 1831 the inhabitants had been in a miserable plight. Subjected to requisitions by Ibrahim, and blocked by Ben-Aïssa, the lieutenant of the Bey of Constantine, they in their distress invoked once more the aid of the French; Ibrahim also being without resources for the body of Turks with which he held the Kasba, joined in their solicitations. Towards the end of January 1832, a deputation arrived at Algiers. The Duc de Rovigo, dissembling his just indignation, wrote to Ibrahim in most friendly terms. Captain Jussuf was sent to Bona with this letter, and with him went as head of a mission Captain d'Armandy, of the artillery, who spoke Arabic and understood the Turks. A cargo of food for the relief of the inhabitants was also despatched. The only troops were three artillerymen. Captain d'Armandy was soon left alone, Jussuf going on to Tunis to purchase some horses. In the night of March 4-5 the troops of the Bey of Constantine, under cover of a false attack, penetrated the town, which they mastered, but the Kasba defied their arms. Captain d'Armandy had just time to gain the small man-of-war at his disposal. Soon he received a request from Ben-Aïssa for an interview. Without hesitation he landed, and unattended rode out to the enemy's camp. Ben-Aïssa pretended that the Bey of Constantine had been misunderstood; that he desired the friendship of France, but could not, on account of the feelings of his subjects, agree to accept the suzerainty of the French. In the end D'Armandy obtained, in order to gain time, a suspension of arms for the French and Ibrahim.

On March 26 the 'Béarnaise,' man-of-war came in. The same day Ben-Aïssa announced that, as his master did not approve of the suspension of arms, hostilities must be resumed. Thereupon D'Armandy and Jussuf, who had returned from Tunis, and Commandant Fréart, of the 'Béarnaise,' decided on an endeavour to get possession of the Kasba.

D'Armandy and Jussuf consequently went there and proposed to Ibrahim to take refuge on board ship, and abandon the defence of the Kasba to the French. Refusing, he got up a disturbance which nearly proved fatal to the two envoys. Their firmness, however, and the support of some of the Turks saved them, and they were enabled to withdraw to await events. At midnight a boat brought the intelligence that Ibrahim and four of his powerful adherents had been driven from the Kasba, and that the garrison were willing to receive the French early in the morning. D'Armandy, Jussuf, and a sergeant of artillery came to the foot of the wall and received confirmation of the information already given. Jussuf and the sergeant were drawn up by a rope, while D'Armandy returned to bring twenty-eight of the men-of-war's men, who in their turn were drawn up. The French flag was at once hoisted, and preparations were made for defence. The same day Ben-Aïssa commenced the evacuation of the town, and on the 29th struck his camp, having driven off the inhabitants and kindled several fires. At the same time crowds of Arabs and Kabyles entered the town to complete the work of pillage and destruction. Some of the Turks in the Kasba, excited by a desire to share in the plunder, mutinied. Jussuf caused six of the ringleaders to be seized, had three put to death at once, and placed the other three in irons on board ship. Henceforth no one dreamt of disputing his authority.

Between April 8 and 12 a battalion of the line and forty artillerymen and sappers arrived from Algiers. Captain d'Armandy was appointed commandant of the town, and soon after promoted to the rank of chef d'escadron. The Turks were taken into the pay of France, and Jussuf appointed to their command. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood were awed into civility, markets were opened, and some of the former citizens managed to escape from Ben-Aïssa and return. Intrigues were, however, carried on by the partisans of the Bey of Constantine, and one spy having been caught and brought before Jussuf, he there and then, having satisfied himself of the man's guilt, caused his head to be cut off.

In May the French Government, recognising the importance of Bona, sent there a naval squadron with a regiment of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a company of engineers. With them arrived General Uzer, appointed commandant of the town and province. This officer, who had previously served under Generals Bourmont and Clausel,

returned to Africa resolved, says M. Rousset, 'to treat the Arabs with gentleness but firmness.' Within a few days he had an opportunity of showing the natives what his system was. At fifteen miles from Bona was situated the douar of the Beni-Yacoub, one of the most powerful hostile tribes in the neighbourhood. As they had intercepted the communications between Bona and the interior, General Uzer resolved to teach them a lesson. On June 27 Jussuf with a strong detachment fell upon the douar at daybreak. The Beni-Yacoub were on their guard, but Jussuf captured many women and children and much cattle. After keeping them long enough to show that he could have taken them away, he, in obedience to orders, restored them. The Beni-Yacoub, after the manner of their race, looking on such conduct as an indication of weakness, fired on Jussuf as he marched off in the direction of Bona. All at once appeared General Uzer with a regiment of infantry, a company of engineers, and four howitzers. Assuming the offensive, he threatened the douar. The Arabs expected that the crops would be destroyed, the ricks fired, and the flocks carried off. To their astonishment General Uzer, after halting an hour, marched back to Bona, leaving the douar untouched. The Arabs recognised his generosity, but, refusing to submit, changed their habitation to a distant spot towards the south. This act of clemency, however, made a good impression. Tranquillity prevailed till September, when the Turk Ibrahim, accompanied by a marabout, traversed the country preaching a holy war. On September 8 at dawn some 12,000 to 15,000 Kabyles and Arabs appeared before the town. The heat was great, and the general wished the enemy to commit themselves. He therefore waited till 4 p.m. when he sallied forth with two battalions and Jussuf's Turkish squadron. The victory was complete, the camp captured, and Ibrahim disappeared from the scene for ever. Some time afterwards he was assassinated by the agents of the Bey of Constantine. The latter then endeavoured to make war on his own account; but the majority of the tribes, notably the Beni-Yacoub, won over by General Uzer's clemency, refused their concurrence. Some, indeed, drew nearer to Bona and contributed a body of auxiliary Spahis.

In the month of October a squadron, which was the germ of the 3rd Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, arrived from Algiers. In the beginning of November a terrible epidemic, resembling the black vomit of the Middle Ages, set in, and during two months smote alike the French and the

natives. About the end of the year the 6th battalion of the Foreign Legion arrived. The 3rd Regiment of Chasseurs by this time amounted to four squadrons. From time to time, in order to maintain the *moral* of the troops and impress the natives, the general made little excursions into the plain. He reaped the reward of his wise, merciful, yet energetic conduct when at the end of February the Ramadan ended. With the commandants of Algiers this time had always been one of anxiety. At Bona, on the contrary, it was celebrated by horse races, attended by the *cadi*, the notables of the town, and 3,000 Arabs of the neighbourhood.

M. Rousset asserts that if the Minister of War had believed in the Duc de Rovigo he would have recalled the commandants of Bona and Oran. As to General Uzer the Duc de Rovigo had no reason to complain, for in spite of irritating and malevolent letters, the general had always replied with the deference due from a military subordinate to his superior. As to General Boyer it was different. A lieutenant-general like the commander-in-chief, and authorised to correspond directly with the Minister of War, he pretended to independence, and only occasionally informed the commander-in-chief of what was passing in the province of Oran. It was sprinkled with lieutenants or agents of the Sultan of Morocco, but diplomatic representatives, supported by a naval demonstration off Tangiers, forced the Sultan to recall them. On their departure a state of anarchy and tribal war prevailed for some weeks. At the end of that period the principal men of the province assembled at Mascara to consider what should be done. They unanimously elected as chief a celebrated marabout named Mahied-Deen, of distinguished ancestry and great sanctity and influence. He being old, and rather a saint than a warrior, declined the post of commander in favour of him among his three sons most suitable for the position. The choice fell upon the youngest, the celebrated Abd-el-Kader. He possessed numerous qualifications: though only twenty-four years of age, he had twice accompanied his father to Mecca, continuing his journey on the second occasion as far as Bagdad. He was a born leader of Arabs: of middle height but well formed, vigorous, indefatigable, the best horseman among his countrymen. He possessed also 'intelligence, 'sagacity, a firm will, genius. Eloquent as the greatest 'orators, he swayed crowds at his will; when he spoke with 'a grave sonorous voice, with restrained gestures of his nervous and finely formed hands, his colourless countenance

‘became animated, and his blue eyes launched lightnings from ‘under their long dark lashes.’ Such is the description given of him by M. Rousset, and there is no reason to believe that it is the least overcharged.

A new epoch began. Hitherto the French had had to deal with only irregular unconcerted acts of hostility, and their failures had been due rather to the difficulties of transport and their own want of a systematic course of action than to the formidable nature of the opposition. Henceforth they had to contend against a born warrior, an able diplomatist, a natural leader of men, who knew how to make the best use of those resources which existed and to create those which were wanting. The French soon had reason to recognise the change. To produce the union of the tribes the old marabout proclaimed a holy war, and on April 17 fought his first action against the French. One hundred infantry while making a reconnaissance were attacked by the young chief at the head of four hundred horsemen. The detachment lost fifteen men killed and wounded, and only regained the town under the protection of a sortie from it. Abd-el-Kader ordered that a void should be made round Oran, and on May 1 sent a summons to General Boyer to either surrender the place or submit to the arbitrament of a battle on the open plain. On May 2 began a series of assaults on the town and its detached works which continued till the 8th, the numbers of the enemy eventually amounting to nearly twelve thousand men, representing the contingents of thirty-two tribes. On the 9th the marabout dismissed the contingents to their different homes, in order that they might celebrate a day specially holy among the Mahomedans, but warned them to be ready to attend a meeting which would number not fewer than thirty thousand fighting men. Nothing of importance took place till October 23, when some five hundred horsemen tried to carry off a herd of cattle, but, drawn into an ambuscade, they were charged by two squadrons of chasseurs and driven off with loss. Shortly after, Abd-el-Kader appeared before Oran not with the 30,000 warriors of whom his father had spoken, but with 3,000 cavalry and 1,000 infantry. General Boyer went out to meet them and inflicted an unequivocal defeat. This disaster did not diminish the authority of Mahi-ed-Deen, who, while delegating to Abd-el-Kader the position of commander-in-chief in the field, had retained the supreme authority. After this defeat, however, in a meeting at Mascara he divested himself of all authority, which he begged the

assembly to confer on his son, and on November 25, 1832, Abd-el-Kader was hailed as Sultan, a title which he soon exchanged for that of Emir. Three months later the Government, yielding to the solicitations of the Duc de Rovigo, replaced General Boyer by General Desmichels.

On March 4, 1833, the Duc de Rovigo quitted Algiers for France on account of ill health, intending to return after a few months' absence. He left in temporary command General Avizard, the senior *maréchal de camp* in Africa. Almost simultaneously the question of Algiers was brought before the Chamber, but all endeavours to extract a declaration of policy from the Government failed. General Avizard's tenure of command of seven weeks was rendered noteworthy by the creation of the 'Arab Bureau,' an institution which has since played so important a part in the history of Algiers. The first chief was De la Moricière.

On April 26, 1833, Lieutenant-General Voirol arrived at Algiers as second in command and officiating commander-in-chief. After the death of the Duc de Rovigo early in June he continued for eighteen months in command. The forces under his orders amounted to 23,500 men. Two villages not far from Bouffarik were inhabited by a turbulent and marauding population. General Voirol's first act was to teach these brigands a lesson. On the night of May 3 a column under General Trézel was sent against them. A few shots only were fired, the inhabitants fleeing at the first appearance of the French. The latter, having burnt the huts of branches which served as habitations, drove off five hundred oxen and one thousand sheep. In the return the column was followed, and at the defile of Bouffarik a couple of charges of cavalry were needed to relieve the pressure on the rearguard. The captured cattle and sheep were distributed amongst those who had been plundered by their late owners, and everyone admitted the justice of the punishment. At first everything seemed to be going well. The mingled firmness and conciliation of General Voirol and the influence of De la Moricière among the natives—an influence gained by his knowledge of their language and customs, his straightforwardness, his military reputation, and the audacity with which at interviews he trusted to their good faith—tended much to reconcile the neighbouring tribes to French rule. Soon, however, De la Moricière, ordered elsewhere on duty, was replaced by the chief of the interpreters, a man whose age, habits, and want of military reputation little fitted him for the post. The natives soon returned to their

former humour. Several assassinations took place, among them that of a kaïd who was a partisan of the French, and, to quote the words of M. Rousset, 'there was a return 'to the enervating routine of little promenades without 'results, and little bulletins without value.'

Meanwhile important events were taking place at Bougie, in the province of Constantine. In May 1832 the inhabitants had insulted an English brig. To prevent a similar act the French Government sent, in October of the same year, the brig of war 'Marsouin' to the port. It had been six days at anchor when, without provocation or warning, the forts opened fire on her. She replied, but soon after a deputation of the principal citizens came on board making apologies and casting the blame on the Kabyles. The next day the chief of the Kabyles also appeared with apologies. Soon after secret negotiations were entered into between the Duc de Rovigo on the one side, the Kaïd of Bougie, a neighbouring chief, and a French merchant named Joly on the other. At length Joly sent word to General Voirol that the inhabitants would view with satisfaction the arrival of the French. Captain de la Moricière was in consequence sent to Bougie to report on the state of affairs. He was accompanied by a sergeant of chasseurs, three trustworthy natives, and an aide-de-camp of the Minister of War. De la Moricière had hardly landed when he was attacked by a body of Kabyles, but succeeded with his companions in regaining the ship. He returned to Algiers full of eagerness for the occupation of Bougie, maintaining that six hundred or at most one thousand men would suffice. General Voirol was not much enamoured of the scheme; but the Minister of War—Marshal Soult—influenced, no doubt, in some measure by the report of his aide-de-camp, who had been infected by De la Moricière's enthusiasm, took the matter up. Owing to sickness, no troops could be spared from the army of Africa, so it was resolved to organise an expedition in France.

On September 29, 1833, a naval squadron, carrying eighteen hundred men, under General Trézel, appeared off Bougie. On the same day, after the men-of-war had subdued the fire of the forts, the troops landed. Little progress was made the first day, for the troops were new alike to African or any other warfare, and neither was the programme laid down by the general well carried out, nor did the officers show much energy. Fighting continued on September 30 and October 1, the general himself being



wounded on the latter date. He then sent off to Algiers for reinforcements. The progress made was slow, and purchased with heavy loss. Every day there was more or less fighting. On October 5 a battalion of the 4th Regiment and a company of engineers arrived, followed a few days later by two hundred of the 2nd battalion of Africa. On the 12th a vigorous offensive was assumed, and the Kabyles were driven completely out of the town and the suburbs. Fortifications, the completion of which the enemy several times sought to hinder, were commenced, but it was evident that the place was condemned for a long time to a state of blockade. General Trézel being compelled by his wound, which he had too long neglected, to return to France, Commandant Duvivier was sent to assume the office of commandant of the town. The garrison consisted of two battalions, two companies of the Zephyrs, and four companies of Zouaves. It only remains to add that for his share in the enterprise De la Moricière was promoted to the command of the 1st battalion of Zouaves. Up to the end of the autumn of 1834, when the provisional governorship of General Voiriol came to an end, there was little to chronicle; but when the general was relieved by the Comte d'Erlon he carried with him the good wishes and respect of all, both natives and French, so upright and benevolent had been his conduct.

At Bona, apart from occasional expeditions undertaken for the protection of friendly tribes, nothing especial had taken place since April 1833. At Oran, however, the most important events had occurred. Indeed, the centre of political importance had been shifted thither from Algiers. Abd-el-Kader increased his power day by day, working alike on the religious fanaticism and the race hatred of the population. General Desmichels, who had succeeded General Boyer, arrived at Oran with warlike ideas, and convinced that the previous inaction had encouraged the enemy and lowered the moral of his troops. Consequently, on May 7 he at the head of 1,600 infantry, 400 cavalry, and four mountain guns, made during the night a march of fifteen miles and surprised at daybreak the douar of a hostile tribe, killing a few men, and capturing thirty women and children and a large number of oxen, sheep, camels, and horses. The return march was accomplished without much loss, for the Arabs on that day, instead of distant firing, fought hand to hand.

This expedition was accepted by Abd-el-Kader as a challenge, and on May 25 he took post with ten thousand men at a spot a little more than eight miles from Oran. On the 26th the general drew up a force between the enemy and the town,

and constructed a blockhouse. The next day a fight, chiefly of cavalry, and not very sanguinary, took place. At the end of seven hours, the respective forces being exhausted drew off, leaving the blockhouse garrisoned by forty men. On the 31st, having made several fruitless attacks on the little garrison, the Arabs retreated. The next step of Abd-el-Kader was to try and make himself master of Tlemcen. The Moors who inhabited the town at once accepted his rule, but one thousand Turks of the old garrison held the Mechouar, a strong castle, and could not be reduced. Arzeu, a little port about twenty-one miles from Oran, had hitherto kept up good relations with the French. The friendly *cadi* was, however, in June carried off by Abd-el-Kader. General Desmichels, whose attention had been called to Arzeu by the Minister of War, sent thither by land two thousand men under General Sauzet, while he himself with his staff, provisions, ammunition, and the materials for a blockhouse, proceeded by sea. He met with scarcely any resistance, and a blockhouse in the centre of a redoubt was constructed, and an old fort repaired at the Mersa, which was the port of Arzeu. Twenty-five men were left in the blockhouse, two companies at the port, and the column returned to Oran.

Learning that Abd-el-Kader intended to revenge himself for the loss of Arzeu by seizing Mostaganem, the general determined to anticipate him. On July 23 he despatched by sea a force of about seventeen hundred men, which disembarked on the 27th at the mouth of the Macta. With little opposition they arrived on the 28th at Mostaganem, being met before they reached the town by an envoy from the Turkish commandant, who had maintained his authority after the conquest of Algiers, and had recognised the authority of the French. The next day the troops outside the town were attacked by bands of Arabs. Scarcely had the general departed, leaving a small garrison, when Abd-el-Kader attacked the town on August 3. Reinforcements were sent, and on the 9th Abd-el-Kader abandoned the enterprise. In order to make a diversion General Desmichels sent out on August 5 one thousand men with orders to surprise a hostile tribe a few miles to the south-east of Oran. The object was attained, and the force returned next morning escorting eighty-two prisoners, some women and children, and a large number of camels, oxen, and sheep. The column delayed by the convoy marched slowly, a scorching south wind got up, the plain was literally a furnace, the Arabs having set fire to the bushes, and the soldiers had emptied their water bottles. The enemy were numerous and pressed the rear-

guard closely. The Chasseurs d'Afrique could only by repeated charges keep them off. Some men fell senseless, others voluntarily threw themselves on the ground regardless of their certain fate. Those of the infantry who continued the march had not enough energy to fight. At length the 'Fig Tree,' a little short of the blockhouse, was reached, but the wells, emptied by the passing troops the previous evening, gave not a drop of water. The rearguard and part of the main body in despair positively refused to stir another step. An orderly officer of General Desmichels, De Forges by name, gallantly volunteered to penetrate the Arabs and bring aid from Oran. He accomplished his object, and General Desmichels at once set off with all his available troops, accompanied by carriages laden with water, wine, brandy, and bread. Halfway he met the advanced guard, which had brought off the booty in safety. The succour reached the 'Fig Tree' none too soon, for the infantry, incapable of fighting, had only been preserved from annihilation by the 3rd Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique forming a circle round them. Three weeks later this very regiment broke into mutiny, and tried to rescue a corporal who had been confined for having insulted a Turkish woman of rank and beaten a negro, her attendant. The fact is the regiment had been recently and hastily raised without much care as to its composition.

Several engagements on a larger or smaller scale took place as well as a fruitless effort to surprise Abd-el-Kader's camp, when at the beginning of December 1833 General Desmichels, finding even his best combined operations sterile, that reinforcements were not to be hoped for, and that he could, in fact, only remain in a humiliating defensive attitude, conceived the idea of a diplomatic campaign. Communications were opened with Abd-el-Kader, which resulted on February 26 in a treaty signed by the general without any authority. It was only obtained at a great sacrifice of dignity on the part of the general, who had almost solicited it. In itself it was vague and inoffensive enough. There were, however, other conditions not included in the formal treaty, the former being all to the disadvantage of the French, such as, for instance, the liberty to import arms and ammunition.

Our story, like the tale of 'the Cambuscan bold,' is but half told; but this incident of the first treaty with Abd-el-Kader marks an epoch in the contest, and a convenient resting-place. We hope to conclude the narrative in our next number.

ART. III.—1. *Mental Evolution in Man.* By G. J. ROMANES, LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1888.

2. *On Truth: a Systematic Inquiry.* By ST. GEORGE MIVART, Ph.D., F.R.S. London: 1889.

IT has been said of Mr. Darwin that, like Alexander, he has left no heir to his empire. But in view of the extent and value of his contributions to natural science from the Darwinian standpoint, Mr. Romanes may not unfitly claim to represent a teacher whom it would be difficult to equal in patience of research or in candour of argument. On the other hand, Mr. Mivart, recognised by Mr. Romanes as 'by far the ablest' of his own opponents, has long been distinguished, not only for his services to biological science generally, but for his success in compelling the author of the 'Origin of Species' to modify or retract in numerous points his doctrines concerning natural selection.\* There are many schools of Evolution, and it may yet appear undecided whether its influence will ultimately tend in the direction of a crass materialism or of some higher philosophy; but meanwhile these two volumes not unfairly exhibit the present state of that which it would be no exaggeration to call the great controversy of the time. With equal sincerity and a painstaking review of scientific data, both writers are intent on arguing the problem of man's origin, irrespective of tradition, authority, and received dogmas. They meet on the level ground of science, where reason and ascertained fact alone hold sway. Mr. Mivart offers in clear language, with unusual strength of logic and great moderation of tone, the results, as he tells us, of a life's inquiry after truth. He traverses the regions of physics and metaphysics, and his volume, though not in the form of a mediæval 'Summa,' has almost as large a scope. We shall deal with it on the present occasion, however, mainly as it bears on the theme selected by Mr. Romanes, which, indeed, goes to the root of the matter, and on the successful handling of which the worth of these volumes, as of so many thousands of others, will at last depend.

Sooner or later, as Evolution came to be the reigning hypothesis among men of science, it was to be anticipated that its central problem, the origin of the human mind, would demand consideration. That ancient controversy

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\* *Vide* Origin of Species, p. 176 seq.

'between Stoics and Epicureans, Platonists and Aristotelians, 'sceptics and dogmatists,' concerning which Professor Max Müller in his recent volume on the 'Science of Thought' has again assured us that it is 'the cardinal question of all 'philosophy,'\* puts on in the age of Darwinism a fresh guise and is dressed in a new nomenclature, but essentially it cannot change. By whatever process man the animal, the head in natural history of the order of primates, has come to be, there remains to be investigated, and if possible explained, the origin of man the thinker, the *animal rationale* and *orationale*, whose intellectual nature sets him apart from the rest of things visible. For it cannot be denied by Epicurean or Empiricist that in virtue of self-consciousness and all it means, man does actually stand alone, without equal or parallel in the world of experience. To his own knowledge he is unique, and his unlikeness to other beings, while it calls for explanation, must not be explained away. No account of him which describes him as he is will class him with other forms of life, or will do so only by dropping those elements which are his specific signature, and are wanting everywhere else in nature. To workers in matter and motion, who recognise nothing superior to molecules, man is a perpetual challenge, not because of his erect stature, his frontal curve, and the mass and convolutions of his brain, but because of the something within of which all these are instruments or tokens, call it reason, mind, self-consciousness, the ego, or what you will. Given the lower forms of existence, living and not living, to draw out of them a rational being while putting no fresh principle in—such is the task to which, with a good courage, Mr. Romanes sets himself in these pages on mental evolution.

But ~~on~~ the threshold we encounter a difficulty. Mr. Romanes, when delivering the Rede Lecture for 1885, avowed his sympathy with the school of Monism, founded, as he believes, by Giordano Bruno, and of late years propagated from scientific centres in England and Germany. It is, in fact, the Identitäts-Philosophie, which Fichte and Hegel, rather than the Italian 'martyr of science,' have made famous in modern times. Our author inclines to hold that 'the antithesis between mind and motion, subject and object, 'is itself phenomenal or apparent, not absolute or real;' that 'the seeming duality is relative to our modes of apprehension;' and that 'there is no motion without mind, no

‘being without knowing.’ Nay, he goes on to assert that ‘all our knowledge of motion, and so of matter, is merely ‘a knowledge of the modifications of mind.’

‘So far at least as we are concerned,’ he reiterates, ‘mind is necessarily prior to anything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it, as a standard, all other modes of existence which may be inferred must be referred. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.’ \*

‘Somewhat confused terminology!’ An odd confession from the lips of science! It might have been supposed a governing maxim, in these deep investigations, to banish confusion of terminology, lest confusion of thought should be the consequence. If mind be to us the absolute beginning, the necessary *prius* of existence as of knowledge, at the heart of all things, organic and inorganic, how can we hope to evaporate it from them and then search into their history or their elements? As well exhaust the air we breathe of its oxygen in order to explain how it supports life. Yet this, and nothing else, is what Mr. Romanes now undertakes to do. In his Rede Lecture, mind is the absolute first; in his ‘Mental Evolution’ the absolute first is not mind, but something lower—is, in fact, if not matter with its vibrations, yet sense with its impressions from without. Mr. Romanes in his quality of metaphysician declares the argument against Materialism to be ‘overwhelming.’ But as a naturalist the entire drift and scope of his arguments are in support of Materialism. He affirms, at page 2, that ‘our ‘own living nature is identical in kind with the nature of ‘all other life.’ Does he not mean the converse, that all other life, though seemingly non-intellectual, is of ~~one~~ nature with mind? Thus he would be consistent with his Rede lecture, in which mind is the *prius*, the source and standard, of all things. But his words, as now printed, will be taken to imply that the nature of things is lower than mind. Again, he assures us that ‘by adopting the theory of continuous developement from the one order of mind,’ the brutal, ‘to the other,’ that is to say, the human, ‘we are ‘able scientifically to explain the whole mental constitution ‘of man, even in those parts of it which to former generations have appeared inexplicable.’ To this effect we read on his first page. The question he proposes to answer in an

affirmative sense, and so to clear up scientifically, is 'whether the mind of man is essentially the same as the mind of the lower animals.' He is well aware, for he takes most commendable pains to instruct his readers on the subject, that the 'mind of the lower animals' is not in any proper sense self-conscious, and that man alone, as man, possesses that attribute. A continuous evolution should, therefore, make it clear to us how the not self-conscious changes into the self-conscious, or its boast of continuity is falsified. Will it be credited, then, that Mr. Romanes in a subsequent chapter openly renounces the enterprise of explaining how the self-conscious has arisen? While in his earlier pages he identifies 'difference of kind' with 'difference of origin,'\* he is compelled later to distinguish between 'the intrinsic nature' and 'the probable genesis' of that which makes man to be what he is.† Hitherto philosophers have held that to know the origin of ideas was to ascertain their nature; but in the language of Mr. Romanes these two are utterly distinct. Just as the functions of an embryologist, he remarks in illustration, are confined to the 'mere history of developed mental changes of living structure, and he is as far as ever from throwing light on the deeper questions of the how and why of life,' so 'in seeking to indicate the steps whereby self-consciousness has arisen from the lower stages of mental structure,' he himself does not pretend to touch the problem of mind on its philosophic side. On that side the theorist of the Rede Lecture now warns us it 'does not admit of solution.'‡ 'Mere history' would appear in his mouth to signify the chronicle of outward succession, the series *post hoc*, not the relation of one inward change to another, but the simple and, as we might have supposed, the trite assertion that man came upon the scene of things at a later period than other animals; and that in the growth of child-life it is probable that sensation precedes thought. If the new Book of Genesis can tell us no more than this, it was hardly worth while to call the old in question. A confused terminology which is now monistic, now agnostic, and now materialistic, will not carry us far on the road of knowledge.

But in fact we can criticise the present volume on no intelligible plan unless we take its arguments in their obvious sense, and that is Materialism. However much Mr. Romanes may intend them to contain a higher implication, he cannot

hinder them from meaning what they have always meant. He assures us that the problem 'which in this generation 'has for the first time been presented to human thought' is 'how this thought itself has come to be.' Bacon, as we are all aware, is responsible for the saying, 'Post physicam inventam, metaphysica nulla erit.'\* But our author inverts the aphorism, and would seem to hold that metaphysics did not know its own problem till Darwinian biology revealed it from the past. By 'continuous developement,' beginning with the mind of the lower animals, we are to 'explain the 'whole mental constitution of man.' Has this doctrine now been heard of for the first time? Or is there anything novel in the proofs brought forward in support of it? Readers who have dipped ever so slightly into the history of thought will know what to make of the first assertion. And as for the proofs alleged, they are these.

Mr. Romanes begins with what he terms 'purely *a priori* grounds.' *A priori* in the sense of antecedent presumptions, not of self-evident principles, the supposed grounds are. First, then, 'all naturalists of any standing' agree that 'the process of organic and mental evolution has been 'continuous through the whole region of life and mind, 'with the one exception of the mind of man.' On grounds of analogy, therefore, it is improbable that evolution, 'elsewhere so uniform and ubiquitous,' should have been interrupted at its terminal phase.'† It is worth while to observe that organic evolution presupposes inorganic, but that no 'naturalist of any standing' has discovered the bridge of spontaneous generation, which alone can connect them without a break. M. Pasteur's exhaustive experiments have brought about a consensus among scientific men to the effect that, as far as our knowledge extends, spontaneous generation does not take place. 'Men of science are now generally 'agreed that there is no trustworthy evidence of living 'creatures coming into existence save by the intervention of 'parental organisms.'‡ The living has arisen *after* the non-living, but we have no right to assert or assume that it has so arisen by a process of intrinsic developement, transformation, or mere modification of the identical. To science the origin of life is in as strict a sense a break of continuity, as would be the creation of a new universe out of no antecedent substance. But if there may be one interruption in the

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\* De Augm. Scient. ii. 13.

† P. 4.

‡ Mivart, p. 330.



process of evolution, why not a second? If life need not arise, by a causal or identical connexion, out of the inorganic, why need thought arise out of life by any such steps? The series of the organic is a closed circle into which the inorganic does not enter. Is there any reason in the nature of things why self-consciousness should not be in like manner a closed circle to the purely organic? One exception, therefore, to the law of developement out of mere matter we are acquainted with. What is to hinder a similar exception to developement out of mere sensation? 'Uniform' and ubiquitous evolution does not exist. The crystallisation of life is a fable. Antecedent probabilities, to say nothing of the laws of thought, warn us that when self-consciousness appears on the scene, it will, like life itself, mark the beginning of a series to which the preceding serves only as a condition. On the other hand, if Mr. Romanes admits no break, he will be driven with Hæckel and Büchner to derive life from dead matter, as he derives intellect from mere sense. There is no halting on an inclined plane. Either his antecedent presumption is worthless, or it condemns him to accept Feuerbach's position that 'the meta-physics of the future is chemistry.' The parallel is close in every particular, and the conclusion as unreasonable as that which Mr. Romanes urges through his four hundred and thirty-nine printed pages.

But, leaving presumptions, let us turn to the facts. What is it that distinguishes man from the brute? Mr. Romanes answers, with Locke, the power of forming concepts or universal ideas, which we may briefly term 'abstraction.'\* It is true that M. de Quatrefages has demurred to the statement that reason is an exclusive attribute of man.† But this may be a question of words. That faculty by virtue of which man is a moral and religious being, that which enables him to construct a science and to enter into distinctively human relations with his fellows, is, beyond dispute, the power of ideal abstraction, or of forming concepts. In the careful analysis which he undertakes of the brute faculties Mr. Romanes again and again denies that animals exercise reason properly so called. As far as definition goes, he establishes a distinction of kind between their intelligence and the mind of man. The power to 'think,' which no animal enjoys, 'is,' he emphatically states, 'the power which is given by introspective reflection in the light of self-

'consciousness.'\* He agrees with Mr. Mivart in denying to brutes either true judgement or true inference; the so-called 'logic of feelings' by which they are guided is mere sensuous association, and logic only by metaphor. 'No matter how elaborate the structure of receptual,' that is to say, sensitive, 'knowledge may be, or how wonderful the adaptive action it may prompt, a "practical inference" or "receptual judgement" is always separated from a conceptual inference or true judgement by the immense distinction that it is not itself an object of knowledge.'† Here, then, is the problem as it presents itself to our author. He opposes 'recept' to 'concept' as terms respectively denoting brute intelligence and human intelligence, and he defines them as follows: A recept is 'an idea which is not itself an object of knowledge; whereas a concept, in virtue of having been named by a self-conscious agent, is an idea which stands before the mind of that agent *as* an idea, or as a state of mind which admits of being introspectively contemplated as such.'‡ How, accordingly, do we transform the mere animal 'idea' or 'recept' into the human? Simply, he replies in the above passage, and throughout his volume, by giving a *name* to the recept. All brutes have receipts, or generalised images of the particular objects which strike upon the sense. If they could so fix their attention upon these images as to bestow on them corresponding names, they would, by that very fact, have attained to universal ideas. A named recept, therefore, is the connecting link between the lowest faculties of the brute and the highest endowments of the human race. It achieves for thought that miracle which spontaneous generation, were it verified in experience, would achieve for life. Given an orang or a chimpanzee that could name its sensuous ideas, and we should have found the true mental beginning of man.

Yes, we might answer, *if* it were given; but such is not the case. No brute has the faculty of naming, any more than it has the power of thinking. 'Words,' said Sir William Hamilton, 'are the fortresses of thought.' 'Language,' echoes Professor Max Müller, 'is the Rubicon of mind which no animal will dare to cross.' 'No development of mental faculties,' repeats the latter, 'has ever enabled one single animal to connect one single definite idea with one single definite word.'§ 'As well,' says Mr.

P. 175.

† P. 214.

‡ P. 215.

§ Science of Thought, p. 172.

Mivart, 'might the concavities of a curved line be supposed 'to exist without its convexities, as the spoken word be 'supposed to have arisen prior to the idea which it represents.'\* If reason goes before speech, speech cannot have created reason, although Professor Geiger has dogmatically assured us that it did. Where, then, are the stepping stones across the Rubicon of mind over which the brute is to pass that he may become man? It is not pretended by Mr. Romanes that talking birds or trained animals of any kind display a knowledge of rational language. Marvellous and instructive as are their feats of imitation and interpretation, they do not go beyond feeling, emotional states, or the recognition of the sensuous universal. But to arrive at an unwarranted conclusion, there is need of ambiguous middle terms; and Mr. Romanes, while conceding that rational language belongs only to man, directs our attention to the fact that animals employ signs or gestures by way of indicating their wants, and in this sign-making faculty he discovers the germs of conceptual speech.† The process of levelling up on one side and levelling down on the other is extremely curious. Let us dwell upon it for a moment.

That animals communicate their feelings to one another and to man is a matter of common observation. That in doing so some of them employ gesture or pointing, and others, which happen to have been taught or to have learnt articulate sounds, employ what may be conventionally termed words, is equally undeniable. Again, all human beings employ gesture to some extent in conveying their meaning, and deaf mutes, who cannot articulate, must necessarily express themselves by other signs instead of words, so that with them language falls into what Professor Max Müller has termed 'the earliest and almost pantomimic phase,' 'in which 'language was hardly as yet what we mean by language—'namely *logos*, a gathering—but only a pointing.'‡ Universally, Mr. Romanes, like Professor Sayce, would assert that 'grammar has grown out of gesture;'§ and he dwells at length (aided by the interesting collection of facts in Colonel Mallery's and Mr. Tylor's volumes) on the circumstance that the syntax of deaf mutes appears to be the same all over the world; that in sign-language there is no organised sentence, and neither articles nor particles; that it frequently omits the verb, and especially the copula; and that no ideas

\* On Truth, p. 233.

† Science of Thought, p. 241.

‡ Romanes, pp. 89-194.

§ Romanes, p. 422.

of any high abstraction are expressed in it.\* The intention of this elaborate description in the author's mind is obvious. Rational speech has to be degraded into emotional, into the language of mere sensuous receipts. But to accomplish this task it is necessary to eliminate, so far as possible, the whole series of signs whereby true abstraction is signified. There will be left only those signs of actions in the concrete or of individual objects which, taken by themselves, might appear to contain no intellectual element at all. Such, on a superficial glance, would be the rude and makeshift gestures of deaf mutes, the first significant signs, articulate or inarticulate, put forth by children; and, in connexion with these, the important part which *tone* plays in the communication of thought between men. Brutes, again, may be said, in some undefined or, perhaps, indefinable sense, to understand the meanings of words, 'not merely conventional gestures, 'but even articulate sounds, irrespective of the tones in which 'they are uttered.† Hence our author proceeds to argue that animals may not only assign proper names to their several objects, but 'correctly perceive and name qualities,' 'understand the meaning of active and passive verbs,' and 'use short sentences in a way serving to show that they 'appreciate—not, indeed, their grammatical structure—but 'their application, as a whole, to particular circumstances.' But when we are expecting some startling conclusion from this array of evidence, the writer candidly tells us that 'a verbal sign, supposing it due to association alone, is not more remarkable or indicative of intelligence than is a gesture sign or a vocal sign of any kind.' And he adds 'that the verbal signs used by talking birds are due to association, and association only, all the evidence I have met with goes 'to prove.'‡

By this confession we seem to be brought back to the starting-point, and to have made no progress. Mr. Romanes would fain assert, with the late Mr. Darwin, that 'the 'faculty of articulate speech in itself does not offer any 'insuperable objection to the belief that man has been developed from some lower animal.' But Mr. Darwin himself, like Mr. Romanes, indicates that there is an objection after all, not hitherto superseded, viz. that 'it is not the 'mere power of articulation that distinguishes man from 'other animals—for, as every one knows, parrots can talk—

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\* Romanes, pp. 114–120.

† Ibid. pp. 123, 127.

‡ Ibid. p. 131.

‘but it is his large power of connecting definite sounds with definite ideas;’\* and these ‘ideas’ are rational, universal, the foundation of necessary truths; nor, as Mr. Romanes seems almost painfully aware, can they by any process, except that of myth making, be stolen into the account of bird language or animal gesture. ‘It matters little whether we call language an instinct, a gift, a talent, a faculty, or the proprium of man, certain it is that neither language, nor the power of language, nor the conditions under which alone language can exist, are to be discovered anywhere in the whole animal kingdom, except in man.’† These utterances of the eminent philologist are the words of soberness and truth. They contain all that, apart from aimless guesswork, has been validly enunciated by science on the subject of the capacity of the lower animals to attain to intellectual speech. ‘We have the best evidence,’ Mr. Romanes himself does not shrink from affirming, ‘that no animal *can possibly* attain to self-consciousness, judgment, or thought.’‡ To what purpose is it, then, that he discourses at large on the mere phonetic materials, from which thought, as he grants, must needs be absent, which here and there are discoverable in the brute creation? What can it signify whether animals articulate or make use of signs, when the intellectual worth of their pointings, their cries, and their gestures is simply zero? The faculty of naming is that of conceptually apprehending what is in the name, not of chattering the same sounds, nor even of expressing by means of them a non-conceptual, though emotional, state. Feeling in brutes is not concept, nor can be transmuted into concept; and though their articulations were in every particular to resemble those of man, they would at most be spoken music, the expression of the emotions; not spoken reason, the mirror and instrument of true intellectual activity. With Mr. Mivart we must conclude that ‘language is a consequence of thought, and abstract ideas are indispensable preliminaries to language.’§

This has been strikingly demonstrated by the study of language itself, which takes us back to the radical or root theory of its origin.

‘All words,’ again to quote Professor Max Müller, ‘whether in English or Sanskrit, encumbered with prefixes and suffixes, and mouldering away under the action of phonetic decay, must in the last

\* Decent of Man, p. 85, &c.

† Romanes, p. 175.

‡ Science of Thought, p. 172.

§ On Truth, p. 230.

instance be traced back, by means of definite phonetic laws, to those definite primary forms which we are accustomed to call roots. These roots stand like barriers between the chaos and the kosmos of human speech.\*

To the same effect Professor Wundt, cited by Mr. Romanes. 'Once the roots are there to serve as the ready materials of speech, the growth of the edifice of language may be followed step by step.'† But until the roots are there, human speech is not. Now, 'antecedently,' as Mr. Romanes observes, 'we might form various anticipations' concerning the nature and office of roots. We might suppose them imitative of natural sounds, expressive of concrete ideas, and so forth; but 'as a matter of fact' they 'are not expressive of natural sounds;' 'moreover, they are not expressive of concrete or particular ideas, but always of abstract or general.'‡ And after quoting *in extenso* the catalogue of 121 Sanskrit roots compiled by Professor Max Müller, Mr. Romanes feels compelled to admit that it unquestionably justifies that writer's inference, viz. that 'if the science of language has proved anything, it has proved that every term which is applied to a particular idea or object (unless it be a proper name) is already a general term.'§ The question of the origin of language has, therefore, become that of the origin of roots. But roots themselves witness that they are the product of self-consciousness or of abstraction. They are its effects, and therefore they cannot be its cause. If it was the Nominalist position that 'speech created reason,' here we see that position overthrown, for we have detected reason in the very act of originating speech. The sign-making faculty which Mr. Romanes attributes to the lower animals may, within limits, be granted them. But nowhere in the records of the past or experience of the present is there one single instance of the root-making faculty outside of man. This surely is decisive. If we are to go by 'the witness of philology,' here is what it testifies: 'first, that all terms were originally general; and, secondly, that they could not be anything but general.'||

Mr. Romanes pleads two considerations in arrest of judgment: one historico-philological, the other psychologico-metaphysical. The roots upon which we rely, he urges, are not the first in origin, but the last in analysis of articulate

\* Science of Thought, p. 174.

† Romanes, p. 265, in German.

‡ Romanes, p. 269.

§ Ibid. p. 271.

|| Science of Thought, p. 456.

speech. They represent a comparatively high level of social evolution, far removed from that of primitive man. The implication is that the most ancient roots would not be the effect of abstraction, but its cause; as though, be the roots what they might, it were possible for them as roots to lose their abstract quality! But this leads to the second consideration. Professor Max Müller has not distinguished between 'general' ideas and 'generic' ideas. General ideas are conceptions, due to thought strictly so called; 'generic' are sensuous universals, formed by the overlapping of images in the sensorium, much as Mr. Galton has produced a single definite photograph by superimposing various images of the same individual on the same sensitive plate. And Mr. Romanes, to whom these 'generic ideas,' or 'recepts,' are like the rod of Moses for accomplishing marvels and bringing the water of intellect out of the hard rock of Materialism, would reduce as many roots as possible to 'named receipts.' Nay, he would 'find in the body of every conceptual term 'a preconceptual core; '\* and so, by the stepping-stones of 'indication, denotation, and receptual connotation,' would cross the Rubicon of mind 'which, owing to their neglect, 'has seemed to be impassable.'† Language appears to him 'quite as much the antecedent as it is the consequent of 'self-consciousness.' And thus the human mind has 'arisen 'by way of a natural genesis from the minds of the higher 'quadrumana; ' although these, so far as we have made acquaintance with them in the present or any previous epoch, are demonstrably irrational and inarticulate, and we have been assured that 'no animal can possibly attain to 'the conditions under which self-consciousness originates.'‡ Now, what are we to think of this counter pleading?

In the first place, we have seen that any degree of articulation, however perfect, in the lower animals, is admitted by Mr. Romanes himself to have no intellectual significance. If a thing which has never happened, and never will happen, were to take place, and a tribe of menlike apes were discovered, using a large vocabulary of purely 'generic' vocal signs, this would not in any way prove that they were crossing, much less that they had crossed, the Rubicon of mind, nor that the signs employed were 'roots.' These animals would still be imprisoned within the sphere of sense; they would neither be self-conscious nor be tending towards self-consciousness. Any number of zeros added together will

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Romanes, p. 358.

† Ibid. p. 357.

‡ Ibid. p. 175.

not make a unit; nor will the most elaborate association of 'feelings,' or of the signs of those feelings, approximate to the simplest thought which is truly such, that is to say, a conceit having a universal function or power. Conversely, the most imperfect of articulate languages, requiring to be eked out with tone, grimace, and gesture, may be *informed* with conceptual meanings which at once stamp it as unmistakeably human. Nay, more, the sensuous universal which in a mere animal would be an unnamed (but need not be an *unsignified*) recept, becomes at once in a self-conscious being the vehicle and, so to speak, the analogue of the true universal which lies apart, in the ideal sphere to which sense cannot attain. There may be a Galton image of 'man,' for example, in the imagination, corresponding to the 'idea' of man with which no image can be commensurate. And the word expressing a concept will at the same time include the parallel recept, as the meaning of a poem includes, but is not identical with, the printed syllables that body it forth on paper. This, we consider, is the 'preconceptual core' which Mr. Romanes has discovered in every conceptual term. We have no difficulty, again, in granting with Professor Sayce that 'there was a time in the history of speech when articulate or semi-articulate sounds uttered by primitive man were made the significant representations of thought by the gestures with which they were accompanied; and this complex of sound and gesture—a complex in which, be it remembered, the sound had no meaning apart from the gesture—was the earliest sentence.'\* In this connexion Mr. Mivart has admirably observed

'that language is dependent on thought, not thought on language, is demonstrated for us by the lightning-like rapidity—far too great for words—with which our minds may detect the fallacy in an argument. This instantaneousness is not the mere mental ejaculation of the word "no," for the mental act is not a blind one, but is uttered for a distinct reason, and is due to our instantly seeing the nature of a fallacy; it may be a whole chain of argument with its logical relations and consequences. The most rapid cry or gesture of negation is often, then, the sign of intellectual perceptions which would require more than one sentence fully to express.'†

He truly remarks, that had not mental language a greater range and perception than its bodily expression, the growth and developement of language would not have been possible. 'New terms are always fitted to fresh ideas, and not fresh



'ideas to new terms.'\* It is not by the mere addition of an articulate sound to a state of feeling that something utterly different from both, namely a universal concept, comes into existence. The articulate sound *minus* the concept has no more to do with thought than the whistle of a railway engine, caused by an accidental escape of steam, has to do with the warning signal, at other times conveyed by the same whistle when the train is approaching a station. The conceptual meaning must be put into the empty word; and as long as the word remains empty the concept cannot but be lacking. We require, at the hands of Mr. Romanes, an adequate cause of thought. By what devices that thought when once given is to be expressed, though a subject of profound interest to the philologist, is of none to the philosopher.

In the light of these and suchlike considerations we must view the obscure or difficult problems, whether of history or of psychogenesis, to which Mr. Romanes invites our attention. Those who find themselves constrained to differ from him do not, as he supposes, begin with *à priori* assumptions of any kind. They assume nothing but what Mr. Romanes has granted, that man possesses a power of thought to whose operations there is no intrinsic resemblance in sense, whether external or internal. And they thereupon proceed to show that the mere act of naming, if it does not include thought already, is incapable of producing it. They turn to the languages of mankind, not to the Aryan alone, or to any other on a high level of culture, but to all that have been tested, and they find in every one of them, according to competent witnesses, roots with general or abstract meanings, some more, some less abstract, but all alike implying that the minds which created them were similar in kind to our own, endowed with the power of conceptual thought. It is no argument to point to the names of 'recepts' side by side with those of concepts. That does not prove that there was a period when recepts only were named and man was irrational. History knows of no such time. And the real and fruitful question is whether every 'named recept' must not necessarily have been steeped, so to say, in the intellectual nature of the agent by whom it was named.

'Roots,' again we say with Professor Max Müller, 'the elements out of which all language has been constructed, are abstract, never concrete, and it is by predicating these abstract concepts of this or that, by localising them here or there, in fact, by applying the category of *οὐρία*

or substance to the roots, that the first foundations of our language and our thought were laid.\*

Are there savages that have not a single abstract term in their vocabulary? If so, where do they live, and what do they mean when they refer, as all savages do, to the other members of the tribe, to their food, their weapons, and their enemies, as to objects denoted by articulate sounds from which, in greater or less degree, they have developed a true language? Has anyone ever come upon a nation of savages destitute of self-consciousness? It will not be seriously maintained. But if they *think*, their speech will be impregnated with thought. 'All tribes of mankind without exception possess the faculty of rational speech,' says Mr. Mivart, and he goes on to quote the weighty words of Sir John Lubbock, that 'although it has been at various times noted that certain savages are entirely without language, none of these accounts appears to be well authenticated.'†

Mr. Tylor, again, has pertinently observed that

'as the gesture language is substantially the same among savage tribes all over the world, and also among children who cannot speak, so the picture writings of savages are not only similar to one another, but are like what children make untaught, even in civilised countries. Like the universal language of gestures, the art of picture writing tends to prove that the mind of the uncultured man works in much the same way at all times and everywhere.'

And he concludes, '*man* is essentially, what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports, not "the speaker," but he who thinks, he who means.'‡ Mr. Darwin's remarks on the similarity in disposition and in mental qualities of the American aborigines, negroes, and civilised Europeans with whom he lived on board the '*Beagle*,' have been repeatedly cited; and in particular, as regards the Fuegians, who rank among the lowest barbarians, he is reported to have said that their progress under missionary effort was wonderful, and had it not occurred would have been to him quite incredible. A like witness has been given by Bishop Salvado in the case of the Australian aborigines, whom by careful and persevering treatment he brought to understand some of the highest of abstract ideas.§ Taking the evidence as a whole, we are warranted in affirming that no tribe of men has ever been found which is not acquainted with the use of fire, which does not assist the natural bodily powers by the use of tools and instruments,

\* Science of Thought, p. 433.

† Mivart, p. 279.

‡ Mivart, p. 279.

§ Ibid. p. 289.

which cannot count, or is destitute of moral, religious, and artistic notions, or which does not express general conceptions and abstract ideas by means of articulate sounds. Mr. Romanes will be the first to admit that among existing races, or races known to have existed, the *homo alalus*, the link between rational man and the brute, is simply *homo postulated*; he has been sought everywhere and found nowhere. The sphere of intellectual language and the sphere of mankind, if we will go by evidence and not by fancy, are coincident and conterminous.

It is, of course, equally true that, in addition to rational speech, we possess emotional, and that we share the latter to a large extent with brutes. But, in the first place, Mr. Romanes grants that many terms, 'such as virtue, government, mechanical equivalent,' and the like, have 'no possible equivalents in the way of receipts,'\* and, if so, how can they have arisen causally from receipts? And in the next place, Dr. Hughlings Jackson, as is well known, has described a disease of the left part of the anterior lobe of the brain, of which the effect is 'to produce partial or complete defect of intellectual language, and not cause corresponding defect of emotional or interjectional language.'† The machinery of voice and articulation recognised in anatomy remains unchanged; but while the lower faculty of sign-making may still be exercised, the higher, which depends on reason, and expresses it, falls into abeyance. Thus the complete distinction of these two faculties has been established by observation no less than reason, and the passage from one kind of language to another, even by the stages of 'indication, denotation, and receptual connotation,' has still to be made out. The existing savage fails Mr. Romanes at his utmost need; the presence of a 'receptual core in conceptual terms,' or the fact that language is 'fundamental metaphor,' proves only an outward connexion, or natural harmony, between the higher and lower elements in the constitution of man; while self-consciousness remains unaccounted for and unaccountable in the theory of materialistic evolution. After reviewing the entire evidence which Mr. Romanes has to bring forward, we should be justified, on his own premisses, in asserting that 'the history is inexplicable, because the metaphysics are unknowable.' His purpose has been to make out an equation between intellect and not-intellect by means of the supposed factor of evolution. But the terms of

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Romanes, p. 75.

† Max Müller, p. 200.

that equation have again to be multiplied on one side by the unknown  $x$  called 'self-consciousness.' And thus it ceases to be an equation at all. The brain of the individual and the history of the race alike protest against reducing man's faculty of thought to a 'zero level,' in order to derive it and him from 'the minds of the higher quadrumana.'

What now, in view of the undoubted facts, are we to think of Mr. Romanes' light and airy hypothesis to account for the rise of self-consciousness, and to bridge over the psychological distance which separates the gorilla from the gentleman? Can any *à priori* assumptions of his antagonists disregard the evidence more completely than such words as the following, which are the sum of his suggestions on the cardinal question of all psychology?

'The same act,' he lays down, 'of attaching verbal signs to inward mental states has the effect of focussing attention upon those states; and when attention is thus focussed habitually, there is supplied the only further condition required to enable the mind, through its memory of previous states, to compare its past with its present, and so to reach that apprehension of continuity among its own states wherein the full introspective consciousness of self consists.' (Romanes, p. 206.)

Such is what Mr. Romanes understands by the fulfilment of his promise 'scientifically to explain the whole mental constitution of man.' Upon these principles he builds up a romance of history in the chapter entitled 'The Transition in the Race,' intended to prove the development of man's intellect from simian ancestry. Names with no conceptual element in them (which have never been shown to exist), and attached, *ex hypothesi*, to states of emotion from which thought is absent, are to make the hitherto non-intelligent being habitually aware of those states. He is not yet a 'subject,' nor does he know himself to be a subject. But he has sensitive memory, like any other animal, and his memory calls up this or that picture of past feelings. This, repeats our author, supplies the only further condition required for the 'apprehension of continuity amongst its own states wherein the full introspective consciousness of self consists.' Surely a talking parrot, *teste* Mr. Romanes, fulfils all the conditions precedent, on his view, to 'full introspective' self-consciousness. Has it not verbal signs attached to emotional states? Does it not use these signs habitually? Does not its memory, both dreaming and waking, call up pictures of suchlike previous states? Does not the bird *feel* itself to be the same as long as it lives? Has it not 'outward self-consciousness,' or, to borrow

Mr. Mivart's less ambiguous term, 'consentience,' a distinct feeling or sense of self, as well as a feeling of 'otherness,' or not self, with respect to things external? \* Why, then, is it not self-conscious? But the true state of the case; whether as regards the talking parrot, or Mr. Romanes' hypothetical savage, that 'intensely interesting creature' which he has coined out of his own fancy, has been well expressed by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes. Of both it is true to say that they communicate only feelings. They cannot communicate 'knowledge of objects, having no ideas of objects.' 'Objects, except as motives, do not exist' for the *homo postulatus* of chapter xvi. That being has by supposition 'no power of abstraction capable of constructing ideas of objects; he has only sensations and imaginations representing sensibles. But ideas expressed in words are not sensible objects; they are mental constructions, in which relations abstracted from things are woven afresh into a web of sensibles and extra-sensibles, and concrete particulars become concrete generals.' †

One line of argument remains to those who would contend for the mental continuity of the human and the brute nature. It is parallel to that whereby the embryologist undertakes to derive the body of man from ancestors in the various types of developement through which his organism does, in fact, move upward till it reaches the human form. No demonstration has been more effective in recommending evolution as a probable history of man's bodily growth; and now, in the unfolding, stage by stage, of an infant's mind, Mr. Romanes would persuade us that we are viewing the past history of the race. Mental ontogeny is to explain mental phylogeny by reproducing it before our eyes. The brief chronicle of the child, advancing from a 'zero level' of intellect to self-consciousness, is made to rehearse the story of the ages in which prehistoric man wrought and left a record of himself not in language merely, but in the very offspring to which he bequeathed his characteristics. But let us make sure that we apprehend the scope of the evidence. Mr. Romanes has to show that an animal at some stage in its existence became that which previously it had not been, that is to say, human or intellectual. How can he prove this by taking the offspring of human parents as the starting point of comparison? The child has inherited intellect; the prehistoric animal inherited no intellect, but

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\* Mivart, pp. 183, 189, 190, 354.

† Problems of Life and Mind, vol. ii. p. 159.

had to create it for himself. Again, the child does not invent the articulate sounds which it employs, but receives them, manufactured, so to speak, at the hands of previous generations, and laden with traditional conceptions. And furthermore, its own mind develops under the influence of minds already formed. These are differences which almost completely vitiate the strength of any conclusions drawn in favour of the beast-man who is to rise by his own effort from beasthood to manhood. The difficulty of ascertaining what does, in fact, go on behind the walls of an infant's brain may be considered insuperable; for as we are disposed to read our own thoughts into the minds of the lower animals, so, under the influence of *à priori* principles of one school or another, we shall be only too apt, with the late Mr. T. H. Green, to deny that the self-consciousness of the child had a beginning, or, with Mr. Romanes, to refuse it even a confused or elementary existence till it is able to coin 'recepts,' though not to get so far as concepts. 'Nursery psychology,' in short, as Professor Max Müller has well named it, will explain intellect only on the illusory method of *obscurum per obscurius*. If the analogies of infant mind prove anything, it is not that intellect arose out of sense, but rather that the mind of man awakened to activity under the influence of already existing intellect; that its origin is from above, not from beneath, or, in language adopted by the mediæval scholastics from Aristotle, that potential mind becomes actual through the energy of a mind which is itself in act. Thus, while receding from the Materialism of Locke, we find ourselves approaching quite different luminaries in the sphere of metaphysics—Averrhoes with his Universal or Impersonal Intellect, Aristotle with his *Noûs Ποιητικός*, and the Divine Ideas of Plato—or, to quote the magnificent lines in which Dante has shadowed forth this high doctrine, removed wide as the poles asunder from the 'essential bestiality of man':—

Ciò che non muore, e ciò che può morire,  
 Non è se non splendor di quella idea,  
 Che partorisce, amando, il nostro Sire;  
 Chè quella viva luce, che sì mea  
 Dal suo lucente, che non si disuna  
 Da lui, nè dall' amor che in lor s' intrea,  
 Per sua bontate il suo raggiare aduna,  
 Quasi specchiato, in nove sussistenze,  
 Eternalmente rimanendosi una.\*

The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as Mr. Romanes is concerned, must appear to be this, that by no jugglery and by no *argumentum ad ignorantiam*—which is what his triple cord of reasoning, from the nursery, the menagerie, and prehistoric man, amounts to—can the ‘natural genesis’ of the higher from the lower be explained. To attempt it is a direct violation of the law that every effect demands an adequate cause; while at each stage in the process, as we have seen, the thing to be created, viz. self-consciousness, has been implied or slipped in. You cannot get more out of the germs by evolution than was put into them by involution. Evolution and involution must be equal. Mill has rightly laid it down that ‘the ultimate laws of nature’ cannot possibly be less numerous than the distinguishable ‘feelings or sensations of our nature; those, I mean, which are distinguishable from one another in quality, and not merely in quantity or degree.’\* *A fortiori*, when we consider the difference in quality between self-consciousness, or the power of abstraction, and all other modes of existence known to us. If anything can be called *sui generis* it is the human mind; and on its cause or beginning Mr. Romanes has been able, by his own confession, to throw no light whatever.† Almost as little does he enlighten his readers on the cognate, but totally distinct, question, what in the order of sensible phenomena are the immediate antecedents or conditions of the intellect coming into act. His theory that ‘naming’ is such a condition is, in its obvious purport, unfounded; and to receive any tolerable meaning must be interpreted according to the school of Aristotle, in which not articulate sounds, but imaginative signs, the so-called *species sensibiles*, exercise a subordinate instrumental function akin to that of the ‘named receipts,’ on which our author lays so great a stress. This doctrine, however, is neither new nor original; it does not at all imply the development of man from lower forms of being; and it is far better illustrated in Professor Max Müller’s radical theory of language than in the vague and loose conjectures, whether on the pattern of Professor Haeckel or of the equally adventurous Lazar Geiger, to which Mr. Romanes has given so large a range.

Intellect alone can witness to its own nature, and thus, directly or indirectly, to its necessary origin. We have arrived at a negative but by no means unimportant result

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\* Logic, chap. xiv. vol. ii. p. 4.

† Romanes, p. 194.

from the failure of Mr. Romanes to establish his position. Materialism, in his hands, resolves itself into a monism, of which the ultimate outcome is the creed of nescience. But this is to admit that science aided by history cannot deduce intellect from that which is not intellect. In the words of the Rede Lecture, mind is at last declared to be 'a function of itself.' It is high time, then, to inquire into the witness, not merely of psychology or philology, valuable as are these in their place, but of the mind which is at once judge and evidence as to the source from which it came. The last court of appeal is 'self-consciousness,' or, in better phrase, the declarations of the mind as to what it knows or does not know. Locke grows dumb, and as a metaphysician proves himself futile in the presence of Kant; and not of Kant dogmatising, but of Kant following in the track of Hume and declining to find in mere 'phenomena' the *à priori* element which naturalists like Mr. Romanes are always anxious to deduce from them. Whether the judgements of the pure intellect are valid may be a question for careful study; but that which constitutes their essential character, to wit, their universality and necessity, is not to be found either in the senses or by the senses. Kant perhaps will turn out in the end to have established a school of Agnosticism, but he did not come to it by the road of Materialism. His merit, and it is incontestable, consists in having stated the problem of the intellect. It does not follow that he knew how to answer it.

One of the latest, and in many respects most helpful, endeavours to deal with it, may be studied in the volume of Mr. St. George Mivart, to which we have made frequent reference in the foregoing pages. At first sight Mr. Mivart appears to have followed a *præ-Kantian* method, taking no heed of the question that, like a sphinx on the threshold of the temple of philosophy, the sage of Königsberg puts to everyone who would enter that sacred shrine, viz. what are the limits of our thought? But although the author eschews controversy, and mentions the name of Kant not half a dozen times, his most valuable chapters are devoted to illustrating the objectivity of those necessary judgements which our intellect puts forth. With Mr. Stuart Mill he affirms that—

'the recognition of the truth of any judgement we make is not only *an* essential part, but *the* essential part of it, as a judgement.' 'No follower of any branch of physical science, at any rate,' he continues, 'can reasonably doubt that truth is more than a mere quality



recognised as belonging to a judgement by him who emits it, and has a real relation to external things. Otherwise it is plain science would make no progress. We do not base scientific inductions and deductions on our knowledge of beliefs, but of facts; and without a foundation of facts beliefs are worthless.' (Mivart, p. 238.)

And he well observes that 'the independence and objectivity of truth,' the agreement of 'thought' with 'things,' should be manifest now more than ever, when science is continually putting its statements to the touch by experience. In the lucid exposition with which the book opens, Mr. Mivart shows with irresistible cogency that certainty exists, and that scepticism refutes and stultifies itself. We hold ultimate truths, he affirms, on their own evidence, but not blindly. The grounds of such beliefs cannot, from the nature of the case, be external to them; they shine by their own light, neither do we require to ascertain their origin before admitting their validity, for this would involve a *regressus ad infinitum*, and we could but arrive at self-evidence whatever path we pursued. It is the business, then, of philosophy to ascertain 'what general principles, 'what particular facts, and what methods of reasoning are 'clearly self-evident, and therefore supremely true.' The first fact is self-knowledge. But this, like our feelings, is not explicitly recognised without the exercise of reflection; and we do not begin with reflection. Here the fundamental error of Mr. Romanes is touched as with the finger tip. He cannot discern reflexive self-consciousness in children till they are some years old; and he concludes that they have no intellectual perception of themselves till then. But such perception may be, and commonly is, implicit, not adverted to. It should be named, not, as by an abuse of terms it has been, 'unconscious,' but 'direct' self-consciousness. Again, our knowledge of 'states of consciousness,' *pace* Mr. Spencer, is not primary; though we can never be aware of ourselves except in some 'state,' it does not follow that we first know the state and then argue to our own existence. What each man knows, prior to reflection or argument, is himself in concrete actual experience; and he is but rarely occupied in considering the operations of his own mind. Thus 'thought' and 'thing' are here known by one single act; and the scepticism or idealism, by which Kant or Mr. Spencer would persuade us that we never know 'things in themselves,' is completely shut out. Our first knowledge is direct and objective; nor is a second reflex act at all necessary in order

that it should be real and true. We are, then, supremely certain of our own existence. But in this certainty are included other certitudes of the highest moment. Memory, the law of contradiction, the law of causation, are, in like manner, objectively valid. To regard them as mere 'forms of 'thought,' about which we can affirm nothing except that they are necessary to our minds, is, as Mr. Mivart shows with admirable force and clearness, to fall into utter scepticism. Nor must it be forgotten that many men, eminent in various walks of science, have committed this intellectual suicide, driven to it by a first false step, such as Mr. Romanes appears to commit in identifying direct and reflex thought. Those, however, who allow, as all must, the objective fact of their own sensations existing, should be aware that this single affirmation carries with it the principle of knowledge, and involves as great a mystery as the axiom that every change must have an adequate cause, or that anywhere and everywhere things which are equal to the same are equal to each other. It is not, as some have fancied, that we are subjectively impotent to dissent from these axioms; but that we have a positive perception of their truth, and that perception self-evident. In like manner the mind certifies that there are valid methods of reasoning, and lays down the laws of a sane logic. But reasoning is not 'the highest kind of 'act of which our intellect is capable.' To recognise truth directly, to perceive self-evident facts and fundamental principles, is higher still—not only to be self-conscious, but to know by intuition those necessary truths on which the whole fabric of science and reasoning must at last be founded.

On these principles, the great prevalent delusion of modern days, that we know nothing beyond our sensations and feelings, stands condemned. It results from a confusion between the instruments and the objects of knowledge, which in the system of Aristotle was carefully guarded against. Mr. Romanes, for example, would have perceived the inadequacy of his entire argument, in favour of the origin of intellect from sense, if he had not reduced sensitive cognition itself to feeling, and reason to a mere reflection upon that feeling by the aid of signs affixed to it. As a matter of experience, what the sense directly perceives is the object which causes sensation, though each faculty, of course, interprets that object according to its own laws. 'We can 'neither feel nor imagine anything except in terms of sen-

'sation,' says Mr. Mivart, and 'we can neither perceive nor think of anything save through the aid of our feelings;' but 'we can, with their help, both perceive and conceive of things that never were and never can be either felt or imagined.'\* The 'subjective signs,' by means of which we know things, may vary indefinitely, as may the words in different languages by which we express identical propositions, but we perceive the same real objects notwithstanding. Mr. Mivart gives a singularly apt illustration. 'We can with practice,' he observes, 'draw out the perspective lines of a building we look at; but in looking at it we do not naturally perceive them, but it. When a solid cube is placed before us, we perceive that the cube has square faces, although from its position the surfaces it presents to our eyes may not appear to be squares but lozenges.' Men do not perceive 'impressions,' 'images,' or 'representations' of bodies, but the very bodies themselves; and the error of idealism is one into which learned men, mistaking introspection for direct perception, alone have fallen.

Now it is in the highest degree remarkable that, once we grant our ultimate court of appeal to be the intellect, and the supreme criterion to be 'intellectual intuition,' not only does Materialism disappear into the limbo of exploded superstitions, but the whole universe is made visible to us as a system of objective reason, the doctrine of 'intelligent purpose' in its developement is restored, and we find ourselves compelled, under pain of scepticism, to apply the principle of causation to all those changes, or continually new existences, which make up what in the last century was called 'the course of nature.' Above all the particular laws of science, binding them together, and not in conflict with them, but in strictest harmony, is the law of causation, which requires that they shall have an intelligible How and Why. It does not follow that we can interpret each of the phenomena as they come before us, so as to discover its particular purpose in the whole. What does follow is that they must be referred to a sufficient reason, to a principle by which they are, so to speak, justified in their existence and their various activities. The 'mechanical theory of the universe,' which reduces all things to matter and motion, is, even in the judgement of naturalists like Mr. Romanes,

utterly untenable, the argument against it 'overwhelming.' There is an ideal element in all things from least to greatest, and a logic immanent in the processes by which the universe has arrived at its present degree of perfection. The phenomena of crystallisation, the tendencies inherent in chemical elements to combine according to definite proportions, the unconscious growth of living organisms, the processes of repair, and the marvels of instinct, all these manifest, whether in man or outside of him, an intellect which is no empty shadow or reverberation of his own, but which just as little can be attributed to the individual beings whose motions it controls and whose existence it binds up into the plan of the universe. It is in them, but not of them; it pervades their essence, and therefore may be termed immanent, but it is not in any true sense *their* mind, and still less can we allow the misleading abuse of terms whereby Von Hartmann and Schopenhauer would have it to be 'unconscious intelligence.' As well might we talk of blind sight. The very thing to be dwelt upon, and if possible explained, is that here we perceive purpose, a design, the carrying out point by point of a plan which involves the harmonising of various tendencies, and the adaptation of the present to a future that lifeless or irrational creatures cannot forecast.\* The idea, which in Hegel's phraseology is objective in the world, must, if it is an idea at all, be thought, and therefore implies a thinker. It cannot be unconscious; therefore it must be self-conscious. As we perceive everywhere intelligible effects, we cannot deny that they have an intelligent cause. The reign of law means the reign of reason. There is, then, intellect outside man which is not man's. The ideal element in things external to him takes him on, by virtue of the law of causation to a mind which it manifests. Or, if we will speak a technical language admittedly inadequate, yet valid so far as it goes, there is an intelligent First Cause of the world distinct from those individual beings which are its effects, and in which it is mirrored forth.

To recognise intellect above and around us would be to end the dominant Atheism. And why we should not, in an age of science, 'when knowledge grows from more to more,' and experience proves that we do not dream of objective laws, but discover them, may appear a strange enigma. Matter itself cannot be explained without energy—a something which is not mere extension. The visible takes us

back to the invisible; and the school of Giordano Bruno, to which Mr. Romanes would give his allegiance, insists that intellect and existence are not only conterminous but identical. This, indeed, goes beyond the facts, and in the teeth of the facts. Our intellect assures us that the instinct displayed by ant or beaver is not in them the conscious adaptation of means to an end apprehended, but a blind motion. That which apprehends the end is neither ant nor beaver; it is something distinct from both. And so throughout the kingdoms of nature till we come to man. But in him, also, at every stage of existence there is a purpose which he fulfils without knowing how or why. The so-called unconscious in him is far larger than the conscious; neither is it identical with his mind or a part of his proper faculties. He has this warrant in himself for refusing to believe the system of universal identity. There is throughout nature a 'mysterious but undeniable presence' of mind; and it shows itself even in those things which have no mind of their own, which are blind and irrational in their individual being. To assert Monism is to abolish the category of distinction to which reason and experience as plainly testify as they do to those of cause or substance. The successive presentation of orders of being, one excelling the other in qualities, and possessed of powers *sui generis*, can be denied only by blotting out the records alike of geology and of biology. To declare that their diversity is only 'seeming,' is as pure a piece of arbitrary dogma as any church or creed has ever perpetrated. But on the principles of Monism either intellect or matter must be a fiction; for it is evident that mind cannot be extended, nor can extension be mind.

What may be the intrinsic nature of the connexion between the First Cause and contingent effects has been indicated, but not pictured, in the word 'creation'—a process which, as the late Mr. Lewes observed, is thinkable, though not imaginable, and cannot therefore be rejected on *a priori* grounds by metaphysicians, still less by physicists. Shadows or likenesses of it do certainly exist, by which we may help ourselves to conceive what it is, from the spontaneous productivities of the lowest orders of organic being to the free volitions of man and his artistic evocations of a world which otherwise would not be, as in the dramas of Shakespeare and Æschylus, the symphonies of Beethoven, and those great ideal formations which we call states, religions, and policies. Of all these it may be truly said that they are and were not; that they came into existence from non-existence;

and that there was a time when they were nothing in themselves.\*

The question at last is, therefore, whether our intellect, by virtue of its self-evident principles, obliges us to assert or gives us leave to deny the existence of thought in the universe. If thought is not there, all things, ourselves included, must be the sport, as they are the product, of irrational chance—a conception at once contradictory in itself and the sum of all contradictions. But if reason discovers reason everywhere, in the heights and the depths; if all science acknowledged to be in accordance with facts, and not an idle dream, is but a recapitulating of the laws and harmonies of that pervading thought; if without definite tendencies there can be no ordered evolution, and a reason why is as necessary to its activities as motives to the will and a channel to a river; if, when we utter the words ‘uniformity of nature,’ we cannot but mean an inward organism or teleology which prevents the universe from falling into a mazy dance of atoms, having neither a whence nor a whither, it follows that no explanation of the origin, be it of man or the lower creation, can satisfy us which does not at every step recognise this ‘ideal element’ and allow its influence. If there is no real world, independent of man’s feelings, evolution, said Mr. Herbert Spencer, is a dream. But it is equally a dream if the hierarchy of ordered being in which it results be declared to have arisen without a plan, in the chance medley of atom with atom. Concede the inherent design, the ‘involution’ of sufficient causes, real and ideal; allow that if the fruit is from the seed, the seed is no less from a previous fruit, and the mind, urged onwards through the chain of effects, will arrive at that which is no effect, but the cause of causes. In supposing, on the other hand, the developement of an absolute higher from a manifest lower, the intellect is put to confusion. Even though the principle of causation were, as many seem to hold, purely subjective, still we can never escape from it. And for the emergence of man’s intellect on the scene of the world it demands an adequate cause. What other cause can be reasonably assigned than the thought which has already revealed itself in the nebulæ, the molten rocks, the world of vegetation, and the multitude of sentient species which rise progressively to man? In each series reason discerns fresh intrinsic principles, which it cannot but refer to the cause

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\* Mivart, p. 464.

known to be present in them by its intelligent action. At last man himself, the thinker, appears. He is not his own cause; much less can feeling, utterly devoid as it is of true self-consciousness, account for that which makes him man. But here again the intellect which was recognised in the universe at large is not, indeed, tangible, nor to be viewed with the eye of imagination, but surely present. For in that little world of man, well named *Microcosmos*, all the orders of existence are summed up with their activities, and, though he be self-conscious, the consciousness which directs them is not his. Why should we hesitate to recognise it once more as the life of life, self-sustained and all-embracing, as distinct from the individual things of the universe as it is intimate with each of them? The conception is in perfect accord with science, and the fact is vouched for by experience. If origin means cause, then the origin of our intellect is self-conscious thought, omnipresent and without beginning.

Comparing now the points in which these authors agree, we arrive at conclusions as remarkable as in much of the loose and floating thought of the day they are unsuspected. Of these, the first is that Materialism, taken on its own ground of experience, is untenable by the scientific mind. The name may survive, but the meaning is gone out of it. That doctrine which refuses to perceive in the universe any realities 'save matter and motion, is condemned by what Mr. Romanes declares to be 'an obvious demonstration that the alleged effect,' mind, 'is necessarily prior to 'its cause;' in other words, to mindless particles endowed with mere weight and extension. 'Motion,' he affirms, with Hobbes, 'produceth nothing but motion.'\* 'Science,' he further tells us, 'has now definitely proved the correlation of 'all the forces;' that is to say, of physical forces, 'and 'this means that if any kind of motion could produce anything else that is not motion, it would be producing that 'which science would be bound to regard as, in the strictest 'sense of the word, a miracle.'† Taking our stand upon science, 'we are logically bound to conclude, not merely that 'the evidence of causation from body to mind is not so 'cogent as that of causation in any other case, but that in 'this particular case causation may be proved, again in the 'strictest sense of the term, a physical impossibility.'‡

But the same chain of reasoning may be applied, if there

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\* Rede Lecture, p. 86.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid. p. 87.

is any meaning in Mr. Romanes's concessions as to the unique nature of intellect, to the connexion between sense and reason. The correlation of the senses has long been an observed fact. They are on the same level, may be comprised in one general definition, and have a common sensorium in the brain. They constitute a world of themselves, the world of 'feeling' and of the realities which may be apprehended through feeling. And there they reach the limit not to be overpassed by them. The analogies, illustrations, and hypotheses with which Mr. Romanes has filled his book, amount, in the author's own judgement, to a connexion of *sequence*, not of *cause*, between the mind of the brute and the mind of man. Now sequence in the language of Mill and his school has often usurped the name, but it could never take to itself the function, of a true cause. Night follows day, but day is not the cause of night; a certain developement of the sense faculties may or must invariably precede the manifestation of intellect in the growing child, but again precedence is not production, nor can we speak of the 'natural genesis' of mind from sense because there could not, so far as we have experience, be intellect unaccompanied by imagination, or, as Professor Max Müller holds, without 'language.' The will according to Mr. Romanes cannot 'originate bodily movement without the concurrence 'of a strictly physical process of cerebration.' Be it so. But, as he earnestly insists, the will is not itself a process of cerebration; neither is it caused by any such process. In like manner generally, the intellect cannot act except in concurrence with faculties which man shares in common with the lower animals, but the mind is not any of those faculties nor caused by them. Sensism, like Materialism, is thus proved inadequate to account for the facts of self-consciousness as we know them.

Furthermore, Mr. Romanes puts the suggestive question, 'If there is no motion without mind, no being without knowing, may we not infer with Bruno that it is in the medium of mind, and in the medium of knowledge, we live and move and have our being?'\* It needs only to follow this clue, as it is drawn out in some of Mr. Mivart's pages, to be convinced that, so long as we interpret Theism as the doctrine of a self-conscious unbeginning mind, present in nature—or rather, in which nature is present—the whole tendency of modern science is to justify and to realise that



stupendous creed. A mindless universe offers as great a contradiction to science as it does to metaphysics. In the *Prima Philosophia* taught by our deepest thinkers, the central doctrine is that an objective reason exists and ever has existed. Involution and evolution are at once the effects and the tokens of its all-pervading energy. Again, it does not follow that mind, which we perceive in all things, though not in the same manner, may not exist, in to us quite inconceivable modes, apart from matter as from motion, and wholly independent of sense. Its relation to the universe, apprehended as First Cause by metaphysicians, and as Final Cause by mystics, admits of expression in ways most diversified and inexhaustible. The language of Shelley and Wordsworth brings out as real an aspect of it as the creeds of ancient Councils and the formulas which, repeated during long centuries in the schools of Christendom, have become, like worn-out coins, suspicious to the ordinary dealer in words. Here it is manifestly an advantage that, side by side with technical phrases, we still can hear the mighty music of prophet and psalmist, anthropomorphic if you will, but revealing to heart and sense those secrets which escape the cold dissecting scalpel of the pure reason. From mind to personality is but a step; or, more accurately speaking, mind which was not personality, which did not know itself and could not dwell in itself, would not be mind. In a most pregnant sense we may concede to Mr. Romanes, as to one of the profoundest philosophers of modern Germany—we mean Hermann Lotze—that self-consciousness and intellect are one and the same.\* But if this be granted, the quarrel between Theism and Pantheism ends in the victory of those who affirm an immanent and transcendent self-consciousness, to be the cause of all things and their abiding stay. ‘This world,’ says Mr. Mivart, ‘points to something ‘beyond itself, not only unimaginable but inconceivable, ‘and to which its being is subservient.’† In these, which, rightly understood, are the last words of science and seal up the sum of its knowledge, we note the beginnings of a Natural Theology founded on experience, certified by reason, and harmonising with the process of evolution in the world of sense as of spirit.

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\* *Microcosmus*, Book III. pp. 559–573.

† Mivart, p. 529.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Unknown Horn of Africa : An Exploration from Berbera to the Leopard River.* By F. L. JAMES, M.A., F.R.G.S. London: 1888.
2. *Sansibar : Ein ostafrikanisches Kulturbild.* Von Dr. KARL WILHELM SCHMIDT. Leipzig: 1888.
3. *Quid novi ex Africa?* Von GERHARD ROHLFS. Cassel: 1886.
4. *Through Masai Land.* By JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Second Edition. London: 1885.
5. *Tropical Africa.* By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: 1888.

ONE of the charms of Africa is that it is always taking us by surprise. *Semper ex Africâ aliquid novi.* Only the other day it 'sprung' upon us a new Golconda; its new Eldorado already counts as a factor in the destiny of the English-speaking race. The meteorological anomalies of Africa are as numerous as its 'hydrographic puzzles.' Snow falls there only under the equator; 'thirst-tracts' are intercalated into the zone of perpetual rainfall; cyclones wheel in 'impossibly' low latitudes. Even in the matter of topography, the unexpected prevails on the 'dark continent.' The bold idealisations of fancy map-makers are there more than usually apt to be falsified by experience. Towards the substitution of what is for what seemed likely much has of late been done; yet no map of Africa bears comparison for fulness and accuracy of detail with the charts of the moon executed by painstaking selenographers.

There is a certain satisfaction in the thought that our ancestral planet has still some unexplored corners; tempered, however, by the prospect of their imminent abolition. The legacy of geographical mystery bequeathed to us by the past will not last long at the present rate of expenditure. One feels tempted to desire less prodigality in the dissipation of a stock which can never, through all time, be replenished, yet the total exhaustion of which will render life perceptibly poorer in the motives for adventurous exertion. Not without a pang can we see one blank space after another vanish from our maps, and hard actualities fill in the lessening ranks of hazy possibilities. For some time to come, indeed, the poles may be trusted to keep their secrets; but those of the tropics are being divulged wholesale. In the beginning of last year there was still an 'unknown

'horn' to Africa; before it closed, the book with which we have headed this article was published, and surmise was put to flight from one more spot of our restricted terrestrial premises.

Opposite Aden, tropical Africa juts out in a triangular extension terminated by Cape Guardafui, with the island of Socotra for an outwork. It is a barren, volcanic region, ridging up from a sandy coast-line to heights of five to six thousand feet. The vegetation is peculiar. Nearly every plant growing there is odoriferous. Hence the ancient name of 'Regio aromatifera.' 'Araby the blest' itself does not own a more 'spicy shore.' Sweet-smelling gums, myrrh, and frankincense are collected abundantly from the shrubs clothing the arid ravines of the 'Medjourtain' by the hunger-stricken Bedouin who haunt them. They 'dispense native perfumes,' but make no attempt to cultivate the land, relying for support upon the produce of their herds of camels, sheep, and goats, and in times of drought (and drought is here chronic) suffering accordingly severe privations. M. Révoil, who led a caravan across the promontory in 1880, was often beset by starving vagrants, reduced for nourishment to leaves and roots, who greedily devoured, raw, handfuls of rice flung to them.\* The visitants of his camp at night were prowling hyenas and jackals; venomous serpents abounded; gazelles swarmed in all parts of the country; incredible numbers of large apes congregated in the mountains above Meraya. The mineral riches of the country are unexplored, but iron and lead are included in them; and mercury, called by the natives 'water of silver,' occurs obviously in considerable quantities. Vast masses of guano are to be found at certain parts of the coast.†.

The Medjourtain is the prominent angle of Somali-land; and Somali-land, which is about as large as Spain, fills in the whole of the wide gap between the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and the whilom territories of the Sultan of Zanzibar. It is practically independent, for the Egyptian protectorate, sanctioned by our Foreign Office in 1877, has never been effectively exercised. Here and there, however, symptoms of impending European occupation begin to appear. Berbera, Bulhar, and Zeila, on the Gulf of Aden, are now English ports. France 'protects' the neighbourhood of Tadjourra; Italy has within

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La Vallée du Darror, p. 135.

† Révoil, 'Voyage au Cap des Aromates,' pp. 255, 278,

the last few months thrown its ægis over the sultanate of Oppia; a German company has fastened upon Witu. But European control 'stops with the shore;' the interior remained practically a sealed book until Mr. James reached the Leopard River in 1885. Sir Richard Burton, it is true, struck across its northern verge when he *discovered* (it might be said) the city of Harar in 1855; and sundry expeditions have, at various epochs, started inland, although abortively, and with disastrous results. The drawbacks of travelling in Somali-land are considerable; but the most considerable is the risk, amounting almost to certainty, of being murdered.

The Somals are 'kittle cattle' to deal with. Armed to the teeth with spears, daggers, and clubs, they are equally skilful and reckless in the use of them. The men live to fight and to talk; what work gets done is done by the women. Tribal wars are incessant; sanguinary social quarrels are of everyday occurrence, and if death seldom ensues, it is because the clansmen on either side are zealous to separate the combatants before the fine for homicide, borne in common by the relatives of a man-slayer, is incurred. Camel-driving is almost the only form of masculine industry, yet it does not appear that time hangs heavy on the Somal's hands. Hair dressing and dyeing (for he aspires to a blonde chevelure) agreeably occupy a good deal of it; and his portentous and inexhaustible loquacity is often indulged at the expense of sleep.

Ethnologically, the Somals may be described as Arabised Gallas. Although not aboriginal, since traces of a prior tumult-building and fish-eating people abound near the coast, they have probably occupied their present territory for some millenniums. Indeed a typical Somal chieftain, armed with just such a poniard as he might use to-day, figures, according to M. Révoil, in a painting of the seventeenth century B.C. in the Egyptian temple of Deir-el-Bahari. Through the example of Greek merchants trading to Mosylon for myrrh and ivory, the Somals substituted for a partial clothing of skins (which even now survives among some of their outcasts) the dignified 'sagum Arsinoëticum;' and their present national costume is perhaps the most purely classical to be met with outside the sphere of antique statuary. It consists, for men and women alike, of a 'tobe,' or straight piece of cotton cloth (printed, or white with a crimson border), two breadths wide, and some twelve feet long, draped in graceful folds about the body, and fastened on the left shoulder.

Sandals are worn on the feet; strings of gaudy beads about the neck; amulets in the most suitable situations for warding off malefic influences.

The physiognomy of this people is of a high type, debased by the brutality of ages. The colour of their skin runs through all the shades of brown. Their figures are tall and slender, yet strong and well poised. They are often skilled in horsemanship, and adepts in elephant hunting; yet, through dignity or laziness, employ low-caste tribes armed with poisoned arrows to bring down their game. The few slaves kept by them are of the mongrel 'Swaheli' race. Although highly sensitive to music, the Somals possess next to no musical instruments. The pleasures of the dance, to which they are wildly addicted, are, at the most, heightened by the throbs of a rude drum; more usually, the measure is beaten by simple hand-clappings. They, however, sing sweetly, and poetry and oratory are much in vogue among them. The importance of every unusual occasion is celebrated, at merciless length, by a set harangue; and verses by the thousand, imperfectly rhymed, but harmonious, circulate orally, for the language has no written character.\*

The Somals are fanatical Mussulmans; the recital of the 'five prayers' on Fridays is, or was, enforced at Zeila with the threat of the bastinado; and they will touch the flesh of no animal of which the throat has not been cut, and the 'Bismillah' pronounced while it still lived. This ceremonial observed, they freely give way to a prodigious voracity. A large gazelle (deducting a few minor appurtenances) makes a meal for one man; five are said to have devoured at a sitting nearly half a camel. They, however, reject birds of all kinds, as well as fish; pronounce kidneys a dish for women; and Mr. James and his party judged it prudent to give up bacon for breakfast in deference to the looks of loathing it excited. It was mortifying, too, to find their guns useless for provisioning purposes, though varieties of antelopes, wild boars, squirrels and marmots, bustards, partridges, and pigeons, were plentiful along the route. But gastronomic (or any other) experiments are not favoured in Somali-land. No 'party of progress' is there to be found. Conservatism has it all its own way. Ancestral precedents give the law, and lend countenance to the worst crimes.

Sick or well, the Somal is greedy of the most nauseous medicines. He suffers from few diseases, and is difficult to

kill, even with the sword. Almost devoid of the sense of pain, he is from childhood so inured to 'feel steel' that he has come rather to enjoy the sensation, and, on the slightest opportunity, eagerly invites the surgeon's knife. This callousness, no less than the levity and instability by which it is accompanied, renders this people one of the most formidable on the earth to deal with. At one moment 'soft, 'merry, and affectionate,' they pass, Sir Richard Burton remarks, 'without any apparent transition into a state of fury, 'when they are capable of terrible atrocities.'\*

For five Englishmen to place themselves, during four months, absolutely in the power of armed, inconsequent, and turbulent savages of this description, was no slight effort of daring. Mr. James and his brother had, however, already had some experience of the 'wild tribes of the Soudan,' and possessed tact, temper, and enterprise equal to most emergencies. It is fair to add that they appear to have been fully seconded by their companions, Messrs. Aylmer, Lort-Phillips, and Thrupp. Their success was due, in part, to the maintenance of a semi-military discipline among the members of their own caravan; in part to their diplomatic treatment of local dignitaries. Intercourse with these worthies had comic elements which somewhat relieved its weary tedium. The Sultan of Burao having desired at parting a 'letter of recommendation,'

'I sat down,' Mr. James humorously relates, 'and wrote "good words" about him, in which I conscientiously recommended him to any one requiring the services of a Sultan, as active, willing, steady, and trustworthy. This being the first "character" I had given to any sultan, I was very pleased to be able to write one which was so satisfactory.'†

Most important of all was the untiring observance by the party of the *si vis pacem* precept. Good-humoured mistrust was its leaders' rule of conduct. They never forgot that in Somali-land, rather more than elsewhere, one may 'smile and 'smile, and be a villain.' The most engaging blandishments of the most devoted 'Sultan' never for a moment threw them off their guard. Native friendship was found to be most effectually cultivated from the vantage-ground of a strong 'zariba.' Night watches and patrols proved an indispensable safeguard against treachery, and the garrison duties were, on the whole, excellently performed. The situation

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\* First Footsteps in East Africa, p. 109.

† Unknown Horn of Africa, p. 86.

was at times highly critical. But the Somals have, fortunately, not yet learned to stand fire, although directed above their heads; and hordes of assailants with spears, and shields, and poisoned arrows recoiled, 'ghasted by the noise it made,' before a blustering but innocuous volley.

The march from Berbera inland was, for the most part, across arid plains, scantily clothed with mimosa-scrub and tufts of coarse grass. A stiff climb led up from the coast-level to the first of the inner African plateaus, the desolate expanse of which was rendered interesting chiefly by the profusion of game roaming at large over it. In the absence of covert for stalking, the animals were not easily approached; so powder and shot were wisely held in reserve for the marauding parties who haunt the wilderness. Our travellers managed, nevertheless, to secure a number of valuable specimens both of the fauna and flora of Somali-land, whilst their most striking feat in the line of pure sport was bagging an 'old and very mangy lioness.' Elephants were heard of, but not seen; rhinoceros were never less than 'three days off;,' ostriches kept to their parade-ground in the Ogadayn; but a long shot by Mr. W. D. James at a dreaded and voracious crocodile constituted him the Sir Eglamour of the district.

On the fifty-ninth day after leaving Berbera, the caravan, consisting of 'about one hundred men and women, 103 'baggage-camels, ten others for food, eight horses, two 'mules, forty-six sheep, and seven oxen,' reached the banks, till then untrodden by Europeans, of the Webbe-Shebeyli, or Leopard River. Although in the middle part of its course fifty to sixty yards wide, this fine stream never reaches the sea. Shut in behind the sandhills of Brava, it loses itself in a great marsh a few miles from its proper oceanic destination, and after the manner of abortive great rivers wastes its strength in the ravages of periodical inundations. They serve, however, to fertilise an extensive area. The banks of the Webbe, where Mr. James struck them, are shaded by magnificent trees, and cultivated with minute industry by negroid tribes called 'Adone.' Quantities of dhurra are raised by them, with pumpkins, beans, melons, maize, red pepper, and some cotton woven by the women into a coarse kind of cloth, and they were glad to barter fowls for empty tins and bottles. The Adone, who are diabolically ugly, and as bloodthirsty and predatory as their hated neighbours the Somals, are the immemorial occupants of their actual possessions. The bulk of the population are slaves.

The refusal of his men to face some four hundred miles of unknown country compelled Mr. James to abandon the project of following the Leopard River towards the Indian Ocean at Mogadoxo, and to content himself with varying the return route to Berbera. The principal advantage of the change appears to have lain in the extension, for which it offered the opportunity, of his acquaintance with 'Sultans;' for the rest, the succession of landscapes along the one line was as monotonously dull as along the other.

The maxim that 'healthy districts in tropical Africa are 'infertile, fertile districts unhealthy'\* applies to Somali-land. The climate is salubrious; but by far the greater part of the country is not only uncultivated, but incapable of cultivation. The cause alike of its salubrity and sterility is deficiency of water. The prairies and jungles wave with hay, rather than grass; the expanse of vegetation on the rolling plains of Marar resembles, viewed from a distance, 'the nap of yellow velvet;'† even the hard thorn-bushes dry up, between one shower and its successor, into rattling skeletons. The Somali camel's unique power of enduring thirst is significant, as it is no doubt a consequence, of the dryness of the land. Provided he get a little food daily, he will last thirteen days without drinking; the camel of the Soudan succumbs after six. While the April rains are actually falling, the sun-baked uplands of the Ogadayn are turned into a limitless marsh; flying ants, beetles, and cockchafers darken the air and pester the traveller, while the tsetse-fly opens a brief but animated campaign against cattle. But the clouds scarcely disperse faster than the thirsty soil soaks the moisture dropped by them; and from a pool capable one day of watering a caravan, it may not be possible the next to scoop up a pint of mud-soup.

The inhabitants of Somali-land number about half a million. They keep vast herds of camels, oxen, sheep, and goats; but their turbulent fanaticism has so far secured them immunity from European influences. German efforts to establish trade relations along the coast south of Cape Guardafui were checked by the murder of Dr. Jühlke; and only the employment of a few Arab agents is now found practicable. Exports of hides, sesame, orchilla, gum-arabic, and incense, ivory and ostrich feathers, are at present of limited extent, and unpromising of much further develop-

\* Dr. G. A. Fischer, 'Mehr Licht im dunklen Weltteil,' p. 27.

† Burton, *loc. cit.*, p. 249.



ment. European cupidity meets stronger temptations elsewhere.

The intense vitality of the Aryan peoples is nowhere more conspicuous than in their insatiable love of travel. To this day the wandering and encroaching instinct which brought them to their actual abodes is strong within them. They have explored the twilight corners of the globe ; penetrated, on many a less convenient mount than Astolfo's hippogriff, into the presence of monarchs as inaccessible as Prester John ; they daily outstrip the readiness of Benedick to 'do embassages to the Pygmies,' 'go on the slightest errands 'to the Antipodes,' or even 'fetch a toothpicker from the 'farthest inch of Asia.' In Africa, more than elsewhere, their adventurous eminence has been maintained. Englishmen above all—though not Englishmen solely—continually yield life, health, and fortune, recklessly or generously as the case may be, to the irresistible attraction of its mystery.

From a psychological point of view, there is no more curious reading than a library—for such they constitute—of books of African travel. The monotony of the personal incidents is scarcely greater than the monotony of the dogged courage with which they are met. The weakness and depression of fever ; weary tramps through morasses varying in capacity of immersion from 'up to the knee' to 'up to the neck,' or worse still, across parched tracts, only, perhaps, to be forestalled by a troop of elephants (as happened to Mr. Arnot in the Kalahari) at the scanty pool pressed towards with desperate eagerness ; desertion by carriers ; the exactions of pombe-drinking magnates ; the rending of skin and garments by the strong thorns with which nature has armed African undergrowths ; the penetration of impenetrable forests ; the cajolement of impracticable, the intimidation of bloodthirsty savages, recur with endless iteration in each successive narrative. But in the mind of the protagonist they never evoke a thought of surrender ; they never seem to suggest so much as a doubt whether the play, after all, be worth the candle. Baffled in one direction, he tries another. Stripped of his goods, forsaken, maltreated, sick and sore in body and spirit, if only he escape with his life, he inevitably makes ready for a fresh start. It is enough that he feels himself a pioneer ; let civilisation, if it will, march on over his body ; he no more laments the sacrifice than the locust who helps to fill a trench that his comrades may pass freely to 'fresh woods 'and pastures new.'

These fruits of practical heroism spring from various motives. Every white man is a king in inner Africa; and kingship has its charms, as well as its penalties. A latent passion for supremacy thus draws some to the wilds; others are attracted by the mere desire to escape the restraints of culture, by love of sport and adventure, or the hope of gain; a few, by disinterested devotion to humanity and religion. It has happened in other crises of human history, as it is happening now, that many causes conspire, under the irresistible, because unfelt, guidance which we may fitly term providential, towards the same result. That result is the awakening of the conscience of Europe to the desolated condition of Africa.

It is too late to ask, 'Are we our brother's keeper?' Three centuries ago the plea might have seemed specious, but since then Europe has made itself guilty towards Africa of the blackest series of crimes that stain the foul record of civilised history. The actual appalling state of things in Africa is the result of the policy of Europe towards the African races. European contact has brought in its train not merely the sacrifice, amid unspeakable horrors, of the lives and liberties of twenty million negroes for the American market alone, but political disintegration, social anarchy, moral and physical debasement, the decay of the simple arts and industries which had been developed during centuries of undisturbed and uneventful existence. Christian Europe, it is true, no longer openly tolerates the slave trade, but Christian Europe furnishes the arms by means of which the slave trade is carried on. The European explorer paves the way for the Arab man-hunter; in his track follow not the blessings of civilisation, but conflagration, rapine, and murder; and European trade, while extinguishing native handicrafts, places within the African's grasp the power of self-destruction by spirits, and of mutual destruction by firearms.

We are now consciously confronted by all these evils and responsibilities. They have been slowly forced upon our recognition as one traveller after another opened a chink into the darkness of the heart of Africa. That a debt of reparation is due from the white man to the black can no longer be denied. It *must* be paid somehow; it *may* be paid for weal and not for woe. A duty left undone is a nemesis pursuing to destruction; a duty to be done is simply a problem to be solved. Which shall it be for us? The public voice has already spoken. The blunder and the crime

of the abandonment of Khartoum will not be repeated. Henceforth, at least ostensibly, the salvation of Africa is the policy of Europe.

There remains, then, only the question as to the best means of carrying it into execution. And here, too, ignorance is giving place to better knowledge. Our conduct is, as it were, shaping itself, and for once commercial and national advantages are found combined with the highest interests of humanity.

Although the slave trade exists only through the connivance of professing Christians, it may be said broadly that slave-trading and slave-owning have throughout Christendom disappeared. The Gospel has so far triumphed, with the accentuation, however, of its essential antagonism to the Koran, since, on principle as well as in practice, Islam imposes bondage upon unbelievers. Its mission to Africa is thus one of extermination, and it is being carried out at the present moment with extraordinary zeal and success.

Ten years have elapsed since Stanley, by his first descent of the Congo, broke the spell of isolation under which the various parts of the vast continent lay. Since then communications have improved, and annexation has advanced so rapidly that sympathetic relationship extends from sea to sea, linking together the vicissitudes of possession in each of the great river-valleys by which approach is sought to the interior. The overtones (if the expression be permissible) of a note struck at the mouth of the Congo vibrate on the Nile and Zambesi. South African interests have to be consulted in East Africa; Egyptian influences react on the shores of Lake Nyassa; the danger of Emin Pasha near the sources of the Nile has involved the destruction of the riverine populations of the Aruwimi. These questions have become diffusive; or, rather, one great question tends to cover with its ramifications the whole field of African politics. That question is the all-important one, whether Aryans or Semites are to bear sway there.

Upon the answer given to it depend issues of incalculable moment. For the black man life or death; for ourselves empire or abdication. And an answer, one way or the other, must be furnished quickly. The situation will not brook delay. Events hasten towards a conclusion. The combatants are measuring their forces, and their chosen battleground stretches all the way from the Indian Ocean to the Great Lakes.

The latest establishment of Mohammedan dominion in Africa was at Zanzibar. After a hundred years of struggle

with the Portuguese, the invading forces from Muscat made good their footing, about the middle of the last century, over a strip of the coast extending from Warsheik in  $3^{\circ}$  north to Cape Delgado in  $10^{\circ} 42'$  south latitude. The seat of government was fixed in the island of Zanzibar, where a spacious harbour afforded facilities for maritime communication, Bagamoyo, on the opposite shore, becoming an emporium for ivory and slaves. But the Arab power took no real hold of the country. It remained marginal. In assigning to it a ten-mile littoral strip, the Anglo-German agreement of 1886 rather widened than restricted its *de facto* range. Trade fell into the hands of Indian immigrants; manual work of all kinds was done either by slaves or by the servile Swaheli; the Arab conquerors forgot the arts of war, and left unlearned the arts of peace. Then the English stepped in. Under the late Seyyid Barghash Zanzibar drifted into the virtual position of a British protectorate. Sir John Kirk, the British consul-general, was (so to speak) 'mayor of the palace' to a monarch who had the intelligence to recognise that his unsupported authority was all but effete, and that the blood-red flag had lost all formidable significance save where the Union Jack floated by its side.

The results were in many ways beneficial. Traffic in slaves, though still secretly pursued, was rendered illegal in 1875. French and English missions multiplied and flourished, and we have the presumably unbiassed testimony of Dr. K. W. Schmidt (whose interesting little work we have included among our authorities) to the admirable management of the former.\* Legitimate trade, as a sense of security became confirmed, reached a value of two millions sterling, the profits mainly going to enrich British-Indian subjects, of whom some eight thousand had settled in the various seaports. Amid the labyrinthine picturesqueness of the city of Zanzibar were to be found some of the choicest products of European culture—hotels, clubs, ice factories, formal dinner parties, stately, if oppressive, uniforms. Polo, cricket, lawn tennis, and tea drinking were pursued; even the climate notably improved with the diminution of rainfall due to the partial drainage of mangrove swamps and the spread of cultivation.† The presence of English ladies gave

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\* Sansibar, p. 121.

† J. Thomson, 'Contemporary Review,' January 1889; 'To the African Lakes and Back,' vol. i. p. 16.

refinement to social intercourse, and English travellers fearlessly penetrated the far interior secured against molestation by the wholesome awe with which tribes, otherwise unresponsive to foreign prestige, regarded the great 'Bafuza.'\* The Sultan's negro army was most creditably disciplined by an English officer, General Matthews. British war-ships were constantly moored in the roadstead, across which regularly after sunset the radiance of the electric light was thrown from an adjacent tower. Everything indicated that the old order was indeed changing, and that the new to which it was giving place would be prescribed by the slow-moving common sense of our countrymen.

But the grooves of change did not rest undisturbed. The inheritance, of which England had practically taken over the administration, was not allowed to fall undivided to her share. The scramble for Africa began. Societies of exploration sprang up, schemes of annexation were rife. The brain of Europe took fire at the thought of one hundred million savages ready to barter ivory for worst-quality cottons, trumpery glass beads, and superannuated matchlocks. Rivalry would inevitably have degenerated into hostility had not the expedient of delimitation been resorted to. In a surprisingly short time half the continent was sliced up into portions, dealt round by diplomatists to the various claimants, mainly in the proportion in which they had been active and successful in extorting concessions, often of dubious validity, from native potentates.

It was unlikely that Zanzibar should be overlooked in this ardent rush for possession. Recent events have indeed added much to its importance from the point of view of commercial strategy, and in Africa trade is pre-eminently strategical. It has its bases of operations, lines of communication, strongholds and outposts; difficulties of transport and commissariat hamper its course, which may be diverted by the lie of a mountain range, the interposition of a region of drought or floods, or the warlike proclivities of some distant tribes.

Now the future of African trading operations depends upon facility of access to the interior. Secured, on one side of the continent—at least in prospect—by the opening of the great waterway of the Congo, its desirability on the

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\* A word signifying in the coast dialect 'consul,' distinctively applied to Sir J. Kirk.

other side became the more apparent. The conviction besides that the advantage of intercourse with the opulent region of the Great Lakes must drop of itself to the Congo Free State, unless the eastern routes thither were made practicable, raised, with the desire to anticipate that eventuality, an eager competition for posts at the gates of the projected avenues. Finally, the loss of Khartoum closed the northern approach to the equatorial plateau, and the importance of those that remained open was accentuated by the discussion of rival schemes for the relief of Emin Pasha.

A web of varied interests was thus woven about Zanzibar; and Germany, disappointed at the paltry outcome of her colonising experiments on the west, found the conjuncture propitious for a more ambitious attempt on the east coast. No opposition was offered from the English side; the separate 'spheres of influence' of the two powers were amicably agreed upon on November 1, 1886; nor did the partition of the Sultan's territories, foreshadowed by the compact, wait long for realisation. By a grant of May 24, 1887, Seyyid Barghash, reserving only a quota of the customs dues, resigned his sovereignty north of the river Unba into the hands of Sir William Mackinnon; and one year later his successor, Seyyid Khalifa, made a similar cession of his rights south of the Unba to the 'German East African Association.' The islands of Zanzibar and Pemba are now virtually all that is left of the dominion of an Arab sovereign on the coast of East Africa.

But the problem of Arab dominion is not on the coast at all, but in the interior of Africa. On the coast the European States can make their influence felt; but it extends no further than a narrow strip of land, beyond which barbarism reigns supreme. And here we arrive at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age in which we live and the planet we inhabit. The aboriginal inhabitants of Central Africa are savages, sunk in heathenism, afflicted by the evils and the weaknesses of savage life, and perhaps inferior in mental and physical vigour to the stronger races of mankind. Over them has passed, like a tempest from the East, a horde of men of another and a stronger race, which marks them out for slavery and destruction. The Arab invasion of Africa is characterised, in every part to which Europeans have penetrated, by desperate valour in arms, by an utter indifference to human life, and, above all, by an enthusiastic

and fanatical belief in the faith of Islam. They remind us of those ardent followers of the Prophet who, in the first ages of Mahommedanism, bore his blood-stained standard and his intolerant creed from Spain to the confines of China, and wellnigh overthrew the faith and civilisation of the ancient world. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, they are the same men—the living inheritors of the passions, the valour, and the faith of the soldiers of Mahommed. Before the strength of the Christian States they are now compelled reluctantly to bow; but over the unarmed and untutored native races of Africa they are supreme.

Accordingly what we are now witnessing in Africa, since it has been partially opened to our view, is an amazing recrudescence and fermentation of Mahommedan power. On the Congo it is not the native population, but the blood-thirsty Arab slave-dealers, who oppose the progress of civilisation; the natives ask for protection from these formidable tyrants. On the Nile the fierce chiefs of this new warfare have made Khartoum a seat of power and authority over the neighbouring tribes, for since the overthrow of the Egyptian government in the South they are masters of the Soudan. The capture of that important position, and the defeat and death of the heroic champion of civilisation who perished there, were much greater events than they even seemed to be at the time they occurred; for they established a power, whether it was that of the Mahdi or any other name, which commands the interior and the river, and ere long threw out its partisans to Suakim on the coast, and has recently invaded the frontier of Egypt, where it has happily been stopped by the victorious Egyptian and British forces under General Grenfell. Beyond all doubt, if it had not been so arrested and defeated, the barbaric horde would have swept down, like the Shepherd Kings of old, over Lower Egypt. Such we believe to be the present state of Africa. The Mahommedan power which has grown up in the heart of the continent is tainted with a sanguinary rapacity which regards the natives as its prey; and it opposes a fanatical resistance to the interference of the Christian representatives of humanity and law. It is not surprising that the European governments have shown great reluctance to engage directly in so formidable a struggle; and the course adopted by them, not without some misgivings as to the result, has been to delegate to great Companies the arduous duty of opening the interior of Africa, and of confronting the armed masters of the country.

The situation thus created, though fraught with difficulties, is in many respects hopeful. The 'Imperial British East African Company' has been constituted on the model of the Niger and North Borneo companies, to exercise the powers acquired by Sir William Mackinnon, and fully recognised by royal charter in September 1888. They embrace all that are requisite for the administration and development of a great province. The authority of the company, subject only to a kind of suzerainty reserved to the Foreign Office, may be regarded as absolute between Lake Victoria and the sea. The responsibilities thus assumed are heavy, but the names of the directors are a sufficient guarantee that they will be worthily borne. Among them are those of Sir John Kirk, Sir Lewis Pelly, Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir Francis de Winton, with others of no less weight. Sir William Mackinnon is president, Lord Brassey vice-president. It is proposed to increase the original subscribed capital of 250,000*l.* to 1,000,000*l.*

The new British and German possessions are, as we have said, conterminous.\* The boundary line between them runs from Kavirondo Bay on the east shore of Lake Victoria to Wanga at the mouth of the Umba, deflected, however, northward round the base of the Kilima Ndjaro in deference to German claims to the ownership of that stately volcanic pile. North of this line, as far as Gallas and Somali-land, is British territory; south of it, until the Portuguese frontier is met, German colonising energies can expatiate. Each company, it is understood, is to have a free hand towards the interior, up to the frontier of the Congo Free State, the British north, the German south, of a line joining the southern end of Victoria Nyanza with the northern end of Tanganyika. Access to both these great sheets of water is thus secured to chartered adventurers of either nationality, while the Albert Lake lies wholly within the British sphere of action, which may eventually be extended so as to include the equatorial province still gallantly held by Gordon's former lieutenant against the fanatics of Khartoum. Dr.

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\* Professor Drummond's work on 'Tropical Africa' gives us a coloured map showing the territorial divisions of the continent of Africa, which the European Powers—the Congo State, Germany, Great Britain, Portugal, and France—have awarded to themselves, immense territories over which not one of these Powers exercises the authority of a civilised government. Such visionary possessions of unoccupied lands are a caricature of sovereignty.



Carl Peters's expedition for his nominal relief, by which it was proposed to draw a cordon of German trading-posts round the south and west of Lake Victoria, and establish a focus of German commercial activity within that province, would accordingly have been an intolerable infringement of British reserved rights. Official sanction has, however, been prudently withheld from it; and it has been rendered at once impossible and superfluous by the march of events.

The proper domain of the German company is wide enough to satisfy the keenest land-hunger for many a year to come. Within its area—estimated by Dr. Rohlfs at thrice that of the German Empire—are comprised, moreover, some of the most productive regions in East Africa. Its sea-front is four hundred miles long; that of the British territory is but one hundred and fifty. The lion has, on this occasion, come off with the jackal's share. Complaints on this head would indeed be puerile; there is enough and to spare for both. But what is deeply to be lamented is the unwisdom of German proceedings by which an insurrection has been provoked of most disastrous result for every civilising influence. No doubt the outbreaks which greeted the hoisting of the German flag at the various coast-places, August 16, 1888, were largely prompted by irritated and apprehensive slave dealers, and were part of a widespread combination against European intervention in Africa. Yet they might have been averted by prudent conciliation, while for their evil consequences the remedies are slow and uncertain. Reprisals have, it is true, been successfully enforced; but the bombardment of some fever-stricken settlements will not reanimate extinct commerce, or rebuild burnt mission houses, or restore devastated plantations.

It is not then to be wondered at that capital, as Prince Bismarck complains with some bitterness, refuses to flow towards German East Africa. Nor is it ever likely to do so under the rigid system of imperial control which Dr. Rohlfs forecasts and recommends.\* The developement of the country, he asserts, must be an imperial undertaking. Railways and roads should be constructed and maintained, the postal and telegraphic services organised under imperial authority; an imperial military force should preserve order, the expenses doubtless to be met from revenues raised on the spot. To the company would be left only commercial operations of a necessarily precarious character, the pro-

gress of which would everywhere be at the mercy of perhaps ill-judging imperial officials.

Much more promising is the outlook north of the Umba. There no disturbances have taken place, and some unimpeded progress has been made in investigating and rendering available the resources of the new territory. This, in its present extent (setting aside possible future additions), covers an area of 67,000 square miles, or about six times that of Belgium, and sustains a population estimated at two millions. It includes a great variety of soils and climates. By a gradual rise from the coast, a plateau of three or four thousand feet is attained, which may, it is thought, prove a fine wheat-growing country. Indian corn, at any rate, can be raised there in any desirable quantity. The rolling uplands of Masai-land support vast herds of cattle (testifying to the absence of the tsetse pest), with abundance of large and small game. Climatic conditions are there highly favourable to European occupation,\* rendered, however, for the present impossible by the fierce and intractable nature of its inhabitants. Further to the north-west, however, in the neighbourhood of Lake Baringo, a peaceable population is found, with whom an active trade can at once be opened. The products actually available for barter are chiefly ivory and indiarubber, with copal, hides, orchilla, and oil-seeds from the lower lying coast tracts. The profitable cultivation of tea, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, spices, and vanilla, may be anticipated in the future. Coffee, above all, ought to be at home in the new British dominion, since it grows wild right across Africa from the Gulf of Aden to the Atlantic,† and the most prized quality crosses the Red Sea before reaching, and being dubbed with the name of, 'Mocha.' And promising experiments in tobacco culture were only interrupted by Arab devastations at the German station of Lewa.

The Company's province includes, between Lake Victoria and the sea, some delightful mountain scenery. Mount Kenia, an extinct volcano lifting its virgin snows, just under the equator, to a height estimated at 19,000 feet, overtops even the magnificent proportions of Kilima Ndjaro; and the Aberdare range, some peaks of which attain 14,000 feet, pine-clad and heath-covered, gay with flowering shrubs, anemones, and clover, alive with great game and herds of

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\* Sir F. de Winton, 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society,' 1888, p. 724.

† Rohlf's 'Quid novi ex Africa?' p. 62.

cattle, possesses all the invigorating charms of the Scottish Highlands. There is, it is true, a *per contra*. The bush of the Duruma country, for instance, is described by Mr. Joseph Thomson, in a work of which we have quoted the title at the head of this article, as 'a perfect marvel of vegetable monstrosities.' The dense jungle of which it consists is formed by the entanglement of the gnarled and thorny branches of aloes and euphorbias, constricted still more closely by the pressure of intertwined creepers stretching their bare strong serpentine arms from tree to tree. To the west a skeleton forest of rigid leafless trunks scarcely veils the glaring red of the soil. And there are wastes absolutely sterile through the deposits of natron and saltpetre, which at a little distance present the appearance of great fields of snow.\* No caravan could cross the stretch of coast land to the interior were it not that the sandstone rocks cropping up through the soil wear, at the joints, into natural reservoirs of water, which never run dry, and will presumably be improved and protected.

The Company possesses at Mombasa a harbour said to be capable of sheltering thirty ironclads. That the town is dirty and ill-smelling, is a subordinate consideration. Its wattlehuts are still dominated by a picturesque old Portuguese fort, and the second canto of the 'Lusiads' elaborates into a pleasing mythological episode Vasco de Gama's escape from shipwreck on the coral reefs without. The coast here is less unhealthy than further south.

The administrative career of the Company was entered upon in October last under the initiatory guidance of Mr. George S. Mackenzie. His arrival at Mombasa gave the signal for the display there of unwonted activity. A pier was begun; the harbour was surveyed; cocoanut plantations were set on foot; the construction of an inland trade-route was to some extent pushed forward; caravans were despatched into the interior. The business of these expeditions, besides exploring the country and entering into amicable relations with native chiefs, is to form stations at suitable points. Placed at once in a position of defence, these will form permanent strongholds, the multiplication of which will tend to overawe opposition and stimulate traffic. One hundred and fifty miles of telegraph wire have been sent out for the purpose of connecting each of the stations successively constituted, one with the other, and all with Mombasa;

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\* Through Masai Land, p. 280.

and it is proposed, after a time, to place them in steam communication with the coast by means of light railways tentatively constructed as exigency or promise may suggest.

So far, everything has gone smoothly. Mr. Mackenzie acted, under difficult circumstances, with admirable tact and judgement, and succeeded in disarming the latent hostility with which the advent of the new authority was in many quarters awaited. The Arab merchants on the coast were, indeed, converted by him from enemies into allies; a change in itself most desirable, but effected on terms as to which we cannot help entertaining misgivings. The company, it seems, is to go shares with these men in their trading operations up country. It will supply the capital, protect the caravans, form depôts of goods, and receive the collected ivory in exchange. But how will that ivory be collected? The Arabs, as a matter of course, engage to capture no slaves; nor will they need to do so, since the portorage of the merchandise from the various stations to the coast will be at the company's charge. At the present time, however, killing is quite as prominent a feature of ivory-raids in Africa as capturing. Half a dozen blackened tusks are often the trophies of a scene of carnage fit to 'fill with perturbations' the sleep of an unconcerned eyewitness for many a subsequent night. Such horrors will not, it is to be hoped, be enacted within the new British territory; but we have no assurance that the Arabs admitted to partnership with British agents will abstain from the deadly traffic in firearms and spirits to which their countrymen elsewhere in Africa owe much of their pitilessly employed power over the natives. To sell a gun to an African savage is to commit delegated murders by the score; to tempt him with brandy is scarcely less immoral. Yet these are the articles bartered for ivory in the course of 'legitimate' Arab trade. A company which has taken 'light and liberty' for its watchword will surely not countenance such destructive dealings with the helpless people abandoned to its protection. The benevolent intentions of all engaged in this momentous undertaking are undisputed; they may, however, be nullified by the optimistic temper which sees no evil until it is engulfed by it.

The British province is not at present a slave-producing country; care must be taken that it do not become so. Philanthropic agencies have before now been made the cat-paw of the assassins of humanity. The most conspicuous result, so far, of the establishment of the Congo Free State in Central Africa has been to widen enormously the area of

slave-raiding devastation. Mr. J. R. Werner's recently published book, 'A Visit to Stanley's Rearguard,' is most instructive on this point. In his transparently truthful narrative, the consequences of the supremacy gradually acquired by the Arabs on the Upper Congo are depicted with terrible directness. In appointing Tippoo Tip governor of Stanley Falls station during his absence for the relief of Emin Pasha, Mr. Stanley adopted a desperate expedient in a desperate situation. The Arabs were already in such force there, that it probably seemed to him safer to engage their loyalty than to defy their hostility. The experiment, however, lamentably failed. Tippoo's lieutenants wasted the country far and near, and shot down the wretched inhabitants with the ammunition punctually delivered to him, in requital for his services, by the Belgian authorities. No sooner had Stanley disappeared towards the east, than the work of pillage, conflagration, and murder began in his rear. In his front it had already been executed, with the results of suffering and starvation to his expedition made known to us by his letters. The Belgian officers were compelled to look on at atrocities they were absolutely powerless to prevent; and the Belgian steamer, of which Mr. Werner was the engineer, was employed, now in transporting the bloodthirsty crew of the newly installed governor, now in conveying to their destination elephant tusks actually scorched with the fire of the burning homesteads destroyed to procure them. Never, we emphatically assert, have the material aids of civilisation been prostituted to viler uses than in placing them at the disposal of Tippoo Tip and his myrmidons; and we owe to Mr. Werner a debt of gratitude for having dared to tell the whole truth about the proceedings of which he was the indignant spectator. He reveals, moreover, what appears to be the undoubted fact, that this man, the official representative of European influence in Central Africa, and over whose dwelling, while we write, the banner of the 'Lone Star' is perhaps flying, was the real instigator of the assassination of Major Bartelot. We earnestly hope, however, that before these lines meet the eyes of our readers, the anomalous and disastrous connexion established by Mr. Stanley, unquestionably with the best intentions, will have terminated. Tippoo and his employers have fallen out. A divergence of views has arisen on the vital point of ammunition supplies. Rendered aware of the fatal results of their easy availability, the chiefs of the Free State laid an embargo, early in the present year, on their importation above

the confluence of the Oubangi with the Congo; and Tippoo Tip, disappointed of an expected cargo, gave notice of his intention to throw off the worthless allegiance he professed. It will probably be impossible to dislodge him from his position at the Falls; but civilisation will, at least for the future, escape the disgrace of sanctioning the nefarious acts committed under his authority.

The British East African Company will do well to take these transactions into account before adopting a policy of unlimited confidence in Arab integrity. It is true that more pressing embarrassments than those to which it must lead, are at hand in Masai ferocity and scarcity of labour. Within the range of depredation of the dusky warriors, the sound of whose name suffices to reduce to the very abjection of quaking terror their milder-tempered neighbours, no village is found in the open; what habitations there are are collected in clearings at the inaccessible heart of some jungle or forest. It is difficult to see how the Masai are to be brought, otherwise than by sheer force, to conform to the new order of things; yet without protection from their hostility peaceable operations of any kind must be impracticable. The enrolment of a native defensive force appears indispensable, but should be accompanied by stricter precautions than on the Congo, where excesses have been committed by friendly natives, the responsibility for which no European leader would voluntarily undertake.

The labour question is in Borneo being settled by the encouragement of Chinese immigration, which is, nevertheless, attended by well-known disadvantages. A more prosperous solution may be looked for in East Africa if Indian coolies in sufficient numbers can be induced to settle in the country. Its wide vacancies offer plenty of room for them; the climate is suitable to their well-being, and the close trading connexion which has long subsisted between India and Zanzibar would make the transition from one domicile to the other comparatively easy. Nor is the prospect by any means hopeless of gradually inducing native Africans to lend themselves to industrial pursuits. Much has already been done in this way at the French mission stations on the coast; five to six hundred negroes were regularly employed, before the insurrection of August 1888, on the German tobacco plantations at Lewa, and the efforts of Scotch traders and missionaries to foster habits of honest toil among the population round Lake Nyassa have met with a certain measure of success.

The British East African territory commands the approach to the whole of the Great Lakes district. By means of steamers plying upon Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza, profitable intercourse may at once be opened with the inhabitants of their shores. The trade of Uganda, Unyoro, the Upper Nile and equatorial provinces can hardly fail to be attracted towards the new outlet which increased facility of communication with the coast will offer to it. The condition is, however, essential. Under the present system of native portorage, no extensive inland commerce can be maintained; nor can the cultivation of lands remote from the sea prove remunerative. Only ivory can be got to pay for a mode of carriage so costly, and the supply of ivory is small, and is rapidly diminishing.

Transport by animals is met by insuperable obstacles. Even the camel declines to exist so near the equator; and the inevitable hardships of the long marches to the interior would, there is good reason to suppose, prove fatal alike to oxen, elephants, and horses. There remains steam.

Within a few years, the Congo railway connecting Stanley Pool with Matadi, 235 miles further down the river, will be a *fait accompli*. The line from Victoria Nyanza to the coast is about 130 miles longer, but offers, probably, fewer engineering difficulties. Whether they are few or many, we are convinced that they will be overcome. The British company can only maintain its position by bringing the interior within easy reach of the sea, and the most effectual means of doing this will, in the long run, prove the cheapest. No greater civilising work will have been accomplished during the present century than the construction of railways from the heart of Africa east and west to the coast.

The fate of the continent largely depends upon the financial result of these undertakings. Is it (to use M. de Brazza's phrase) a 'solvent future' that they draw upon? The lines must be self-supporting if they are to continue to be worked. Deficient dividends will be assisted by no Government guarantees. Unless, however, the estimate of the traffic to be expected on the Congo be over-sanguine (as it easily may), the Stanley Pool Railway will prove largely remunerative; but even the vaguest forecast as to the paying prospect of that destined one day to connect Victoria Nyanza with the sea would be premature. Possibly, before it is completed, the problem of locomotion in tropical regions may have assumed a new aspect through the utilisation, as

a motive power, of the direct rays of the sun. What is certain is that, only by the aid of steam, or some cheaper equivalent, can Africa (*Deo juvante*) be regenerated. Her great rivers are all, in their lower reaches, blocked by cataracts. They afford large waterways across the central plateau, but deny access to it. When this is economically supplied, much will have been done to arrest the inhuman ravages now in progress there.

With the flourishing of legitimate commerce, slave traffic will cease. When the banks of all the great Central African rivers and their tributaries are studded with thriving European factories, there will be no *locus standi* for the destroyers, who are now laying the axe to the root of all present and future prosperity in these regions. Slave-hunting is of the very essence of Arab trade there. It is pursued both directly and vicariously. The more enterprising gangs themselves do the work of carnage and conflagration, and enforce the worse brutalities of the *via dolorosa* to the distant slave-market. Others, in appearance peaceable, supply their customers with the arms and ammunition needed to procure the equivalent in human flesh and blood for the goods furnished to them. Thus, one tribe preys on the other; the people are taught to inflict, as well as compelled to endure, outrage; incurable unrest and distrust are planted at the heart of every village community. 'It is impossible,' Professor Drummond remarks in his well-known and delightful little work on 'Tropical Africa' (p. 37),

'for those at home to understand how literally savage man is a chattel, and how much his life is spent in the mere safeguarding of his main asset, i.e. himself. There are actually districts in Africa where three natives cannot be sent a message, in case two should combine and sell the third before they return.'

The general situation cannot be better described than by the same author in the following passage:—

'Wherever they go in Africa, the followers of Islam are the destroyers of peace, the breakers up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie. Already they hold the whole continent under one reign of terror. They have effected this in virtue of one thing—they possess firearms; and they do it for one object, ivory and slaves, for these two are one. The slaves are needed to buy ivory with, then more slaves have to be stolen to carry it. So living man himself has become the commercial currency of Africa. He is locomotive, he is easily acquired, he is immediately negotiable. Arab encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade in this terrible commodity are now established all over the heart of Africa. They are usually connected



with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast, and communication is kept up by caravans which pass, at long intervals, from one to the other. Being always large, and well supplied with the materials of war, these caravans have at their mercy the feeble and divided native tribes through which they pass, and their trail across the continent is darkened with every aggravation of tyranny and crime. They come upon the scene suddenly; they stay only long enough to serve their end, and disappear only to return when a new crop has arisen which is worth the reaping.\*

Glimpses, but only glimpses, of the frightful orgies of crime proceeding in this unhappy country are afforded by the narratives of travellers. Captain Wissmann's experience is an illustrative instance. In January 1882 he visited a large and populous town in the southern part of the Congo State. The principal street was nearly ten miles long; evidences of smiling plenty were everywhere apparent; fowls were freely sold for a large cowrie, goats for a yard of calico apiece; thousands of guileless black people, full of wonder and joy at the European novelties displayed to them, thronged his camp. Five years later, on returning to the spot,

'The paths,' he narrates,† 'are no longer clean as they used to be. A dense growth covers them, and as we approach the skirt of the groves, we are struck by the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of a welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms, slowly waving in the wind. We enter, and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy homesteads and the happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything, and a charred pole here and there, and a few banana trees, are the only evidence that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the roadside, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened here since our last visit.'

Thrice within nine months the Arab hordes had been there, harrying, killing, enslaving; and their havoc was completed by the smallpox they brought, and the famine they left behind. The whole tribe of the Bene Ki had virtually ceased to exist. Day after day, as the traveller advanced, these abhorrent scenes were repeated. At last he came upon three thousand Arabs led by a lieutenant of Tippoo Tip.

'I paid a visit,' he says, 'to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams at its entrance was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket shots, later on, proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practising musketry upon his unfortunate prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately

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\* Tropical Africa, p. 69.

† Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, 1888, p. 525.

to furnish a cannibal feast, for Tippoo Tip's auxiliaries from the Lomami are cannibals.'

The pen falters in the attempt to depict the ghastly horrors of a slave-raid—children cast into the flames, women beaten to death, men flung limb by limb to expectant hyænas. Every slave-route is marked by skeletons, sometimes still piteously coupled by the bruising slave-yoke. 'The progress of the caravan,' Mr. Johnston testifies, 'is attended (as I have myself seen) with a skulking following of hyænas and jackals, and a bolder troop of vultures and Marabou storks.\*' The sickly ones are 'weeded out,' and their bodies flung into the bush betray their whereabouts to subsequent wayfarers by the hideous contentions they raise among beasts of prey. This traffic, by which all the most fiendish passions are unloosed of which humanity is capable, is financed from Zanzibar. The capital of Arab and Indian merchants there is largely employed in it. It is no longer, however, pursued solely from mercenary motives; a disinterested love of bloodshed, for its own sake, has been evoked and is gratified by it. Since ivory has grown scarce, carriers are no longer in the same request as formerly; but this has brought no amelioration to the lot of the hapless negro. 'At the present time,' the head of the Tanganyika mission wrote a few months ago, 'there are sold here scarcely any but women and children; the men are killed!' It has been estimated that, for every slave reaching the hands of a legitimate owner, thirty perish; while for each tusk to be carried to the coast, six slaves are captured. Five die on the road; the sixth bears it to its destination.

This plague is spreading, and spreading with frightful rapidity. Unless stringent remedies are applied, it will, in a few years, have depopulated and devoured the whole of the central African continent. Within the last fourteen years the sacrifice of human life and liberty entailed by it is held to have doubled. Its victims now reach, according to Cardinal Lavigerie, the appalling number of six thousand a day! Many causes contribute to this miserable result. Since General Gordon's death, Khartoum has again become a great slave emporium. All the minor inlets of the Red Sea are crowded with slave craft. Six to ten thousand captives, mostly female children of from eight to fifteen years of age, are said to be annually got into Mocha alone. And these are the survivors of a more numerous band left to perish in

the burning desert between Shoa and Tadjourra.\* This shameful commerce, it is painful to be obliged to add, is pursued unchecked almost within view of the French and Italian settlements on that part of the coast.

The presence of the French in Madagascar has been at least as effective in stimulating the slave trade as our own withdrawal from the Soudan. The demand for labour on the sugar plantations there, and in the Comoro Islands, is met by human exports from the mainland covered by the French flag, which unhappily carries with it exemption from the right of search. Only the other day, a new branch of the business, conducted openly by Europeans, was opened between Madagascar and Réunion. Nor is its essentially infamous nature modified by the euphemistic expedient of terming the groaning items of each cargo *engagés libres*.

But the root of the matter lies deeper. Writing to Sir Edward Malet on November 5, 1888, Lord Salisbury said:—

‘The testimony of Mr. Cameron and of Cardinal Lavigerie combine to establish the fact that there has been a formidable increase in the activity of this hateful traffic during the last few years. There can be no doubt that it has been attended with cruelty and desolation far in excess of any that we have ground for believing that it produced in former times; and there is no other cause to which we can attribute this deplorable phenomenon, except the increased destructiveness of the firearms which commerce has been able in recent times to place in the hands of the Arab adventurers who conduct these exterminating raids.’ †

And Cardinal Lavigerie relates‡ that ‘a Mussulman slave-trader was once asked how he had been able to penetrate ‘into the heart of Africa, and who was the sovereign of the ‘country. “The sovereign of Central Africa,” said he, “is ‘“gunpowder.”’

This is the simple truth. Without powder and guns, not a single man-capturing raid could take place. Yet we in Europe, while denouncing the slave-trade, continue to supply its most vital needs. Emin Pasha’s opinion on the subject is decisive. ‘The condition *sine quâ non*,’ he wrote on August 25, 1887, ‘for the peace and prosperity of these ‘countries is to stop the importation of firearms, ammunition, and powder. The English and German Governments

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\* J. Menges, ‘Deutsche Kolonial-Zeitung,’ October 20, 1888.

† Parliamentary Papers, Africa, No. 6 (1888).

‡ ‘Anti-Slavery Reporter,’ September 1888.

‘should agree on this step, and punish with relentless severity offenders against their proscription.’\*

Until such a step is taken, there can be no hope for Africa. The policy of free trade in the munitions of the war of extermination being waged there is suicidal as well as homicidal. The deadly weapons, of which thousands yearly get into the hands of irresponsible savages, will surely, in the long run, be turned against ourselves. A Catholic missionary reported eighteen months ago from Uganda that, if the import of arms continued, no white man would before long be able to travel in Africa without the escort of a large and well-disciplined army. The natives who survive, reduced to servitude by the Arabs, will be, like the Manyema at present, the fierce and pitiless ministers of their behests.

The interests of commerce, no less than of humanity, demand that this whole system of iniquity shall be extirpated. But how? Lawful trade, it is urged, is the best remedy for illicit trade. We must meet the Arabs in fair competition, and drive them out of the market. There is no doubt we can do this, if we get time. But the moments press; our destined customers are perishing by hundreds every hour. It is to be feared that, before we can convince them of the advantage of our intercourse, they will have been swept off the face of the earth.

Fortunately, however, Europe has at last become alive to the urgency of the case. Cardinal Lavigerie’s thrilling appeal for aid in ‘the third solemn struggle of the Church ‘against slavery’ has met a generous response among civilised peoples of every creed and tongue. United action will be taken, and, unless hampered by sinister influences, † can scarcely fail to be crowned with success. The fire that is blazing in Africa must indeed die out of itself if Europe be only resolute in withholding fuel from it. The prohibition of the import of arms is the first and supreme remedy for what Livingstone called ‘the open sore of the world.’ Others of great but secondary value may also be adopted. Slave-trading should, for instance, be declared piracy by international law, as it already is by American. The salutary effect of the execution of a few leaders of slave-gangs, or

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\* Quoted by Mr. Mackay in the ‘Times’ of May 8, 1889.

† The Italian premier has not been ashamed to *prohibit* (so far as in him lies) the participation of Italy in the anti-slave trade movement. Its emanation from the Vatican renders it to him ‘suspect.’ *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

captains of slave-dhows, could hardly be overrated. The abolition of the status of slavery, at least in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, has also been advocated, and would, it is said, encounter no opposition from the present Sultan. Still more useful would be the patrolling by armed steamers of Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. Thousands of captive negroes are yearly transported across these wide waterways, each of which could be effectually barred by a single gun-boat. Meanwhile, an isolated individual has acted on his own account without waiting for international or other sanction. Captain Joubert, an ex-Pontifical Zouave, is devoting his life to the protection of a single Central African tribe, by training them, on General Gordon's plan, to defend themselves. So far, his little army of three hundred men has proved an effectual deterrent against Arab incursions.

The question of questions for Africa at the present instant is, Shall its people be exterminated or kept alive? To this it has come. Our plans for evangelising, civilising, teaching, trading with them, will come too late. While we are projecting, they are perishing; and unless we bestir ourselves to intervene, we shall be accounted as the accomplices in their wholesale murder.

- ART. V.—1. *Lives of the Fathers*. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Two volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh: 1889.
2. *The Fathers for English Readers*. By various writers. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London: 1873.
3. *Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, &c., during the first Eight Centuries*. Four volumes, 8vo. Edited by Dr. WILLIAM SMITH and HENRY WACE, D.D. London: 1877-1887.

THE two portly volumes which lead the above list, entitled 'Lives of the Fathers,' are Archdeacon Farrar's latest contribution to the unfolding of Church history in a popular and captivating form. They continue from the 'Early Days of Christianity,' the series begun in his 'Life of Christ,' in a line produced through his 'Life and Works of St. Paul.' With the full recognition of grandeur and nobleness in his characters evinced by our author, we heartily sympathise. The broader strokes and larger lights and shades are put in with freshness and fullness, with vigour and ease. The

details are often finished with a tone of reverential care, or of critical appreciation. But in spite of all these unques-able merits, the work is disfigured by numerous faults of hasty composition—diffusiveness, endless iteration alike of fact, argument, opinion and character, unpruned floweriness of diction, absurdly impossible figures for dates; \* leaving a disagreeable impression on a critical reader. To justify this in detail would fill some half-dozen pages, and would be tedious to the readers. We shall confine ourselves to pointing out two or three of these oversights.

Among the 'Brief Notices of Heretics' on ii. 716 under 'Ebionism' we read: 'Ebion simply means poor. . . . Others suppose it to mean "apostates" from לֵהֵשׁ (probably a misprint for כֹּחַשׁ) "to deny."' The latter word (transliterated *káhash*) is utterly impossible as connected with *ebion* אֲבִיּוֹן, one of the commonest words in the Hebrew Bible, and probably was meant for the next-named sect, 'Elkesaites' (for which, on the authority of Gieseler, a piece of impossible Hebrew is given as the derivation). Ebionites and Elkesaites are indeed cognate, like 'Scribes' and 'Pharisees,' in their connotation; but what would be thought of a writer who should set down the Hebrew *phárash*, 'to separate,' as a possible secondary derivation of *scriba*?

In commending the general faithfulness shown by our author in dealing with his authorities, we feel constrained to put in one caution. We have in him a perfectly honest advocate of one school of opinion, which shall be nameless here, and its views neither assailed nor defended. We hoist a neutral flag on all such questions. But we are, for all that, as much entitled to protest against the distortion of an author's meaning, when the quotation is from an epistle of Ignatius or of St. Paul, as if it were from the 'Politics' of

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\* In the 'Notes on the Early Bishops of Rome, No. 19,' on p. 711 of vol. ii. we read, 'Anteros A.D. 234—He is said to have been Pope for only 'a month, from Nov. 21, 235, to Jan. 3, 236.' How, then, can he have been Pope in 234? But the Archdeacon makes wild work of the chronology of the early Popes. He quotes Jaffé, and he quotes Gaius, evidently unconscious that there is no such person as *Gaius*, and that the name should be printed *Gammis*; but his own table of dates corresponds with neither of them. These may be errors of the press; but the Emperor Julian's age at his death is given as thirty-two on p. 565 of vol. i. and as thirty-seven on p. 689 of vol. ii. Such blunders should have been avoided.

Aristotle. The passage quoted \* is given below in the original. On it the archdeacon says :—

'He (Ignatius) writes to the Philadelphians : "There is one 'altar,' " yet here the word 'altar' does *not* mean, and, indeed, has no direct " reference to, the Lord's Table. The *θυσιαστήριον*, as the context " shows, is the enclosure in which the altar stands—as in Rev. xi. 1— " and is a Jewish metaphor, meaning *the court of the congregation*." It is therefore applied to the Church of Christ.'

Now, considering that five times in this short letter, besides the opening salutation, Ignatius speaks of the 'church' or 'churches,' and uses in every instance the well-known term, 'ecclesia,' and that one of these is in the section next before, and another in the one just after that of the passage quoted, this seems going rather wide afield to hunt for a 'Jewish metaphor.'

But let the context referred to speak for itself in English. It is :—

'Take pains, therefore, to keep to (lib. "use") one Eucharist: for there is one flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, and one cup of His blood for union; one altar, as one bishop, together with the presbyteral body and the deacons, my fellow-servants.'

Thus, where we have the 'Eucharist,' with both its elements, expressly mentioned in the same sentence, the word 'altar' cannot have 'direct reference to the Lord's Table,' because 'the context shows' it to mean, by virtue of a 'Jewish metaphor,' something else!

In a note on 'Fasting' (ii. 229), we read :—

'The substantive "fasting" (*νηστεία*) occurs but six times in the New Testament, exclusive of 1 Cor. vii. 6 [should be 5], 2 Cor. vi. 5, where it probably refers to spells of involuntary hunger. . . . Apart from the two passages in the Corinthians, it is not once mentioned in all the Epistles.'

The archdeacon has wholly lost sight of 2 Cor. xi. 27.† This is the more inexcusable, as the context suggests that 'spells 'of involuntary hunger,' being referred to independently, are *not* included in the phrase, 'in fastings often.' Here, as further on in regard to chronology, we are entitled to say to an author, 'Take your choice between popular looseness and

\* σπουδάσατε οὖν μία εὐχαριστία χρῆσθαι. μία γὰρ σὰρξ τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ καὶ ἓν ποτήριον εἰς ἔνωσιν τοῦ αἵματος αὐτοῦ. ἓν θυσιαστήριον ὡς εἰς ἐπίσκοπος ἅμα τῷ πρεσβυτερίῳ καὶ διακόνοις τοῖς συνδούλοις μου.' Ignatius ad Philadelph. § iv.

† ἐν λιμῷ καὶ δίψει, ἐν νηστείαις πολλάκις. The involuntary privation is disposed of by the former phrase,

'scholarly exactness. But if you prefer the first, don't affect the second.'

Our author repeatedly refers to 'Manichæan Dualism' as the source of the ascetic, eremitic, and monastic idea. He seems to forget how much may be extracted from both the Old and the New Testament (and early Christian sentiment put these much on a par) in support of it. From the fast of Moses in the Mount, to the 'hundred and forty-four thousand' of the Apocalypse, who had 'not defiled themselves with women, for they are virgins,' there is hardly a point of the monk's charter which is not covered by some sacred precept, example, or analogy. Torn raw from their context, and digested without their balancing truths, these easily nurture a morbid extravagance. But for this scriptural root, the hold of Manichæan Dualism would have been feeble, and would never have spread monasticism through the more practical and less excitable West.

We may notice that, as a matter of arrangement, Clement of Alexandria and Origen might have preceded with advantage the companion pair Tertullian and Cyprian. Tertullian, however, is made to lead the quaternion. Archdeacon Farrar seems to incline to the view that he continued throughout a layman to the last (i. p. 173-4), although admitting the possibility of his having been, as Jerome positively asserts, a presbyter (pp. 175, 197). The reference to Jerome's testimony is a false one, or rather, a total blunder, being to a work of Optatus, a bishop mentioned on p. 197.\* The statement given below from a work of Jerome expressly biographical in character, may be taken as decisive; especially when we remember what ample opportunities Jerome's residences in Rome and his intimacy with Augustine gave him for ascertaining the fact. That fact must have been notorious, and Jerome had no conceivable reason for misrepresenting it.

The circumstances stated by Jerome amount to this, that Tertullian repudiated in effect his orders, *qua* the Church, but continued their functions among the Montanists; until lapsing into utter sectarianism he 'set up conventicles of his own' (i. 247) apart even from these. This at once

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\* It is Optatus, *adv. Parmen.* i. The words of Jerome are (*de Vir. Illustr.* 53): 'Hic (Tertullianus) cum usque ad mediam ætatem presbyter ecclesiæ permansisset, invidia postea et contumeliis clericorum Romanæ ecclesiæ ad Montani dogma delapsus,' &c. The phrase italicised suggests that when he transferred his allegiance to the Montanists, he transferred his ministrations also.



harmonises the extract given by our author at i. 174, which he himself seems to feel has so much savour of orders about it that it is necessary to argue it away, and also that air of a 'free lance,' or man at large from the restraints of discipline, save those of his own rigorous self-imposition, which cleaves to the vivid self-portraiture of Tertullian's style. The earlier passages from his writings in which he seems to speak as a layman, may be easily explained by assuming that when he wrote them he was such. It also accounts for that inner knowledge, especially as regards the rules of penitence and absolution, which betrays a professional and practical familiarity with the subject.\*

Taken at his best it is difficult to surpass Tertullian; taken at his worst it is not easy to 'out-herod' him. His weakness is that he is mostly in extremes, and that the extreme to which he leans is that of unmeasured vehemence. His vocabulary is enormous, and he wields with ease a mass of language which would have overweighted and dragged down any less vigorously athletic intellect. He is almost always the overbearing advocate; and, when his blunderbuss 'misses fire,' 'he knocks you down with the butt end;' hardly ever the discriminating judge. In distortion of authorities, in evasive sophistries, in excoriating sarcasms, in bearish personalities, no license of counsel at any bar has ever surpassed him. Probably he had some physical defect which impaired his effectiveness in addressing an assembly, for we hear nothing and trace nothing of his powers as an orator. But the cast of mind evinced by his writings reminds one at times of Mirabeau, at times of O'Connell. Unscrupulous as to the means he uses, and able to roll a lava torrent of vituperation, there yet shine out of his crater-depths of soul and ragged fissures of utterance glimpses of deeper truth than visited the minds of his contemporaries and than most of his successors. Ever at the boiling-point, he seems to scald impartially, as the heated waters go over the brim, all from whom he casually differs. Ready to snatch 'any stick to

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\* One may also refer to his adoption of the *pallium* as a dress in a passage cited (i. 214), 'I keep no obsequious vigils, I preoccupy no platforms, I haunt no official residences' (the *pallium* is supposed speaking). This, although purely negative in form and neutral in phrases selected, is most transparent in its pertinence, if understood as a flag of secession, hoisted by a Church official, in effect meaning 'I have no public duties.' Jerome, in his epitaph on Nepotian, calls the *pallium* the dress of a Christian philosopher.

'beat a dog,' his works present a faggot of inconsistencies such as no one writer assembles; and more rabid of mouth than any dog whom he chastises, his utterances snarl with an uncharitableness of fatal precedent in controversy. His ascetic intensity mortifies with eagerness every organ of passion, save that which needed mortification the most, an unbridled tongue. Thus narrowing from the Church to Montanism he tapers off into 'Tertullianism'—a sad *finale* for a man of splendid gifts, profound lights, and heart-searching thoughts. Perhaps there is no writer except Augustine from whose detached utterances so many watch-words of the soul—often in the form of startling paradox—have been preserved, like the crystals and gems which the lava-crust imbeds.

To these, in some noble extracts, which are too long for quotation here, Archdeacon Farrar has done full justice. His discussion of Montanism, that new light of the second century, is instructive and careful.

'It was, as Cardinal Newman says, a sort of anticipated mediævalism. In one sense, indeed, it may be said to have triumphed rather than failed, for the Catholics first crushed it as a sect, and then gave lavish approval to many of its principles. Only, unhappily, the poorest elements of Montanism were influential, while its noblest principles, and, above all, its protest for the freedom of the spiritual life, were obliterated, until the sixteenth century revived them again.'

He might have added that the Montanists actually depraved the words of the baptismal form, although how soon this heretical mark was assumed by them we know not. Basil, however, distinctly states that in his time they baptised 'in the name of the Father, the Son, and Montanus or Priscilla.' This pitch of indecency would be hardly credible; but it seems confirmed by the Fourth General Council exceptionally ordering their followers to be rebaptised. Jerome shows that by his time they had developed other heretical tenets akin to those of Sabellius, who virtually merged all distinction between the Divine Persons which Trinitarians admit.

We pass with a sense of refreshment to the large and well-balanced mind of Origen, a teacher from his early youth and a learner to the last, besides being an educator of the Church through all ages, from the time of Basil and Gregory Nazianzen to our own. Full of brilliant studies, devoted labours, severe afflictions, but 'the victim of episcopal 'envy' and controversial disparagement during his life, subjected to excruciating tortures in its later stage, yet so

graduated that he survived them, although with vitality enfeebled, for some three years (424); then, long after death, defamed by party rancour, traduced by false *ex parte* evidence, and branded by a packed synod, as heterodox if not heretical, there is perhaps, if we except Athanasius, no name in the Church's annals of one who has at once done and suffered so much for the truth. The circumstances which gave him prominence are worth recounting.

Clement had been for some years the head of the Catechetical school in Alexandria, when a persecuting edict of Severus made it impossible for so marked a man to continue at his post, unless at the risk of his life. After some months of abeyance Origen, then a youth of eighteen, comes forward in an amateur and casual way, to fill the gap. His mind shows at once its magnetic quality. The tentative experiment is crowned with a throng of eager pupils. He obtains the recognition of the Patriarch of Alexandria, and shortly afterwards the admiration of its uproarious mob. Placed by them on the steps of the temple of Serapis, he is bidden to enact the priest and distribute the festive palm-branches. He accepts the omen, and seizes the occasion to invite to salvation, through Christ, the one giver of the only true 'palm.' Born of a Greek sire, and of a mother probably a Jewess by blood, he recalls to us the mixed origin of Timothy, and secures from that admixture a stepping-stone for his further Hebrew studies under a rabbi. The fruits of these gave him even in his own day an exceptional ascendancy, and have lain fructifying ever since in the bosom of the Church, which has until quite recent times used his memory on the whole so ill.

But it must be confessed that his favourite principle of allegorising Scripture spreads a quicksand under the foundations of Christian faith, and the recommendation which his authority gave to this method diffused this *lues interpretandi* through a wide school of imitators. His own deductions are often profound and sagacious, even where their connexion with the text expounded is feeble or fanciful. Many of his successors are equally feeble or fanciful without being either profound or sagacious—often, indeed, shallow and puerile. This exegetic method was for ages deemed the crowning flower of spirituality, the most complete deliverance from 'the letter which killeth,' while of course it kept a wide backdoor of retreat open to every discomfited controversialist. What heretic would ever be refuted so long as the chief champions of the Faith set him the example of taking

literally whatever was in his favour, and of allegorising whatever was not? This chief drawback to Origen's value as a commentator has, of course, not escaped Archdeacon Farrar. But besides this, a curious example of his lack of critical insight is recorded. Among his hearers at a public disputation which caused a reference to the Book of Daniel the prophet, was Julius Africanus, a learned layman, with a knowledge of Hebrew. Origen had cited the Apocryphal 'Story of Susanna' as among the genuine remains of the prophet. Julius wrote to remonstrate.

'He pointed out the two Greek puns, which prove that the book was written in Greek, and not in Hebrew, and shows how completely it differs in manner and spirit from the canonical books. Origen's reply—dated from Nicomedia—is profoundly disappointing. He knew more Hebrew, and was in general more learned than his correspondent, but the letter proves that with all his philological attainments he was far behind Africanus in critical sagacity. It offers, in fact, as Canon Westcott says, "a crucial and startling proof of Origen's deficiency in "historical criticism. Most of his arguments are based on *a priori* "considerations, which would apply equally to books even more "obviously spurious."'

But in spite of these defects Origen is one of those great men whose greatness grows as time goes on, as evidence accumulates, as prejudices are neutralised, as illusions disappear before criticism. In proportion as superstition besets an age, or logomachy enfeebles, or mental boorishness benumbs it, that age will fail to appreciate him. Thus, while mediævalism dominated the sphere of thought, his genius hibernated as during a long spell of frost. The spring-time of cultured activity revisits the human intellect, and his influence becomes rejuvenescent and perennial. But more especially in a century when Biblical criticism, whether hostile or friendly to the Faith, has become a ruling passion of literature, men look back with veneration to the pilot who took the first soundings in those depths and traced the first continuous furrow on that surface. Those only who delight in scattering blots upon imperishable names will refuse him their homage.

Of his blameless personal life, his devoted love at once of truth and of peace for himself and for the Church, and of the sacrifices which he made to the latter, of his moderation in views, his abstinence from controversial aggravations, his widely radiated influence of holiness, we have no less complete evidence than of his wealth of erudition, his profound insight, and his indefatigable industry. In an age when

the spirit of the dove was flitting from disputants, and the venom of the serpent was being added to its proverbial wisdom by their polemics, he preserved that 'milkiness of blood' which resists the virus, and was content with 'magnanimous patience' to leave the many causes which he pleaded to the unerring judgement of time.

Moral forces are greater than material, and those of the Roman Empire were slowly draining off into what was fast becoming a neutral or hostile camp—pitched everywhere in the heart of the empire, against which the assault of persecution stormed in vain—the Christian Church. The right of Constantine to that imperial style of 'The Great,' which he was the first of a long series of emperors to achieve, rests on nothing so much as on his intuition of the then most pressing need of the Roman world. It is true that he discerned more clearly than his predecessors the true line of cleavage between East and West, a line largely determined by the special forces of Christianity, and fixed with consummate judgement on Constantinople as the *altera Roma* of a bipartite world. Still, this was but ancillary to his deeper insight that the empire's first requisite was that of moral renovation, and his perception of the only source which seemed capable of supplying it.

It is true that his great attempt to supply this vital need came too late—'*magnis tamen excidit ausis.*' The carcase was too far in the carrion stage for 'the salt of the earth' to arrest its decay. The attempt, indeed, was nearly as fatal to Christianity—and this is a point where Archdeacon Farrar's help is invaluable—as it was unsuccessful in respect of Rome's struggling decrepitude. But it gave for a while that organic wholeness to the Church's system which made her ultimately the fulcrum of a potent and hopeful change. Thereby Christianity came in time and in force to save the Northern and Western races from being absorbed in the vortex of demoralisation. But for this, Goth and Frank and Lombard would have conquered a Capua of licentiousness in every imperial city. What would have been the then future of humanity if that *ver sacrum* of its rejuvenescent vigour had not found that which neutralised the deadly taint of imperial dissolution, one shudders to contemplate. Terrible was the wreck of Italy—a prey to every horde in turn, from Goth to Saracen, and since to every adventurer who could found a dynasty or erect a duchy—a wreck from which the modern world has seen her emerge at last, at once the eldest and the youngest of the nations of the West, full

of things old and new, uniting something of the freshness of youth with something of the venerableness of age. But out of that temporal wreck arose the main aqueduct of the waters of life to the young barbarian races.

Curiously mingling in the procession of great churchmen—thinkers and rulers—which defiles before us, we find the Emperor Julian, sole survivor eventually of the line of Constantine the Great. His short reign of twenty months was largely devoted to a controversial polemic against Christianity, both in his personal writings and in his imperial policy. The glory of intellect, which from the Socratic age downwards had centred in Athens, threw its diminished light in a wider circle when Gregory first, and soon after Basil, entered as students there, and shared their philosophic studies with Julian, then a young man of about twenty. Gregory, of senior standing, protected Basil, his junior, from some of that horse-play of practical jokes, in which at many seats of modern as well as ancient learning the fresh-man has often 'paid his footing.'\* Imperial patronage had now for some generations taken education under its wing. As later, the universities of the West owed their existence—or the precedents which foreshadowed them—to the discerning munificence of Charlemagne; so earlier, and especially during the long 'œcumenic' peace which culminated under the Antonines, Rome and Athens, Alexandria and Berytus owed endowments and protection to a long line of Cæsars. The clerical and monastic schools feebly bridge the interval of darkness which yawns between the two periods, and into its voracious chasm disappear the world-famed libraries of Alexandria and Cæsarea and all the greater treasures of olden lore.

Lacking originality in the practical sphere, Julian was in the ideal a curious mixture of theorist and pedant. So long as he was only second in the empire he was by a long way its foremost man. As soon as he becomes its head he

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\* The initiation of 'the Bath,' in which the novice was no doubt soundly ducked and soused, was probably some travestie of the traditional mysteries. So widely spread is the folklore of this *disciplina arcani*, that the same rite became in the ages of chivalry the initiation of knighthood, and our modern order of the same name retains in that title a phantom of this old tradition. The once popular naval custom of shaving and ducking the neophyte who crossed the line is doubtless a reflex of the same original. From some such infliction Basil was, it is said, rescued by the influence of Gregory. (Farrar, i. 673-4).

seems to lose his own. His unequally mixed temperament, reacted on by circumstances of position, enables us to account for his 'apostasy'—a fact which is as formally guaranteed as the 'conversion' of his uncle Constantine. Opposition and restraint were the making of him, and when weighed *in vacuo*, as it were, in perfect unrestraint, he is found wanting.

Thus his 'apostasy' was the mere avowal of convictions, which, long gathering force under coercive repression, burst forth into reactionary independence when he found the Roman world at his feet. Then he became a primary, and his orbit erratic, because true to his inward forces. It is as a satellite that he shines most constantly. Sent as 'Cæsar' to Gaul by Constantius, his able dispositions staved off the ruin of the West. He found an arena suited to him in the campaigning duties of a disturbed frontier, and the city of Paris comes first fully into the light of his story through his residence there. He always had an exemplar before him—Trajan in his wars with the Alemanni, Julius Cæsar in the leisure of his winter quarters, and in his playing on the susceptibilities of native chieftains and races. Severe and exemplary in all his duties, a hard student, and a strict economist of time, he must have written during his hibernation in Gaul those compositions in praise of the character of Constantius, which form the gravest slur on his literary reputation. Constantius was deeply dyed in the murder of his kinsmen. It is impossible to acquit him of the massacre of all the male descendants of Constantine the Great. The last victim who had fallen was Julian's own brother Gallus. But Julian, having been taken so far into favour as imperial jealousy considered it safe to go, and being married to Constantius' sister, sets to work his literary skill to 'write up' his brother-in-law in encomiums which read like disguised satire. All history is ransacked, and pre-historic heroism reviewed, to find parallels to the valour, prudence, policy, &c., of the man who filled the throne. Not only the son of Macedonian Philip, but the sons of Peleus, Atreus, and Laërtes are mere types and shadows of his glory and his merits, while the philosophy of Plato's 'De Legibus' appears incarnate in his personal virtues. These 'orations,' no doubt, were meant for court perusal; nay, were probably read by the young Cæsar to his spouse Helena at the time, and by her probably reported to headquarters. In reward for his obsequiousness came the order for recall, not of himself, but of the flower of the army entrusted to him.

The army refused, declared themselves inseparable from him, and proclaiming him their 'Augustus,' or grand-duke of the empire, marched him eastward, in the letter of obedience, but in the spirit of rebellion. Then followed some attempt at temporising on his side and on that of Constantius, which was cut short by the sudden death of the latter through illness at an intermediate stage, as their lines of march were converging on each other. Thus one of the many civil wars which attended the demise of the Roman purple was saved. Julian marched eastward; his short period of personal rule contains many attempts at great actions. He had the honour of being one of the very few Roman emperors who died at the head of his legions in open battle against a foreign enemy.

As a man of action he commands our esteem by his personal gallantry in the field, his resolute self-command, the firm check maintained by philosophy against passions, and the genuineness of his friendship, although often unworthily bestowed. But, eager for fame, and being deeply imbued with the academic study of the past, he became, wherever his individuality had free play, tinctured with a mischievous pedantry. There is a copy-book style about his rhetorical periods; the same fault is visible in his campaigns. He could not be possessed by a great idea, but must for ever prose over details in concrete, and seek to transplant them into himself. He is insensible of the line where an inspiration ends and a parody begins. Thus, for ever drawing from the model, he sinks into a lay-figure, or is at best always somebody else at second hand. It may be Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Alexander the Great, who forms his ideal at the moment, according as its business is philosophy, statesmanship, or war. He rejected Sapor's envoys because Alexander had so treated those of Darius, and pushed across the Tigris against enormous odds because that prince had similarly forced the passage of the Granicus and the Hydaspes. On a campaign, indeed, such rehearsals often have momentous consequences, as forming the blunders on which a watchful enemy pounces with disastrous effect. In short, it is a dangerous game to play at being Alexander the Great. It is not, however, in the warlike or administrative sphere that we are now concerned with him; still one cannot but note that he mistook all the foremost needs of his age and of the crisis in which he found himself the master of the Roman state. It did *not* need the extension of frontier by conquest. It *did* need consolidation of growth,



respite from struggle, developement and concentration of resources, and a vigorous organisation of retrenched imperial finance. But all this would not have enabled Julian to play the *Pellæus juvenis redivivus*, and he was bent on filling that ornamental rôle in the world's history. He did not, however, even take thought enough for the empire's future to secure it an heir, as Alexander had done by his marriage with Roxana. He staked everything, in short, present and future, on the chance die of a successful campaign, and made his short life a mere snatch at fame.

But how a man who had such a keen sense of ridicule as we find in his 'Cæsars' and his 'Misopogon,' could fail to see that he was personating absurdity and courting failure in his attempt to rekindle enthusiasm for paganism, and that Lucian had as effectively laughed away its credit, as in after-times Cervantes did the chivalry of Spain, is a curious problem to the student of human nature. He looked fondly back along the glories, civil and warlike, literary and philosophic, of six centuries, and saw them everywhere along the line reflecting to his eye the majesty of the gods of the olden world. He failed to see that the lack of the moral element had carried wholesale corruption into priest and worshipper, that the confusion of Isis and Mithras and Cybele with the Græco-Roman Pantheon had added germs of still more rapid degeneracy, which philosophy was powerless to arrest. Philosophy itself, indeed, was now debased into the badge-wearing professionalism of the cloak and beard, and had suffered at least as much as had the mysteries and the oracles from the immortal derision of the 'Dialogues of the Dead.'\* Yet it was precisely the union of these two now 'beggarly elements' 'decaying, waxing old,' and 'ready to vanish away,' which Julian set himself to impersonate and revive.

We cannot here dwell upon the laceration caused to the social fabric by the impatient precipitancy of his reforms, even allowing their principle to be enlightened; how he turned adrift by a stroke of the pen the overgrown 'flunkey-ism' of the imperial household; how he summarily reversed the status of Christians, and confiscated their public estates

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\* See also a stinging passage in the 'Fisherman,' the fun of which turns on fishing from the Akropolis with the bait of a fig and a piece of gold, with all the philosophers rising to it. 'Everywhere wallets, beards, sycophancy, impudence, walking-staves, gluttony, argumentation, rapacity.'—Lucian, s. 610.

and allowances. A still more bitter spirit was shown when he closed the schools against them, and gave a private licence of persecution in several of the obscurer provinces of the empire. For the Jews he seems to have felt a qualified admiration, which his policy overdid. In order to parade his hostility to Christianity he patronised its oldest persecutors. But had not Alexander patronised them before him? He attempted to rebuild their temple,\* as though it were the shrine of some exotic Jupiter,† like the Libyan Ammon. The result was a defeat of his attempt by an opposing outburst of physical phenomena, unlooked for then, and, in spite of the recent advances of science, unaccountable still, but as well attested as his own defeat and overthrow.

The question of the influences which wrought with Julian to despise and abhor Christianity is discussed by the arch-deacon, with his usual liberality, twice over—briefly at i. 562-3, and more at length i. 702 foll. He says, in the former passage, 'He had only witnessed its fruits as exhibited in 'temporising bishops, who condoned the massacre of his 'relatives, and in sects who persecuted each other with intolerant fury.' But this, on the writer's own showing, is only partly true. Julian must have known that Athanasius had been, like himself, the victim of that party of 'bishops and 'eunuchs' who were the parasites of Constantius, and had threatened his own life, and was 'the sole enemy of whom 'the emperor was afraid;' and, as such, had been hunted from his see by a brutal soldiery, amid the threatened massacre of his flock. But Julian, with a true instinct, honoured Athanasius, the great champion of the faith which he abhorred, with his exceptional enmity (i. 563). Hilary of

\* See his promise to this effect in his Letter XXV., in which he even promises to abide in Jerusalem and share its thanksgivings on his return from Persia.

† See an interesting passage (of which, although some words are lost, the sense seems fairly clear) towards the end of Letter LXIII. of Julian 'to Theodorus the Chief Priest.' The Jews are not mentioned by name, but their 'persistent refusal to eat swine's flesh, &c.,' leaves no doubt who are meant. He contrasts this with the prevalent neglect of their ancestral gods and traditions shown by the Romans, and continues, 'But these, being religious in a degree (*ἐν μέλει*), since [the god] whom they honour . . . (a lacuna here) but [regard] as being in truth most powerful and most good, who administers the visible world; whom we too, I well know, adore under other names; seem to me to act reasonably, &c.' Here the emperor anticipates exactly the 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' of Pope's 'Universal Prayer.'

Poitiers he had met, and 'learned to respect,' at a synod in Gaul, when he was vicegerent there (621); Gregory of Nazianzus, and Basil, besides being his fellow-students at Athens, were brought in contact with him when emperor, of course as opponents of his policy, now that his antipathy was declared, and he made some advances at one time which Basil declined. Martin of Tours he had known as a youthful recruit in Gaul, refusing the donative and renouncing the service, and ready to stake his life on the issue for conscience' sake. He knew also, and had certainly reason to respect, the elder Gregory (father of him of Nazianzus, and its bishop); while another of that elder's sons—Cæsarius—a worthy and resolute Christian, was physician to Julian himself (i. 632-705).

In short, the archdeacon points out that 'his chief hatred ' was concentrated, not on the ordinary mass of Christians, ' but on their great leaders—such as Basil and Athanasius.' Consistency of character and holiness of life served rather to inflame his energetic antipathy. However he may have been repelled by the intrigue, cupidity, and factiousness then rife amidst the Christian ranks, it cannot be said that he saw Christianity chiefly on the baser side. At least, if he did so, it was because he preferred a one-sided view, and sought, not materials for a calm judgment, but excuses for an established prejudice. Besides, after all, the question was, to a practical man—as, before all things, he affected to be—one relative and comparative. Heathenism was utterly incapable of improvement. There was at least as much venality and rapacity among its priests as among those of the lately triumphant 'Galilæan;' not to mention a hopeless depth of sensuality and profligacy everywhere among its votaries. If Jupiter and Pallas were still golden shadows of a once venerable majesty, what was to be done with Astarte and Atys? He could not, or would not, however, see that his adopted favourites of the many cults were as completely sycophants of the rising sun as had been the clergy of the one cult in the days of his uncle, or of his cousin; and so he set to work to 'flog the dead horse' back to life.

The rumour that Julian met his fatal wound by Christian treachery is thus referred to:—

'There is no evidence for such a charge, nor should we have deemed it possible, had it not been for the remark of Sozomen, which deserves to be gibbeted here for its infamy. He does not think the charge incredible, and if it was true he thinks that the soldier might have been excused for his *courage* on behalf of God and religion! If a learned Christian historian could be guilty of approving of such

villainy, an ignorant Christian soldier might have been guilty of committing it.' (Vol. i. p. 565.)

This shows how much more effective for rhetorical purposes half the truth is than the whole. Sozomen says that it is not unlikely that some of the Roman soldiers might have thought of emulating the olden tyrannicides, who stood up for home and freedom with the applause of mankind; and adds, still less is he blameworthy who, for the sake of God and religion, did so bold a deed. This amounts to no more than 'if tyrannicide is commendable, much more when the 'tyrant is the enemy of religion.' Even Niebuhr, who takes an admiring view of Julian on the whole, admits that he was guilty both of tyranny and fraud. Fourth-century Christianity drew its precedents from the Old Testament oftener than from the New,\* and might easily find in the morality of the Book of Judges, one which would cover such an act as the historian supposes. By combining the Song of Deborah with the hymn of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, a Christian moralist of the fourth century finds all the inspiration required for the sentiment which the archdeacon is anxious to 'gibbet.'

But the question of Julian's character is, after all, comparative, like that indicated above between paganism and Christianity which confronted him. Had he been content with a temperate conservatism of the greater and nobler traditions of the former and a reserve of his individual convictions in their favour, the case would be very different. He was, instead of this, a violent reactionary, and his Jerusalem attempt a direct declaration of hostilities to the 'Galilæans' whom he despised. At any rate he died for his country. When all adventitious pretensions are stripped off from Julian, there remains a gallant soldier of true temper though of somewhat narrow mind. Moreover great allowance must be made for the mutilated problem of a life cut short by violence at two and thirty, of which the whole period, except the last two years, was passed under a cloud of suspicion from without and self-repression from within. Gibbon transcribes his dying speech with bland credulity, and might have noticed (had he seized the real key to his character) that he had the satisfaction of dying, within a few months, at the same age as

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\* See a remarkable sermon by (probably) Eusebius the historian, 'Eccl. Hist.' x. 4, § 465 foll., in which the quotations from the Old Testament are at least fivefold those from the New.

Alexander the Great. The extent to which his memory has suffered by undue panegyric and unfair depreciation in turn, is our reason for trying to show at greater length than usual what that key really was. His work 'Against the Christians' is known only from some quotations by its opponents. It cannot have been a contemptible work, since, although not published until after his death and the reversal of his policy, it called forth several elaborate replies, the most noted being that of Cyril of Alexandria. Nearly the whole of his celebrity arises from his religious attitude, and his closing catastrophe was the direct result of it. Archdeacon Farrar justly remarks that the chief cause of his military failure was the absence of support on the Armenian frontier by that army, among whom his anti-Christian policy had spread disaffection. This makes Christianity a central factor in his life and reign, while these react in their turn on the career of some of its most signal champions.

One of the most conspicuous tokens of his narrowness is his incapacity to recognise the grandeur of Athanasius. That grandeur was indeed original and independent, not a mere secondary reflex of the momentous issues involved in the controversy of which Athanasius was the champion, and which was substantially a struggle between a rationalistic attempt to graduate the infinite, and the faith as handed down from age to age, parallel with the spread of Christianity. This contrast it is which distinguishes the Council of Nicæa from all which followed it. In them scholastic subtleties came more or less into play on both sides. At Nicæa, it was virtually a phalanx of robust tradition against a handful of neologicistic speculators. As it was the first, so it was the greatest of its own kind; presenting in that legion-trampled world the refreshing novelty of a spiritual power, enshrined in a collective conscience, in which even Cæsarism must recognise something greater than itself, and claiming the attributes—unsullied then, however abused in after ages—of a citadel of freedom and a sanctuary of justice. In the presence of that Council Constantine shows his largest dimensions of greatness, although no sooner was a conclusion arrived at, than the Emperor's desire for unity led him to trenchant and compulsory means of asserting it.

'The Arians, or, as he called them, the Porphyrians, should be put down. The books of Arius were to be burnt. No one was to read

them, under penalty of death. He was banished, as were also Theonas and Secundus, the only bishops who would not forsake his cause' (i. 489).

Autocracy threw the sword into the scale, and sought to trample out the minority by physical force. This evil precedent went on repeating and enlarging its application, until persecution became the rule of Christendom. From extirpating error, the step to inculcating truth—of course in Cæsar's conception of it—was easy. That power cannot plant, but only impose, was forgotten. In the imperial age the consequence was, for some generations, one party in possession of the sees and churches, and another in exile, waiting for a turn of the Court scale in its favour; with an ambiguous majority, it often happened of trimmers and time-servers, only intent on being on the winning side. The temper and condition of the times recalled that of the older Greek cities, with their oligarchic and democratic factions, each enjoying or waiting for its innings. But the 'Vicar of Bray' has been from the time of Constantine a fixed quantity in the Church, and seems to be a necessary complement of every establishment, whether orthodox or sectarian—nay, perhaps to be absolutely eliminated only under stress of impartial persecution.

Of Arianism itself, our author, quoting Canon Bright's 'Orations of Athanasius,' observes:—

'It exercised a long and powerful influence. The whole Gothic nation was converted by the Arian bishop Ulfila. Alaric, the first conqueror of Rome, and Genseric, the first conqueror of Africa, and Theodoric the Great, and the Lombards were Arians. The heresy died slowly. Its future was far from hopeless till the fall of the Gothic power in Aquitaine (507) and Italy (553); and the long contest was ended only by the conversion of the Visigoths and Lombards at the end of the sixth century. "A theory which was to show a vitality so tenacious, an activity so versatile, to fight a long battle with the Church of the fourth century, to win a dominion among the barbaric races, to hold Spain until the latter years of the sixth century, to start up, after long slumbers, amid the confusions of the sixteenth, to mould the belief of Milton and of Newton, to claim a home for itself in the Church of England in the person of Samuel Clarke, to task the energies of such a foe as Waterland, to 'confront Trinitarianism in a royal presence,' and to leave a deep mark on Irish Presbyterianism—such a theory, however unsatisfactory to reason, however repulsive to piety and to faith, must needs have been formidable when it first spoke out, and called forth Athanasius as its adversary.'"

The life of Athanasius equals, in its spasmodic vicissitudes

of popularity and persecution, of tumultuous receptions and hairbreadth escapes, any adventures ascribed to Robert 'the Bruce,' William Tell, or Scanderbeg. His career includes the eventfulness of any dozen of ordinary biographies of hero-patriots, carrying their lives in their hands. Five times was he hunted from his see by four emperors, and as often returned. Archdeacon Farrar has luminously narrated them all, with the links of incident and circumstance. No intrigue was too base, no calumny at once too atrocious and too baseless, for his assailants to stoop to it. We will just narrate one of the most dramatic from i. 505-509. It anticipates by some centuries the well-known mediæval superstition, which conferred mysterious power on a dead man's hand, and shows how wide afield, and how deep in the ages, the roots of such beliefs are spread. The enemies of Athanasius, in order to enlist a superstitious prejudice against him, 'went about horrifying all whom they met by showing them a wooden box, in which was the black and withered hand of a dead man. "This," they said, "is the hand of Arsenius, Bishop of Hypselé. It is well known that he has disappeared. He has been poisoned by "Athanasius, and his remains have been used for magical incantations."'

Arsenius, the leader of a schismatic movement, had in fact been 'spirited away,' for partisan purposes, first down the Nile, then northward to Tyre, whither a clever deacon tracked him. He was easily identified; and there, especially as the Emperor Constantine was apprised of the facts, one might expect the matter would have ended. Not so, however; for some two years later indefatigable malice procured a 'council of malignants' to be held at Tyre, with a positive command from the Emperor for Athanasius' appearance before it. He appeared, and there was the wooden box with its ghastly relic to confront him,

'and the story of the discovery of Arsenius was declared to be an imposture. "Do any of you know Arsenius by sight?" asked the archbishop. "We did when he was alive," said some of them. He led forward the muffled figure of a man, who stood there with his head bent down. Athanasius withdrew the mantle from his face, and said, "Raise your head. Is this Arsenius?" he asked. The bishops who knew him exclaimed, "It is!" Lifting the cloak, he bade him put forth first one hand, then, after a pause, the other. "You see," he said, with the humour which often lightened forth even amongst his worst troubles, "he has two hands. Where is the third which I cut "off? God has created men with two hands only."'

A cry was raised of 'magical illusion!' but the imperial commissioner preferred the evidence of his own senses; and

thus at last, although other charges equally fabricated were entertained against him, Athanasius succeeded in killing the Dead Hand. The entire Church history of these years (for the above scene took place just ten years later than the Council of Nicæa) shows among the higher clergy a venal gang of the truthless and ruthless ruffians of party, ready to drag the sanctities of their office through any mire, however foul, if they could only succeed in casting some of the dirt upon one of the purest, loftiest, and worthiest spirits of their own or any age.

The Archdeacon *suo more* draws his hero's character twice over, once in narrating the earlier years of his episcopate (i. 497), and again in summing up his career (569-571). This seems carrying enthusiasm for greatness a little too far for 'men, gods, and columns.' We gladly, however, quote what space allows of the latter, as showing our author at his best, in his appreciation of genuine greatness.

'He had outlived many of his enemies, and none of the survivors were powerful enough to injure him. He was now honoured by all, in spite of the mountain-loads of infamous falsehoods which the malice of controversy had heaped upon his name. . . . Had he lived but a few years longer, he would have rejoiced in the vigorous orthodoxy of Theodosius, and in the decrees of the Second Œcumenical Council—the Council of Constantinople—which in 381 pronounced its emphatic ratification of the watchword and the creed in defence of which he had expended the high genius and indomitable energy of his truly heroic life. From the days when Gregory of Nazianzus pronounced upon his memory that gorgeous panegyric which is still extant, and Basil appealed to him as "the Samuel of the Church," and compared him to the Pharos of his city looking down with calm dominance over the wreck-strewn waves, Athanasius has received the ungrudging admiration, not only of the Church, but of the world. Even Gibbon was fascinated by the spell of his ascendancy. Cosmas said of him: "When ever thou findest a book of Athanasius, if thou hast no paper, write "it on thy clothes." . . . His was a deeply religious mind. Faith inspired and brightened his whole career. "He was," says De Broglie, "inflamed from youth upwards with the passion that makes saints—the love of Jesus Christ." The prevailing attribute of his intellect was versatility; of his conduct, moderation; of his character, courage; of his religion, faithfulness. He was, as Gregory says, manifold in his methods, single in his aims. His energy roused the sluggish, and his balanced wisdom repressed the extravagant. To error he was not only as the sword, but also as the winnowing fan, and his influence was not only like the blows of the conqueror, but also like the breath of the quickening spirit. He mingled meekness with power; and his spirit was as humble as his temper was royal. His biography is his best panegyric. Firm amid incessant opposition, dauntless amid innumerable dangers, cheerful in spite of long-continued afflictions, uncowed



by storms of calumny, of which any single outburst would have been sufficient to crush a smaller man, peaceful amid the enmities of hostile parties, affectionate though he breathed the atmosphere of hatred; many-sided, conciliatory, prudent, never suffering his enthusiasm to be quenched by disappointments, never losing his faith in humanity, though he was daily confronted with the aspect of its meanest failings, never losing his faith in God, though again and again the cause which he regarded as sacred seemed hopelessly lost—Athanasius presents an example as pure and noble as any which the Church of God has ever seen since Paul was led forth from his Roman dungeon to his martyr-death. His was τοῖς μὲν παύουσιν ἀδάμας, τοῖς δὲ στασιάζουσι μαγνήτης—adamant to smiters, a loadstone to the dissentient. "The one found him no more apt to yield than a rock of marble, the other, by a singular meekness and a generous patience, he drew over to himself."

But Athanasius, as was said of Charles James Fox, was 'negligently great.' The greatest names who approach him most nearly, or shine by his side in the light of their mutual contrast—Basil, for instance, and Ambrose—have always a self-conscious air about their moral grandeur. They seem more or less aware that they have a premier part to enact, and that heroism is expected of them. To Athanasius heroism is utterly natural, spontaneous, non-histrionic. His life is a less connected whole than either of theirs. It consists of many vivid scenes, like the slides of a magic lantern. In all a grand personality impresses itself upon details, and makes them take its colour. His greatness has the elephantine ductility to circumstance which enables the 'earth-shaking beast' to pick up a pin as easily as to transport a cannon.

'Omnis Aristippum decuit status et color et res.'

And so it was with Athanasius. He fits every situation exactly, and is always master of it—superior, as Napoleon said, 'at the point of contact.' Take away his theology, and you have left a hero pure and simple. Take away his heroism, and you have one of the profoundest reasoners, who stands in theology somewhat as Newton in physics. In him the versatility of genius as well as the profundity—a rare combination—mingle a master spell of mind, and combine with a character having finest grain and fewest flaws. Of all the starry names his brightens most in the furnace of affliction, and draws no ill-omened halo from the abuse of power.

We must pass the powerful and splendid portraits of the two Gregories, Basil the Great and Chrysostom, in order to have space to deal with Ambrose, the empire's friend, the

hero of the Western Church. Unlike Athanasius, he was never dislodged from his position as archbishop, which he made for himself the greatest in Europe, besides being the trusted diplomatist and sage counsellor in affairs of state. Dying at the age of fifty-seven, at which to many modern men of first-rate powers the sphere of large influence and responsibility has only begun, he filled a space on the stage of the world as well as of the Church, which no Western bishop not being a Roman Pontiff has ever attained. And if the posthumous influence of Augustine has been greater, the living force of what Ambrose was has made his memory a perennial beacon. He lived to see the deaths of Valentinian, of his brother Valens, and of the two young imperial sons of the former, besides those of Maximus, the tentative emperor, of Eugenius, a mere puppet in the purple, and of Arbogast, the rebel chief, and, finally, that of Theodosius, the last great head of the united empire. He begins life with great advantages, as elder son of the most considerable provincial ruler of the West. Trained in jurisprudence, forensic procedure, and secular administration, inheriting an ample patrimony and a name ennobled by official splendour, he starts in the race of distinction superior in all the gifts of fortune to any of the great men who divide with him the gratitude of the Christian after-age as Fathers of the Church. He is on the point of achieving greatness as a civil governor when he finds it thrust upon him as a prelate. Conscious of his power as a ruler, and of his weakness as a theologian, he sets to work with unwearied industry to supply the defect; but all the while keeps well abreast of his official duties. Of all the nobler State-rulers just named he was the trusted counsellor, of some the powerful protector; at every crisis of danger and imminent shock of change, negotiations—so long as it was possible to negotiate—passed through his hands, and his influence speaks in the merciful genius of much contemporary legislation. He had that mark of a born commander—insight into character, detecting not only the black sheep of his clerical flock, but the hollow promises of aggressive diplomacy, and the factious bravado of palatial intrigue. Thus his sphere of influence goes on ever growing, until his personal ascendancy becomes at once the sanctuary of weakness and the pillar of empire. He discomfited, not without overbearing vehemence and a recourse to dangerous principles, the last attempts of Arianism and of Paganism to share the rights of conscience with the Catholic Church. He found Italy divided in allegiance be-

tween the three, and left it consolidated in the faith of which he was the champion.

The baneful fruits of the application of despotism to religion mature but slowly. Only by centuries of long and painful experience of these is the world gradually worried into toleration. Say that A becomes gradually aware of the rights of conscience in himself, and claims their exercise, he yet does not recognise that B, C, and D claim them equally. Nor is it until A, B, C, and D have persecuted and been persecuted all round the theological compass, that the eyes of all are opened to the evils of religious despotism. Ambrose sought to apply despotism, both temporal and spiritual, to religious questions. He invokes the aid of the Cæsar to extinguish rival creeds and cults, he puts forward the claims of the Western Church, although not yet culminating in a Papacy, to overrule the gravest questions of discipline in the East.

In the year 381 A.D. met the great Council of Constantinople with questions before it regarding the legitimacy of the bishops of all the four great Eastern sees: Constantinople itself, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria. During its session, a letter was received from the bishops of the West, in which we cannot but trace Ambrose as the guiding mind, proposing the summoning of a Council at Rome, to decide these questions of legitimacy, and prescribing, in fact, in an anticipatory sketch, the decisions to be arrived at on each one of them. These decisions, except in the one case of Alexandria, were in direct conflict with those which the Council of Constantinople—competent, by all traditions and canons, to manage its own affairs—had just concluded. That Council sent a dignified reply, declaring the prelates in whose favour it had now adjudged these issues, and claiming the respectful congratulations of their Western brethren. They excuse themselves on adequate grounds from the tedious, perilous, and costly journey to Rome; but in token of brotherly love depute three of their members to attend the proposed Council, and conclude by a significant advice, to set aside in such judgements all respect of persons, that Christ's Body may, like Himself, be whole and unbroken. The decision of the East is thus notified to the West not for its ratification, but as completely authoritative.

This attempt of the West to claim even a concurrent jurisdiction in the local discipline of the Eastern churches is noteworthy as an index of growing rivalry and a stepping-stone to encroachment. It shows which way the West was looking, with Ambrose as its leading spirit, in 381 A.D. It

is not noticed by Archdeacon Farrar, either in the life of Ambrose, whose character it illustrates, or of Gregory Nazianzen, who for a very short time presided in the Council referred to. In the latter biography a vivid sketch is given of the Council, with its angry tumult of bitterness deepening into uproar under the weak presidency of Gregory (i. 752, foll.). The Council has been received as 'Œcumenic,' although the absence of, and the omission to summon, the bishops of Rome and the West go far to deprive it of that character. The proposed Council at Rome was duly celebrated next year. Its doctrinal decisions were in accordance with those of Constantinople, and thus, between the two, history contrives to patch up an 'œcumenic' authority for those decisions. Ambrose was in Rome at the time, but disabled by illness from attending its sessions. We may assume that his influence was not wholly neutralised by his non-attendance. There he probably made the acquaintance of Jerome, then travelling thither from the East in the train of one of the two Oriental bishops who attended the Roman Council. There Bishop or Pope Damasus appointed Jerome secretary of the Council, a tribute to the celebrity which already invested his name, and a surprise probably to most of the Roman ecclesiastics. Damasus, however, was a man of strong literary sympathies, and to his industry of research we chiefly owe what is known of his predecessors in the fierce and fiery times when the see of Rome was the foremost post of danger. But for him the scanty relics of early Christian monumental history would probably have perished.

The conflict with the Arianising influence of the Empress Justina was sustained by the support of the people, on which Ambrose with confidence threw himself, and whom it was dangerous to provoke. We see over and over again the same situation substantially reproduced in the lives of Athanasius, Basil the Great, and the elder Gregory—not to mention less famous cases—which meets us here in that of Ambrose. The chief elements of this always are (1) imperial pressure with physical force to back it; (2) a growing perception of the rights of conscience; (3) the overshadowing moral influence of a bishop, known, respected, trusted, and beloved; to which might probably be added (4) an unlimited tendency to insurrection in the multitude. This, however it might lie in the background, seems to have been in this instance under the control of Ambrose, who nobly used the popularity which he possessed. Thus, although twice in successive years (385-6)

the church was blockaded by soldiers, with threats and even commands of the Empress for his banishment, there was neither massacre nor mob violence, but Ambrose held his own—or, rather, God's own—with the words, 'I have no weapons but the power of Christ. The tyranny\* of a priest is his weakness. "When I am weak," as the Apostle says, "then am I strong."'

But the grand example of spiritual victory which sheds imperishable lustre on Ambrose's name is his repulse of Theodosius the Great from Communion until he had done penance for the massacre of Thessalonica. The populace there, furious at the imprisonment of a favourite but infamous charioteer, had mobbed the prison and murdered the magistrates, with various added features of frantic violence. The bishops then assembled at Milan, knowing the Emperor's impetuosity, wrote to intercede for deliberation. The fatal order had, however, been despatched. The Emperor attempted to revoke it, but the recall came too late. While the citizens were again intent on their favourite amusement, led probably by their liberated minion, the soldiery marched in with naked weapons and butchered seven thousand or more as they sat in the circus. The news flew swiftly westward, rousing all that is most tragical in human sympathies; and then those grand scenes occurred at the gates of Milan Cathedral, which, although dramatised in some of their details, are framed in substantial fact, and attest to all time, in impressive magnificence, the supremacy of moral forces over physical. Our author cites the parallels, more or less remote, of the Emperor Henry IV. at the gates of Canossa, of Barbarossa, and of our own Henry II. after Becket's murder. But he has omitted the one which comes far closest both in its spirit and in its details, and is, although comparatively little known, one from our own national history. The fugitives from the fatal field of Tewkesbury rushed in confusion to take sanctuary in the Abbey Church a few furlongs from a spot still known, as the *Aceldama* of the struggle, by the name of the 'Bloody Meadow.' The pursuers, making no prisoners, and bent only on butchery of the unresisting, with Edward IV. at their head, were close behind them ready to dye the altar with blood. The Abbot Strensham, with the Host in his hand, took his post in the porch, and by his mere presence rolled back the torrent of pur-

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\* An Imperial officer had used the term 'tyrant' to Ambrose in the course of this heated struggle.

suit, nor would admit the king and his followers until a solemn pledge had been given that the fugitives should be spared. Theodosius, it is true, had 'shed the blood of war in peace,' whereas the Tewkesbury struggle was a glut of civil bloodshed, in which neither side gave or expected quarter. That, however, makes the arrest of the dogs of war, open-mouthed at the heels of their prey, the more impressive, if anything, of the two. Again, Theodosius was, we must remember, already self-condemned. The disappointment of his too late merciful intention was, in fact, his own sentence on himself. The English abbot had no such foothold in antecedent fact. He had nothing but the grand ideas of inherent sanctities on which to rely, when he stood between vanquished and victors, like Aaron 'between the dead and the living, and 'the plague' of war awhile 'was stayed.'

More than a century and a half before, Caracalla had massacred no one knew how many thousands at Alexandria (for the dead were swept up uncounted into pits and trenches) to avenge a jest. The atrocity hardly caused a ripple of concern or compunction on the complacent surface of Paganism. Now a thrill of horror shot through the empire. The crime avenged was a serious one, but no one thought of that. The reason was, that Christianity had quickened the conscience of all orders and degrees. Imperfectly apprehended by myriads of its nominal converts, and perhaps, barely yet counting a numerical majority when their total was reckoned, it had become a moral power in society which no ruler could despise, and made the Emperor's precipitancy not only a crime but a blunder.

'It was less than a hundred years since Christianity had been acknowledged by the imperial power. The emperors were still invested with an almost superhuman dignity in the eyes of the world. They were irresponsible autocrats wielding the undisputed right of life and death. Theodosius himself was not a puppet in the hands of others, but every inch a ruler and a conqueror, the foremost man by far at that moment in all the world. And yet where there is an Ambrose there will always be a Theodosius. The bishop stood before the emperor like the embodiment of his own moral sense. The hands which were red with innocent blood were impotent to strike, and in the person of Ambrose the might of weakness became irresistible because it was armed with the thunders of Sinai. . . . The two men were friends, who honoured and loved each other, and in Ambrose the mighty emperor recognised the ideal of all that was best and noblest in himself. He never forgot the massacre of Thessalonica, or thought of it without remorse.'

Both those grandees of intellect and moral power—

Athanasius and Ambrose—cherished also sympathies of refinement amidst the rigours of asceticism. They loved music, and it helped to deepen the mark which each left upon the Church. With the name of Athanasius is connected the 'plain song or tune' with which he popularised devotion at Alexandria; with that of Ambrose the 'antiphonal' uses of the choir, which, ascribed perhaps legendarily to an Eastern source in Ignatius the martyr, swells first into a full water-head of sacred song in the traditions of Milan.

In travelling over so well-beaten a road as the 'Lives of the Fathers,' a biographer can hardly avoid driving in the tracks of those before him. Indeed, where previous research has sifted all the evidence, often with superfluous minuteness, it would be 'oil and trouble lost' to decline entering into other men's labours. Accordingly, some two pages of his preface bristle with names and titles to which Archdeacon Farrar owns indebtedness. But even where the debt is largest, as to Böhringer in the earlier and later pages of the life of St. Augustine,\* sufficient independence of treatment and free grouping of details are found—not to mention original paragraphs interspersed—to vindicate the result from being pilfered patchwork.

The glimpses of Roman society obtained from the prose satires of Jerome, and of Constantinopolitan from the denunciations of Chrysostom, the gross foppery, profuse displays of bedizened menials, and parade of gorgeous equipages, show a nominally Christian community with the worm of carnal selfishness gnawing at its heart—a parasite adopted from Paganism. Then comes the crash of the wild Gothic host on these buzzing and glittering sensualities, and the city which for five centuries had sacked the world, is one *mêlée* of compensating atrocities. 'Oh, I thought you meant my fowl, Roma!' remarked Arcadius, degenerate son of the great Theodosius (who kept pet poultry), to the messenger who informed him that 'Rome was destroyed,' with a sigh, not of sorrow, but of relief, when it was explained to him that it was only the imperial city!

The conversational interludes which, in the ages on which we have been dwelling, sometimes took place during Divine Service, form a striking contrast with modern manners. We find Theodosius remarking, 'You have been preaching 'against me, bishop,' as Ambrose came down from his pulpit

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\* The list of this Father's works seems in large part identical with that of Böhringer, and the classification closely follows the latter.

ready to proceed to his next sacred function. Seizing the opportunity, Ambrose pressed his plea direct—a courtier intervened, whom he snubbed and silenced—nor would approach the altar until the emperor gave his word of honour in assent. But we further learn (i. 418) that

‘if modern preachers are sometimes disheartened by careless listeners, it may console them to know that even in the days of Origen a preacher could sometimes only attract a scanty congregation, that women went to a back part of the church to gossip during the sermon, and that some of the listeners were impatient and inattentive.’

So when Chrysostom was in the pulpit (ii. 642) his hearers

‘listened so intently that the pickpockets were able to ply a busy trade among them, but they forgot the practical application of what they heard. They broke out into tumults of applause, but what they admired was the rhetoric, not the spiritual truth which it was intended to convey. . . . Some left before the sermon, or remained in knots at the farther end of the sacred building, which was assigned to the heathen and the unbaptized. Turning their backs on the Word of God, they busied themselves with secular gossip. Women, he says, were specially troublesome, making such a noise with their chattering . . . that he was sometimes barely able to collect his thoughts.’

The ‘Dictionary of Christian Biography from the age of the Apostles to that of Charlemagne,’ which has just been completed under the able editorship of Dr. William Smith and Dr. Wace, necessarily comprises within its ample folds all the lives of the Fathers related by Archdeacon Farrar. It is not too much to say that this work is the most solid contribution to the materials of theological study and of ecclesiastical history which our age has seen, and we doubt whether the clergy of any other branch of the Church Catholic could at this time produce a record of the earlier ages of Christianity so learned, so impartial, and so comprehensive. As it stands it does the highest honour to the clergy of the Church of England at the present day. It is impossible at the close of this article to enter upon so vast a subject as this encyclopædia of clerical learning, which only sins, if it sins at all, like the encyclopædias we criticised in a recent number, by the large proportions it has assumed.

We should have been glad, if space permitted, to point out the advantages of a division of labour amongst a large number of accomplished contributors, who have achieved on a larger scale the work which Archdeacon Farrar has had



the courage to attack *proprio vigore*. The result is attained with far greater accuracy of scholarship, and it embraces a vast deal of matter not included in the plan of the Arch-deacon's work. It would be invidious to point out the names of eminent living writers who have taken an active part in this work, but we cannot omit a tribute of respect and regard to the memory of the late Dr. Edersheim, whose elaborate article on 'Philo' is one of the most original and important contributions to the Dictionary. Dr. Edersheim was an adopted son of this country and of our Church. Born an Austrian Jew, he became a fervent Christian and an eloquent English priest. He brought to us the learning of a Rabbi and the industry of a German professor. The circumstances which led him to quit the Scotch Kirk in which he first entered on the Christian ministry illustrate still further his independence of mind, the net result being the gain to English theology of an amount of erudition worthy of the days of the Buxtorfs and Michaelis. He has enriched that theology where it was poorest, and strengthened it where it was weakest, with a deep and broad vein of Talmudic learning. He knew the Jerusalem Talmud as few among us know the LXX Translation of the Old Testament, as only the men of larger mind and greater leisure know even the original of the New. The result is that in his hands the Sacred Text is often brilliant with transparency where under ordinary commentators it remains opaque. Into the lucid analysis and copious illustration which Dr. Edersheim furnishes to the student of Philo we cannot enter here. They are worthy of the author of 'Jesus the Messiah,' and of the notes on Ecclesiasticus in the Speaker's Commentary. The Church of England could have better spared many a man of greater note.

ART. VI.—*Histoire des Princes de Condé.* Par M. le Duc d'AUMALE. Tome V. Paris: 1889.

SINCE the publication of the last parts of this valuable and delightful work a change has passed over the chequered fortunes of its eminent and most accomplished author. A few years ago democratic envy, or the imaginary fears of a tottering government, banished the Duc d'Aumale from the natal soil at the very moment when, in mature age, he was showing again, in the service of France, the fine military parts of which he had given proof in his brilliant prime on the plains of Algeria. This unjust ostracism has been lately removed, partly owing, we hope, to the sense of its wrong, but partly, too, through the intrigues of politics. Undisturbed by this odious persecution, the Duc d'Aumale resolved to make a free gift to the French Institute of the ultimate reversion of the princely domain during long centuries associated with the glories of the great house of Condé. Yet France has done no honour to her illustrious son, nor shown even a passing sign of gratitude. The Academy, indeed, as was simply his due, had inscribed the Duc d'Aumale on the roll of its worthies; but a soldier who, under happy auspices, might have proved himself not unfit to wield the staff of the hero of Lens and Rocroy, has not regained his place in the national army; and a statesman in whom experience and knowledge are combined with high intelligence and ripened wisdom has no commanding voice in the national councils. The position, in truth, of the Duc d'Aumale is a striking instance of the meanness and jealousy, and of the incapacity to understand greatness, which are not the least of the many vices of communities of a democratic type, and which recent events in France have illustrated with well-marked significance. Paris has been calling on the world to celebrate the inauguration of that great era of change which, heralded by Jean Jacques as its prophet, was to bring peace and goodwill to mankind, no longer the dupes of old faiths and traditions, but which has made revolution chronic in France, has turned Europe into a huge armed camp, has beheld with horror how, in the poet's words,

'Celtic Demos rose as a demon, shrieked, and slaked the light with blood,'

has, in no land cursed by its malignant influence, established genuine freedom in its true bases of well-ordered

law and settled government. The pageant has been one of great external splendour; the gay capital, filled with admiring crowds, drawn together from many races and climes, has been a magnificent Vanity Fair; and though the palace of her kings and of the days of her power has been effaced by her own fool fury, and the images of conquered Metz and Strasbourg, standing veiled on her most stately places, show how a victorious foe is not far from her gates, still her new Tower of Babel has overlooked a scene resplendent with all that wealth and art can create of material beauty and grandeur. But the people which greeted Henry the Fourth as the restorer of order and power in France, the citizens who beheld the hand of Richelieu trace the majestic lines of the Bourbon monarchy, have in their descendants of the present day been content to acknowledge obscure demagogues, feebly holding the reins of a degraded State, as the legitimate heads of the great French nation, and a talkative braggart, unknown to fame, audaciously boasts that he commands the hearts of the legions once led by Turenne and Napoleon. It is difficult to suppose that France has lost the illustrious breed of her great men; but these oaks of the forest cannot rise in grandeur from a soil wasted by the fires of anarchy and swept by the blasts of wild popular license.

The period comprised in this volume extends from the battle of Nördlingen to the peace of Rueil, the close of the first act of the drama of the Fronde; and it terminates with the striking incident of the imprisonment of the Grand Condé. It embraces, therefore, the military events which brought the Thirty Years' War to an end, the exploits of Condé in Flanders and Spain, and the great campaigns of Turenne on the Rhine and the Danube; it includes the negotiations before the Peace of Westphalia; and it coincides with the opening scenes of that singular time of disorder in France, contemporaneous with our own Civil War, but differing from it in all respects, which preceded the splendid despotism of Louis XIV. and the complete ascendancy of the Bourbon monarchy. The Duc d'Aumale traces the career of the great warrior, who forms the central figure of this part of the work, through these stirring events with a masterly hand; and his account of this episode in the life of the Grand Condé, and of the historical passages connected with it, is admirable for its insight and its copious learning. The description of the campaigns of Condé in the Low Countries in 1646-8, remarkable for its clearness, its varied

knowledge, and the accuracy and depth of its strategic views, forms a new chapter in the annals of war; the sketch of the celebrated siege of Lerida and of the subsequent operations of Condé in Spain, though inferior in merit, is, nevertheless, excellent; and the narrative of the great day of Lens, elaborate, complete, and graphic alike, following that of Rocroy in a previous volume, is a masterpiece worthy of the highest praise.

As regards the military part of the book, the only exception we have to take is that the Duc d'Aumale, as was perhaps natural, makes somewhat too much of the Grand Condé and of his achievements, splendid as they were, as influences upon the course of events. The Duc is scarcely just to Turenne; and the fine strategy of that great captain in 1646 and 1648 was, in our judgement, the principal cause of the triumph of France in the Thirty Years' War. The Duc d'Aumale's account of the first part of the Fronde is extremely valuable in so far as it deals with the incidents of the Civil War; the picture of the blockade and siege of Paris and of the military measures of the Grand Condé, though somewhat marked by the cynicism of De Retz, and by a soldier's scorn for popular passion, is new to us, at least, and very striking. The narrative of the political side of the contest is not, however, a prominent part of the book; it does not bring out in sufficient relief the immense importance to France of the crisis; and it does not clearly point out how, with a few exceptions, the conduct of the chief actors on the scene was frivolous, selfish, lawless, and violent. We differ widely from the Duc d'Aumale in his estimate of his favourite hero in this passage of Condé's career. A plausible case, no doubt, can be made for the prince, and we accept the statement that before his arrest he had not conspired against the Crown or the State; but he seems to us to have acted the part of an imperious, reckless, and unscrupulous man, thinking almost wholly of personal ends—without real patriotism or even prudence, and circumvented at last by a more adroit schemer. In truth, in this, as in other parts of the work, the features of Condé have been idealised; the deep scars on the visage are not brought out; we miss the coarse selfishness, the want of true dignity, the fickleness, and the almost sordid ambition, characteristic of the great *noblesse* of the time, and conspicuous in their most splendid ornament. For the rest, the figures of Gondi and Mazarin are delineated with much skill, though the Duc d'Aumale, like most of

his countrymen, conceals the immense faults of the overpraised cardinal in the glories of the Peace of Westphalia; and the sketches of Anne of Austria and her Court, and of the gay cavaliers and the brilliant dames who played their part in the high life of the time, and were, many of them, chiefs in the hurly-burly of the Fronde, are exquisite in their lifelike completeness.

This volume begins with the return of Condé to Court after the fight of Nördlingen, won by his extraordinary presence of mind and skill when the defeat of his army appeared certain. The Thirty Years' War was now drawing to its close; the ascendancy of France in continental Europe had for some time been assured by her arms; and, contrary to expectation, the government at home seemed perfectly safe in the hands of Mazarin, the pupil and successor of the great cardinal. In Germany the power of the House of Austria had been shattered by losses in war and rebellion; France had overleaped the Rhine, laid hold of its cities, and carried her standards beyond the Danube; Swedish armies had crossed the Bohemian ranges, and made the citizens of Vienna quake; and Hungary, in continual revolt, had exposed the empire to the Turkish hordes. The Spanish branch of the House had been no less weakened, the arms of France had been seen on the Ebro, her fleets had triumphed in the seas of Spain, Roussillon had been overcome and conquered, the commonwealth formed by William the Silent was able to dictate terms to her old tyrant, and the Spanish Low Countries seemed about to become the prize of France, and of the young Dutch Republic. England, too, convulsed by her great Civil War, was for the moment powerless abroad, and terrible symptoms of revolt in Italy threatened the Spanish monarchy with impending ruin. The supremacy of France had been recognised in the negotiations at Münster and Osnaburg, and to outward seeming her external affairs were prosperous under the just established regency. This prospect, indeed, was largely deceptive; the political and social condition of France at this very moment was full of danger, and the elements had already gathered which were soon to break out in anarchic violence, and to imperil the throne of the House of Bourbon. Victorious abroad, and quiescent at home, France even now was on the verge of bankruptcy; the iron hand of Richelieu, which, lavish as it was, had kept the finances in some kind of order, having been withdrawn, the resources of the State were recklessly squandered and corruptly wasted; and the prodigality

of an extravagant court had accelerated the progress of financial ruin. Mazarin—in this a contrast to his great predecessor—had feebly endeavoured to avert the crisis by expedients which only made matters worse; he had aggravated discontent by unjust taxation in the interest of the rich against that of the poor; he had embittered distress by offensive measures; he had weakened the State by the sale of offices; he had contrived to exasperate every class which could make its influence felt in the country; and he had harassed and vexed even the downtrodden peasantry. Already the assemblies of more than one province had made angry and loud protests; the attitude of the parliaments in Paris and elsewhere had become more or less hostile; widespread complaints were heard in the capital, and the sullen murmurs of an impoverished people rose from many of the towns and of the rural districts. Yet, though these signs of ill omen multiplied, Mazarin for the moment remained supreme, and the Government appeared too strong to be shaken. The cardinal and Emeri still contrived to feed the war and to support the State; the cries of injured classes and of oppressed millions were lost in the acclamations that greeted victory; and the extension of France to the Pyrenees and the Rhine for the present reduced remonstrance to silence, and dazzled the nation with a bright dream of grandeur. The minister and the Court had indeed just gained two triumphs which they might deem decisive. The faction of the *Importants*, the feudal plotters who had been crushed under the heel of Richelieu, with their fineladies and their haughty lords, had been repudiated and driven from the Court by Anne of Austria, their old leader; the cardinal alone directed the State; and the spectacle of the youthful Louis XIV. compelling the most august of the bodies of the State to register his edicts in a bed of justice, and telling it, in the treble of infancy, that it had nothing to do with national grievances, seemed to prove that the government was beyond attack, and that absolutism in France was completely secure.

All seemed to go well with the Court of the Regency during this season of calm before the tempest. The monastic gloom of the last days of Louis XIII. was succeeded by costly and joyous revelry. Anne of Austria, stately and still charming, was the queen of the most brilliant circles which high life, even in France, has witnessed; and persons who beheld the glories of Versailles have dwelt with regret on the 'happy hours' of Compiègne,

Fontainebleau, and the Louvre, when—ominous word in French history—the ‘kindness of royalty’ was a horn of plenty for patrician dames and gay and needy gentlemen. The young hero of Rocroy and Nördlingen was now by far the most striking figure in this society, noble and frivolous alike, magnificent, and yet corrupt and vicious; and his conduct and associations faithfully represented the characteristics of the chiefs of his order. Anne of Austria welcomed Condé ‘as a son;’ the little king was taught to lisp the praise of his ‘cousin;’ the cardinal treated him with obsequious humbleness; his father, president of the Council of State, with the greedy selfishness that marked his nature, claimed provinces and governments for his victorious son; and the municipality and the crowds of the capital vied with each other in doing the conqueror honour. This incense did not improve a character endowed with various and many gifts, but essentially arrogant and impatient of control; and the lawlessness and licentiousness which may be traced in Condé’s career from early youth, became more than ever distinctive features of the most brilliant of the warriors of France. The prince surrounded himself with a band of lordlings, whose petulance and insolence became the talk of Paris, and shocked even a profligate Court—the *petits maitres* of Condé were of evil fame; and—for his intellect was without restraint and keen—he took special pleasure in making friends of the most daring *esprits forts* of the town, his encouragement of ‘atheism and freethinking’ causing scandal which vexed the *dévôtes* of the Court far more than his life of unbridled pleasure. His relations, however, with the other sex most clearly illustrate this side of his character and the morals of the great female *noblesse* of the time. He wished to get rid of a detested wife—an heroic and yet a saintly woman—and to marry a lady on whom he had set his eyes; and he was assisted in this by a complaisant mother, and by Anne Geneviève, his beautiful sister, who persecuted the victim with such exquisite skill that whenever her husband returned from the wars she sought refuge from her wrongs in a convent. Nor did a genuine passion for Marthe de Vigan keep him from indulging in countless amours, and from gratifying the vanity or the licentious tastes of numbers of the frail beauties of the Court. He was one of the earliest lovers of the renowned Ninon; and the greatest dames of the regency vied with each other in parading their charms to win his passing homage. Among those who lavished their favours

on him were Marie de Rohan, the mistress of Beaufort, the 'Roi des Halles' of the first Fronde; the heroine of the quarrel with Madame de Longueville, which chiefly turned the Regent against the Importants; Suzanne de Neillant, in after-years the most severe of ladies of honour, who tried to save La Vallière from Louis XIV.; Louise de Prie, wife of La Motte Houdancourt, a gallant but luckless marshal of France; and, perhaps, among many others, Marie de Nevers, one of the most conspicuous names in the Fronde, the consort of successive kings of Poland, and prominent among the beauties of the time. But we must refer our readers to the Duc d'Aumale for the *chronique scandaleuse* of all these light loves, many of them about to flit brilliantly across the stage of the history of France, in the era of civil troubles at hand.

War, however, was Condé's true element, and frivolity with him did not interfere with glory. He had been appointed to command in Italy for the campaign in 1646; but Mazarin, perhaps already jealous of a great captain who stood near the throne, sent him to Flanders as a subordinate only, his chief being the incapable Gaston, Duke of Orleans. The fortunes of the contest in this region, though adverse upon the whole to Spain, had been chequered for some time; Rocroy, indeed, had destroyed the veteran *tercios*; France had occupied the strong places of Artois; and the capture of Gravelines in 1644 had opened a way into Spanish Flanders. But the emperor had made a great effort to assist his kinsmen in the Low Countries; Piccolomini, at the head of a considerable force, had been sent to restore the war; Charles of Lorraine, with a body of savage horsemen, who followed his pennon in his long exile, like the reiters and landsknechts of the Middle Ages, shared the command with the renowned Italian; and the country between the Lys and the Scheldt and Brussels was held by still powerful armies. The campaign of 1645 had been favourable to Spain; Mardyck, Bergues, and Cassel had been retaken; and Gaston, following old routine, to which the theatre specially lent itself, had wasted whole months in useless sieges, and had allowed the military strength of Spain to revive. The Duc d'Aumale's narrative of the ensuing campaign shows perfect insight and remarkable art, but we can only attempt a brief sketch of it. The French armies under Gaston and Condé—the Court had advanced as far as Amiens to speed the warriors upon their way—effected their junction on the verge of Artois, and in the second month of June had approached the



Scheldt, confronting an inferior enemy's force not far from the great stronghold of Tournay. Condé, a man of genius in war himself, and alive to the truth of Turenne's maxim, 'Always march rather than stop to besiege,' prepared instantly to attack the enemy; the result would have been perhaps decisive.

'M. le Duc, who was at the head of the advanced guard—his instinct and a kind of intuition attracted him towards the enemy—discovered the army of the Catholic king encamped about a mile to the north of Tournay on heights which commanded the surrounding country. The Scheldt ran between the contending forces; a passage is seized and the news sent to the Duke of Orleans. D'Enghien waited only the orders to cross the river, and to make preparations to attack. It was a bold stroke, and few commanders would have attempted it; but M. le Duc calculated that, with his superiority in numbers—more than 30,000 men against 27,000—and with his moral ascendancy, the enterprise, if entrusted to him, would probably be successful. Victory, it is likely, would have thrown open to our army the gates of Ghent, the principal city of Flanders, and still one of the largest in Europe; the Dutch would have joined hands with the French; and the prospect lay beyond of the Low Countries lost to Spain, the empire in extremity, and general peace!'

The Duke of Orleans, however, true to obsolete rules, lost the opportunity, and sate down in leisurely fashion to besiege Courtray. The place had soon fallen, and was thought a great prize, though intelligent chiefs had already learned that nothing decisive could be effected by the mere reduction of strong places, ever liable to be retaken on a change of fortune. A great opportunity was again let slip, which Turenne or Gustavus would have turned to account, and which Condé endeavoured in vain to seize. The French army, advancing from the Lys, had approached a contingent of their allies, the States, moving southerly from the Sas de Gand, and the investing forces might have destroyed Lorraine, who had incautiously thrust himself between them.

The Dutch, who had threatened Antwerp from the south, suddenly drew off, and effected their junction with the French. M. de Lorraine, with his reckless carelessness, was advancing along the canal; he might have been caught between the two armies as in a vice. What a chance!

Gaston, missing the opportunity, divided his army; sent off a detachment to assist the Dutch; loitered at Courtray for a time, to no purpose, and allowed his adversaries to collect their scattered forces.

'The Duke of Orleans moves off, leaving with the Prince of Orange

a reinforcement of 6,000 men; this was a condition demanded by William of Nassau at the outset of the campaign. While Gramont with his Frenchmen returns sadly to the Sas de Gand with the stadtholder, whose phlegm the bright Gascon cannot overcome, his Royal Highness departs for Courtray, and the Spanish commanders, uncertain, astonished, move between the Lys and the Scheldt.'

Gaston now proceeded to attack Dunkirk, the object for years of French ambition; but it was first necessary to master the adjoining fortresses, and this enterprise took some time. The siege of Mardyck cost the French dear, and Condé nearly lost his sight through a mishap in the trenches. The place had surrendered by the close of the summer, and Condé, who, in this indecisive campaign, had again given proof of his great faculties, was properly placed in supreme command, the duke having had enough of the life of the camp. It was too late for operations in the field, and nothing remained to D'Enghien but to assure the fall of Dunkirk before the approach of winter. We transcribe the Duc d'Aumale's account of this celebrated place, long an apple of discord between France and England:—

'In 646 A.D. Saint Eloi founded the Church of the Dunes, in the midst of sandhills created by the winds and the sea, and beside the huts of fishermen collected at the mouth of the Colme. The lofty steeple, which to this day commands the plain and the sea, attracted the attention of mariners; the village became a town, and Baldwin, third Count of Flanders, surrounded it with walls in 960. The geographical position of the roadstead, in itself of little importance, but sheltered by banks, opening in front of the fine anchoring-ground of the Downs, and of the mouth of the Thames, and holding the passage, from the Channel to the North Sea, increased century after century the military value of Dunkirk; and the possession of it was disputed by Flemings, by Englishmen, by pirates, by feudal lords, and by their insurgent vassals. In 1529 the place became the prize of the Spaniards; and, with an interval of a few days, they had retained it to this time. Commerce, but especially privateering, had flourished there; the frigates of Dunkirk ploughed the seas over great distances, the terror of coasters, and even of large vessels; our own Jean Bart is a type of those daring corsairs. The narrow channel, the jetties had been completed; numerous canals had been constructed, and their sluice-gates had been made to centre in the place. The new enceinte, built between 1640 and 1644, was composed of ten bastions, with two hornworks, a wet ditch, a covered way, demi-lunes, an old wall converted into a redoubt, and on the left bank of the river a fort, called Léon, protecting the jetties. But the real and chief defence of Dunkirk was its zone of sandhills continually shifting with the winds, and of sluggish and muddy waters; no wood was at

hand, no straw to make huts, nor grazing ground for horses, nor shelter for cavalry; the land fit for cultivation was wasted over a large extent; the enemy was master of the sluices; convoys by land were liable to lose their way amidst inundations; convoys by sea were intercepted by the small craft of the port, or by the prevailing winds and the fury of the waves, while vessels from Nieupoort could elude an enemy's fleet by taking advantage of certain turns of wind and tide; could slip behind the banks, and throw in supplies of food. Such was the stronghold which M. le Duc was about to attack, such the obstacles which he had to encounter, which he had foreseen, and which he was prepared to overcome.'

A complete change appeared in the operations of the French when Condé had taken his army in hand. His skill in conducting sieges has been questioned, for his impetuous nature seldom bore delay, though he was well versed in the art of the engineer; but all critics agree that his attack on Dunkirk, involving, as it did, more than a mere siege, was a fine example of capacity in war. The first care of d'Enghien was to seize and occupy the approaches to the fortress, which open from the sea, surrounded by a difficult region of forest, marshes, canals, and streams, and still defended by minor strongholds, was a prize difficult in the extreme to master. To effect his purpose the Prince succeeded in obtaining the support of a fleet of the States, commanded by the renowned Van Tromp, in which Gramont's and some Dutch troops were embarked; a flotilla co-operated from the neighbouring French ports, and the main French army, admirably disposed, took possession of every point of vantage in the surrounding country from which a relieving army could attempt to make its way to the place. Furnes, too, the principal remaining outwork of Dunkirk, was besieged and taken, and made a place of arms for the besieging force, and a way along the coast, by which a bold enemy could try to advance, was barred by stockades, and by batteries daily increased in strength. Yet though Dunkirk was cut off from relief, and isolated in the midst of its sands, Condé's lieutenants shrank from undertaking a siege which they still deemed an impossible enterprise.

'This nest of privateers, hidden in the sands of an inhospitable sea-coast, this mysterious tower, the steeple of which alone was visible, filled them with a kind of terror. During three years they had been moving around it, and trying to seize the approaches to it; and what blood had been shed in the preliminary conquests of Gravelines and Mardyck! Nay, this very year, when they seemed to be near success, the advisers of his Royal Highness of Orleans had shrunk back! And autumn had set in, the terrible autumn of the Northern Sea, with its

bitter rains and its tempests! M. le Duc had, to no purpose, lessened every difficulty, reduced the affair to the proportions of an ordinary siege. Objections were made by almost every one of his subordinates. He assembled his principal officers, to ask their advice; but his most trusted and boldest friend said "No," with "the majority." M. le Duc followed his own course, taking on himself, despite the respectful and loyal opposition of his lieutenants, a responsibility which he had known how to assume, even in view of the calculated reticence of the cardinal.'

The place was invested near the end of September, and the capitulation was signed in the second week of October; every effort of Piccolomini and the Spanish generals to relieve the fortress having utterly failed, owing to the admirable precautions taken by the Prince. The place was surrendered with the old forms of chivalry.

'On the 11th of October the Marquis of Lede evacuated the fortress with his troops, which were escorted as far as Nieupoort. D'Enghien awaited his coming, and dismounted when he appeared. The two generals in chief embraced, and were present as the French garrison defiled before them to take possession of Dunkirk.'

This was one of Condé's most perfect triumphs; years afterwards he was to see another sight, on this theatre still renowned for his exploits, when, an arch rebel amidst the foes of France, he predicted the approaching victory of Turenne; and his genius and valour could not prevent the splendid success of that great captain, backed by the invincible troops of Cromwell.

We have dwelt for a moment on this campaign in Flanders, because it illustrates the distinction between the military systems of the seventeenth century. Inferior men still wasted long months in operations round a beleaguered fortress; even if successful they accomplished little, and this timid method has often appeared at periods of decline in the art of war. But strategy had been born with Gustavus and Turenne; it had become evident that the true way to achieve great and decisive results was to defeat the enemy by movements in the field; and when military science was brought to perfection by Napoleon, sieges were extremely few. D'Enghien had but just returned from his triumph at Dunkirk, when death removed his father from the scene, and he became the head of the princely house of Condé. We shall not repeat the judgement\* we have already pronounced on the life and career of Henri de

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\* See 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1886, p. 535.

Bourbon ; the Duc d'Aumale has laboured in vain to throw a veil over the sordid meanness of a thoroughly low and ignoble nature, whose one redeeming point was that the prince gave an admirable training to his renowned son. Suffice it here to say that one of his last acts was to urge d'Enghien to a deed of treason, because Mazarin had refused him a great office, which the regent properly retained in her hands. The Grand Condé was almost as greedy of place and power as his miserly parent ; this, we have said, was distinctive of the great *noblesse* ; but his genius at least was necessary to the State ; he was satisfied for the moment by a gift of ample domains along the Meuse ; and though he was even now distrusted at court—we shall refer to these grounds of dislike and jealousy—the cardinal gave him the supreme direction of civil and military affairs in Spain, for the approaching campaign of 1647.

The fortunes of France had, for some time, been not prosperous in the peninsula ; the policy of Richelieu, which had aimed at subduing the country up to the Ebro, had not been adopted by his successor, and Mazarin, intent on his Italian projects, had neglected the contest beyond the Pyrenees. The invaders had been driven out of Arragon. La Motte Houdancourt and Harcourt had recoiled from Lerida, and though the party of France, and of local liberty, in Catalonia, still raised its head, it was generally believed that, at the expected peace, the province would be handed back to Spain, as happened in another age at the Peace of Utrecht. When Condé, invested with viceregal powers, reached Barcelona, in the spring of 1647, the situation had become perilous, and the ablest soldier and statesman might have felt alarm. The French army was small and almost destitute ; the difficulty of obtaining supplies from France was great, for the seaports were in the hands of the enemy, and there was no hope that the French fleet could afford aid to operations in the field, for they were employed in supporting the revolt of Naples, and in seconding the romantic knight-errant, Guise, in his effort to wrest that great prize from Spain. Worse than all, cupidity and bad government had all but destroyed the influence of France ; in the prevailing opinion that she would abandon the Catalans to their old tyrants, French officials, of high and low degree, had thought only of lucre and plunder ; there had been a general scramble of selfishness, and the province had been distracted by angry factions, which consumed its resources, thwarted each other, and reduced authority to complete impotence.

Condé was never eminent as a politician ; but like all great warriors, he had the genius of command and of administration in the highest degree, and he knew how to subdue and to inspire Frenchmen. The reins had scarcely passed into his hands when he wrought a complete change in the position of affairs, restored order and something like government, and put on foot a respectable army, though inadequate to large operations in the field.

‘ Falling suddenly, so to speak, on this disturbed region, and in the midst of the factions which divided the capital, M. le Prince does not lose his way in the labyrinth of intrigues and parties. His palace in the Calle Ancha is thrown open to all men of any pretensions ; he listens to remonstrances and complaints, notices and does honour to Margarit, the first of the Catalans ; but seeks also to obtain the support of Joseph of Arden and of his party ; the rivals meet and converse in presence of the Viceroy. “ Private enmities began to be appeased, at least apparently so, for I really have my doubts if they will be “ truly removed for a long time.” The extravagant confiscations are stopped ; numbers of persons, threatened in their fortunes, are reassured ; order and peace within seem restored ; hopes arise that the end of this misery is at hand, and of these barren contests which exhaust the province. If Condé cannot awaken enthusiasm, he obtains hearty co-operation, recruits for his army, and transports for his convoys. That, indeed, is his first care ; a general before all things, he accelerates his military preparations with the foresight which inspired him from his first campaign.’

To attack Tarragona or to besiege Lerida were alternatives for the choice of Condé. But an effort against Tarragona required a fleet, and aid of this kind could not be forthcoming, therefore Condé resolved to assail Lerida, in order, perhaps, to revenge the affront lately inflicted upon two French armies. Having collected about fourteen thousand men, he made a forced march to surprise the fortress, and he invested it on the northern front, throwing a bridge across the Segre to secure a passage. The Duc d'Aumale compares the contest that followed with the previous operations of Cæsar on the spot ; but the comparison is, perhaps, fanciful. The theatre was indeed the same, and the difficulties of the assailant were in both cases similar, but Condé merely attempted a siege ; the movements of Cæsar around Lerida were essentially those of a general in the field. The Duc d'Aumale notices the well-known legend that the prince manned the trenches to the sound of fiddles, a piece of braggadocio not worthy of him :—

‘ Tradition said that “ Champagne,” mounting the first guard, entered the trenches as you go to a wedding. The result of the

siege has given a special interest to this episode of the "violins," which may be more or less authentic. Must we see in it mere empty boasting? Was it not rather an act of courtesy on the part of the Prince, lending his "little violins" to the most illustrious corps of his army as he would have done to one of his friends? Or was it a custom of this regiment, which had an organisation of its own, its peculiar privileges, and perhaps its violin band?

The Duc makes this remark on the corresponding anecdote of the 'retort courtoise' of the Spanish commandant:—

'Don Gregorio Brito was not long in replying to this challenge. He had scarcely taken some French officers prisoners when he sent them back to Condé with his compliments; he regretted that so great a prince should expose his life before a poor place; if his Highness could let him know where he would take his stand, he would not allow firing in that direction. The flag of truce was accompanied by a little negro, and with a supply of sherbet and lemons, which was often forwarded.'

Lerida, in those days, was a first-rate stronghold, the obstacles to an assailant were great, the besieging force was, perhaps, too weak, and the garrison made an admirable defence. The place was protected by external works, which were taken only after a fierce resistance; the nature of the soil impeded sapping and mining, a flood in the Segre broke down the bridge and caused a delay of several days, and the besiegers lost heavily through well-directed sorties. It has been said, too, that the northern front was not the proper point to attack; the eastern at least was found to be the weakest in the two subsequent sieges which proved successful. The forced march of Condé perhaps indicates that he hoped to capture the place by a *coup de main*; at all events, having lost many men through sickness, desertion, and the fever of summer, he raised the siege after three weeks of open trenches and repeated attacks. His resolution was that of a true general, like that of Bonaparte before Mantua, when made aware of the approach of Würmser. The Duc d'Aumale thus describes his position:—

'The nature of the soil, the configuration of the ground, the energy of the defence, have kept things back; all the miners have been slain; fire, sickness, desertion, and the necessary detachments reduce day by day the numbers of the troops and the working parties. It would have been requisite to extend the position, and to occupy distant points, Castel d'Azens and others. Burning heats have succeeded floods and the accidents caused by the melting of the snows. Fevers were raging. The recruits from the South of France disappeared, as in the times of the civil wars; the Spaniards do not compel the deserters to join their side, but send them off, well paid and fed, along

mountain paths. The old soldiers keep well together; but the evil becomes contagious. Don Luis de Haro, first minister of the king of Spain, is at Saragossa; he accelerates the march of a relieving army; ten thousand footmen, choice troops, and three thousand horses have been assembled at Fraga. To receive an attack within the lines, at the foot of the rock, in the face of a powerful garrison, with troops weakened, and at distances from each other—that would be certain defeat, perhaps destruction. The mind recurs to Thionville, Fontarabia, and the disaster of the year before. M. le Prince announces his decision, and resolves to carry it out at once. Without concealing their surprise, his lieutenants admire the wisdom and the resolution of their chief; and orders are immediately given.'

The failure at Lerida was the only reverse of the arms of France when directed by Condé. This event held a singular place during many years in the martial traditions of the French army. The strength of the fortress greatly declined as the besieger's art progressed in the hands of Vauban; but when Lerida fell in 1707 Louis XIV., in his old age of sorrows, exclaimed that 'Orleans'—the prize was due to Berwick—'had succeeded where Condé, the hero, had failed,' and thought more of the exploit than of Almanza itself. Even in our century, when Lerida had become a fortress only of the second class, Napoleon went out of his way to celebrate the triumph of Suchet in 1809, though it had been stained by inhuman cruelty. The words of the emperor are significant: 'Describe everything relating to the siege of Lerida in minute detail. Send the plan of the attacks to the war office, so that the siege and capture of Lerida may be engraved.'

This check of the prince caused a great stir in Paris, already seething with discontent and passion. The epigrams which had begun to temper despotism became numerous, daring, and poignant, and the Importants once more acquired influence. In the opinion, however, of competent judges, Condé deserved the greatest credit for raising the siege, and it began to be rumoured that he had been sent to Spain by Mazarin with too weak an army, in order to get rid of a dangerous man. The following letter should be quoted:—

'Il faut, Monseigneur, que vous croiés une chose, mais comme très certaine, que de tout ce que vous avés fait en vostre vie rien ne vous a aquis plus de réputation que ce que vous venés de faire; . . . c'est le résonnement des plus habiles et moins attachés à vos interêts; mais le peuple parle bien autrement; et icy je mets dans le nombre de la populace la bourgeoisie de Paris et chambres souveraines. Ils disent que la court avait envoyé V. A. pour la perdre, croyant qu'il n'y avoit qu'à embarquer V. A.'



Condé, like Turenne, rose superior to defeat, and his operations after he drew off from Lerida had some resemblance to those of Cæsar. He recruited his army and gave it repose, was soon at the head of a tolerably large force, and having taken possession of various strategic points, he reduced the province to complete submission and nearly destroyed a Spanish army which had entered Catalonia and sought to bring him to bay.

‘Condé, in Catalonia, did not rise to the height of Cæsar; but he was near making his adversary meet the fate of Afranius. He had found anarchy, pillage, and an army injured by defeat; he left order on his departure, the fortresses well provided, government organised, the army restored, everything in readiness for action, and the enemy’s forces discouraged and driven beyond the Ebro.’

During these operations of Condé in Spain it had fared ill with France in the Low Countries. Mazarin had intended to despatch Turenne to Spanish Flanders to finish the war, but the miserable state of the French treasury, due to waste, extortion, and opposition to the Court, had left his army without its pay, and the contingent of Saxe-Weimar had broken out in mutiny. The marshal was unable to send a man from the Moselle and the Rhine to the Scheldt and the Lys, and, indeed, but for his presence of mind and firmness, his whole force would have been disbanded. Meanwhile the emperor had again taken up the cause of his brother of Spain with energy; the Archduke Leopold, a really able man, had been given supreme command at Brussels, and large reinforcements had been moved from the Rhine to strengthen the Spanish armies. The campaign of 1647 had terminated badly, on the whole, for France; Gassion and Rantzau, the governors of Courtray and Dunkirk—the first, Condé’s most brilliant lieutenant, the second one of Mazarin’s creatures—had quarrelled with each other and mismanaged affairs, and the absence of Turenne and his troops from the theatre had left the French army weaker than its foes. The archduke had skilfully seized the occasion; true to the traditions of his house, he had invaded France, making for the open valley of the Oise, and he had invested and taken Landrecies, a strategic point of the highest importance. The French conquests, from Courtray to Dunkirk, were imperilled by this unexpected success, and though Gassion captured Lens—he met a soldier’s death in the trenches—the archduke retained a superiority in the field. Condé, in the spring of 1648, set off to restore the fortunes of France in the north, and Mazarin, eager for fortresses in Spanish

Flanders, as prizes in the negotiations at Münster, directed the prince to besiege Ypres, an enterprise which could not be justified. The place soon fell, but the French army was not strong enough to hold the country between the sea and the Scheldt and to defend Artois; the Spaniards attacked and took Courtray, Rantzau failed in a descent on Ostend, and the Archduke, turning this success to account, pressed forward almost to the line of the Somme, the path for long years of old Spanish invasion. Condé, at the head of a very inferior force, was compelled to wait on his enemy's movements, and Mazarin was unable to send him aid until reinforcements should arrive from the Rhine. Meanwhile the prince's army was in dire distress; it was without pay, supplies, or munitions; and his correspondence with Mazarin shows how terrible was the exhaustion of France, and how her government was almost powerless in the midst of the splendours of the Peace of Westphalia. Revolution, indeed, was about to break out, the oppression of Emeri had made the cup overflow; whole provinces were in a state of wretchedness, and an attempt to lay unjust imposts on the judicial and administrative functionaries of the State, and on the middle and lower classes in Paris, had arrayed against the Court the *noblesse* of the gown in some measure backed by the *noblesse* of the sword, the best citizens, and the mass of the populace. The Duc d'Aumale thus describes the condition of the army of Condé at this crisis, when the enemy was not far from the gates of the capital:—

'Far from seeking a battle his troops can hardly keep together; already garrisons are disbanding, and mutiny is becoming frequent; destitution prevails everywhere; bread and forage are deficient; "If commissaries continue to make such delays, the army will be broken up." Money is wanting for pay, for arms, for the different public services; this penury—we do not inquire into its causes here—creates and multiplies at home and abroad the difficulties of France. "Credit is gone, supplies of cash are not forthcoming, people's purses are shut up." Recourse must be made to mere shifts; the Parliament resists; the troops desert; the generals, at least those who cannot obtain money and the means of living from the territories they occupy, are kept back and discouraged.'

Meanwhile, in the great trial of the enfeebled State, disorder and faction had again become active; Madame de Chevreuse, an arch-conspirator of the Fronde, was leader of a plot against France at Liège; the Vendômes, the Beau-forts, and all the Importants, endeavoured to regain lost power and place, by making overtures to their country's foes;

and a Huguenot rising in the West was talked of. Hocquincourt, afterwards one of the worst of traitors, had been gained, and had offered to give up Péronne; and a Spanish advance on Paris seemed possible. The conspirators addressed themselves to the Archduke; the low selfishness of their motives is evident.

‘The first sketch of this project was presented to his Imperial Highness in December 1647 by a dependant of his household, the Abbé de Mercy, “a court valet,” and a confidant of the Duchess and of Saint Ibal. Correspondence and interviews followed; the abbé claimed for Madame de Chevreuse the pension of 10,500 crowns a month paid to her formerly by the treasury at Madrid; 200,000 crowns would suffice with a flotilla to raise and arm the Huguenots; and if the Archduke would ask M. de Longueville for the hand of his daughter success was assured, and everything would be in readiness.’

The Archduke had little faith in these schemes; he made use of the plotters indeed, but mainly relied on himself and his army. It was near the close of July, and, doubtless induced by the evident weakness of the French in the North, he marched towards Lille with the object, probably, of destroying the power of France on the Lys and the Scheldt, before attempting a movement beyond the Somme. Condé, following his enemy, halted at Béthune; but one of Leopold’s generals had captured Furnes, the main outwork, we have seen, of Dunkirk; and the Archduke, advancing with the principal army, seized Estaire, a place on the Lys, and threatened the chain of French forts on the river. The Prince took a position observing his foe; and treating with scorn, like a true warrior, the murmurs and jests of the Court and of Paris, and the challenges and insults of the Spanish chiefs who wished to draw him into a premature action, he awaited the arrival of the succours from the Rhine known to be advancing by forced marches. The Archduke, trying to outmanœuvre Condé, moved southerly towards the line of the Scarpe, his purpose clearly being to attain Arras, to strike the communications of the French army, and to stand between it, the Somme, and the capital. Having strengthened the positions of the French on the Lys, Condé was at last joined at Béthune by D’Erlach, one of the ablest lieutenants of Turenne, at the head of the long expected contingent; and the Prince broke up at once to find out the enemy, having sent detachments to several French fortresses—strategy, with due respect to the Duc d’Aumale, which betrays a lingering faith in mere strong places, and which Turenne would never have thought of. Meanwhile

the Archduke, passing Le Bassée, and turning to his left to avoid the marshes and lowlands along the course of the Deule, had recrossed the river, and, on August 18, had debouched into the plains of Lens, had taken the place by a *coup de main*, and had encamped his army in a strong position, threatening Arras and the communications of his foe. The Duc d'Aumale thus describes the theatre of the remarkable and decisive contest that followed:—

'Lens had a certain tactical, and a real strategical, value. By occupying it, the archduke narrowed the field of Condé's operations, severed, or at least closed on, his communications, and placed himself between the prince and Arras. The Spanish army had its right resting on the château of Lens, in the faubourg Saint-Laurent, near the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours; his left opposite the woods in front of Liévin; his camp and his reserves on the crest of a hill; ravines and a rather deep valley covering his front; on his rear the Souchez, or Lens rivulet, flowing in a marshy hollow, but having good passages at Lens itself, and then a little westward at Eleu dit Leauwette.'

By this time Condé had approached the enemy, having marched from Béthune into the plains of Lens; and he resolved to force the Spanish army to fight; conscious that it stood between him and the main roads to the Somme. His army, greatly reduced by the detachments referred to, numbered only some 16,000 men, with an artillery merely of eighteen guns; and it was directed to advance in order of battle, the Prince having given strict injunctions that his troops were to await the enemy's fire.

'The distances between the lines, the intervals between the tactical units, are exactly regulated to help the march, a forward or a retrograde movement, and the various evolutions incidental to an action. M. le Prince desires that his orders shall be precisely obeyed; "the alignment shall be kept; the march must be uniform." He commands also "that the enemy is to be let fire first, and that an advance to charge must be steady." The battle is to be fought in a plain, in open country; the object of these directions is to assure regularity of fire, unity in the shock of a charge, concentration in every effort, to prevent the enemy from being attacked by blown horses and scattered bodies of men, to guard against dropping fire, confusion, disbanding, and ill-connected movements.'

The French army, like all of those days, was strong in cavalry, the most efficient arm. Condé ranged his men in the usual manner, his infantry and artillery holding the centre, and the great body of his horsemen on either wing; but he kept twelve of his best squadrons in reserve, remembering the tactics of the great day of Rocroy. He had

many jealous lieutenants around him ; but his power of command put complaints to silence ; and while he kept the right, the place of honour, to himself, he entrusted the centre to his young friend Châtillon, of the stock of the great Admiral of France ; he gave Gramont the left wing ; and he placed the reserve in the hands of D'Erlach. On the morning of the 19th he was in full march across the bare and undulating plains of Lens, an admirable field for a great tactician.

' Surrounded by rivulets, which flow slowly through shallow ravines, or cover the surface of the soil, with marshes or patches of stagnant water, the plain of Lens presents, especially towards the close of summer, a naked, arid, monotonous appearance, modified in our days by the progress of agriculture, by coal-mining, and by the line of tall chimneys which indicate the pits. There are no trees, except small orchards hidden in folds of the ground near thinly scattered villages. The aspect of the scene reminds you of the great ocean swell driven by the north-west wind from Newfoundland to the coast of Portugal.'

The Prince discovered the enemy in his strong position, near the verge of the plain as you look towards the east.

' The plain is not occupied ; not a man is to be seen on the rising ground, where forty squadrons showed themselves the previous evening. Condé passes Loos, and soon descries the foe encamped along the southern edge of the plain in a position less formidable than that of Fribourg, less compact than that of Allerheim, but, nevertheless, very strong and difficult of access.'

A change had passed over the Spanish army, since its overwhelming defeat at Rocroy. It was still a medley of many races ; but the iron *tercios* had nearly disappeared ; and an attempt had been made, perhaps to its detriment, to render its formations more elastic and manageable in evolutions in the field :—

' This army, descried at a distance on the heights of Lens, did not present the compact and rigid appearance which had struck the eye of D'Enghien on the heath of Rocroy. You could see the influence of a new school, if it were only in the ill-united front that followed the peculiarities of the ground. It was well formed to receive an attack. If the offensive were to be taken, perhaps its order would be disturbed. The generals of the Catholic king had entered into the new ways timidly, with hesitation and regret. The changes introduced in tactics have not yet been really proved by them ; their success in previous years has been obtained in sieges. Doubts are entertained about the infantry ; their small battalions are more easily handled, but will they have the strength of the phalanx of "bronzed men," of the *tercios viejos*, who will be seen no more ? The confusion of tongues and countries is greater than ever ; in the ten battalions forming the first

line of the centre you could count three Lorrainers, two Walloons, two Irish, one German, a single one Spanish, and that newly raised. It is this last element—the element of special worth—that is no longer found in the same proportion; there are only three veteran battalions of “born Spaniards” in second line, with three others of various nationalities. To remedy the mischiefs of this diversity, and of the diminution of tactical units, that gives the elder officers little confidence, thirteen choice squadrons, in four groups, have been arrayed in the front line of infantry, two others support the second, all the intervals are closed; and this crowding destroys the elasticity obtained by the reduction of the size of the formations and the increase of the spaces between them. In a word, the tactical arrangements are more flexible, but not sure; the blending of nationalities and of the different arms is an abuse.’

Except for the mingling of foot and horsemen together—a method more than once tried in that age, but almost always with bad results—the Spanish army was formed in the same way as the French, the cavalry on either wing, the centre infantry and guns; but the cavalry reserve was comparatively weak. Ligniville, a brilliant general of the Duke of Lorraine, commanded the left in front of Condé; the Prince de Ligne and Buquoy were opposed to Gramont; the Archduke was at the centre in face of Châtillon.

‘The masses of cavalry are on either wing; on the right, under the château of Lens, twenty-seven “free companies” raised in the Belgian provinces; on the left, in front of Liévin, twenty large squadrons of the Duke of Lorraine. This famous body of men is led by Count Philippe de Ligniville; Duke Charles could not place it in better hands. . . . The command in chief belongs to the Viceroy, the Archduke Leopold, brother of the emperor, then in his thirty-fourth year, a long pallid figure, with soft blue eyes, rather too prominent, and with the Hapsburg lip and features, an ecclesiastic in appearance, and yet a warrior brave, and accustomed to command.’

The Archduke’s army was 18,000 strong, and was very superior to the French in guns—thirty-eight pieces to only eighteen. Condé was isolated, and almost cut off from his base; he knew that he could expect no aid; he was aware that Paris and more than one province were rising against the Court and the Minister. This was not a time for the daring of Rocroy, for the desperate and rash attacks of Friburg, for the recklessness of the fight of Nördlingen, redeemed as it was by marvels of skill. The Prince made his army halt upon rising ground, from whence he could observe the enemy at a safe distance; his object being to entice the Archduke from the position of vantage he now held, and to compel him to engage on more equal terms. The summer

day wore on by degrees; slight skirmishes took place between the hostile outposts, and the gunners on each side tried to find out the range; but the main armies remained motionless; and Condé and his staff amused themselves in fencing with switches pulled out of the scanty hedges. Murmurs were heard in the camp from hungry battalions, and from thirsty squadrons with wearied horses; a retreat on Béthune was loudly talked of; crowds of affrighted peasants bore news of defeat; and the Commandant of Arras held his garrison under arms, expecting the approach of a victorious enemy. Condé, nevertheless, steadily held his ground; but, as the morning of the 20th arose, he fell back, still in order of battle and still keeping to his settled purpose. The Lorraine horsemen pressed forward to pursue the French; and had the Archduke snatched at the chance, and caused the main army at once to advance, the feigned retreat might have become a disaster. A fierce encounter followed, in which the Lorrainers overthrew a large body of the Prince's horsemen; but they were checked as they bore down on his infantry; and though Condé's situation was really critical, he continued to retire, keeping his troops together, and confident in his own resource and his genius. The Spanish generals, meanwhile, seeing the defeat of his cavalry, were divided in mind whether to fall on boldly, or to maintain the formidable position they held. The opinion in favour of an attack prevailed; and Leopold, in an evil hour for his house, abandoned his lines, and advanced into the plain.

"What!" was exclaimed by the Spanish staff officers, "are we not to assail the French? Hunger and thirst have quenched their ardour, their light horse have not even awaited the charge of the Lorrainers, and this prey is to escape us!" Beck eagerly dwells on the incidents of the skirmish, and tries to inspire the Archduke with his fire. "Let his Imperial Highness but give the word, and we will take Condé in chains to Luxembourg." "Time is on our side," replied Fuensaldaña and the more judicious men; "the resources of Noux and even of Béthune are not sufficient to support the French army. Our position is an excellent one, our communications are secure, Douay on one side, Aire and Saint-Omer on the other; without even stirring, the army of the Catholic can get the better of that of the Christian king." But the temptation was too strong; Beck and the vehement ones carry the day.

Condé had arrayed his army on a range of upland, some two thousand yards from his first position, and saw with delight that his device had told, and that the Archduke was breaking up from his camp. The French instantly made a complete change of front, and advanced in order of

battle to attack. Their guns, better directed and better served, strange to say, easily gained the advantage over the far more powerful Spanish artillery. The Lorrainers charged the French right wing; Condé's troopers, obeying his orders, reserved their fire, and then boldly fell on.

'At a distance of a hundred paces the Lorraine horsemen get into a trot to charge; the French halt. The enemy, surprised, stops in turn; there are but ten paces between; pistols are drawn. Our men do not stir. All eyes are fixed on the prince, who is in the front, between two squadrons of "Villette." He can rely on this regiment, it was that of Gassion. M. de Salm is before him. After a moment of hesitation, the Lorrainers deliver a volley. Many of our men fell, but Condé's sword is out of the scabbard, and glitters in the sun; that is the signal. "Remember Rocroy!" he cries to the old soldiers of Gassion. Our squadrons attack those of Salm; their swords and pistols do their work; the first line of the enemy is driven in.'

Ligniville, however, a true cavalry chief, has kept several fresh squadrons in hand, and, seeing the defeat of his front line, launches these against the victorious horsemen. A fierce *mêlée* ensues; but, on the whole, the French retain the advantage they have won; when D'Erlach, skilfully bringing up his reserve, falls on his adversary's unprotected flank, and puts the famous men of Lorraine to rout.

'D'Erlach had rightly judged how important was the engagement on our right wing. As soon as he saw that the cavalry of Lorraine was beginning to outflank, and to try to surround, that of M. le Prince, he put his men in motion, and, forming to the left in order of battle, reached the edge of the *mêlée*, and halted. Seizing the moment when M. de Ligniville was trying to rally his troops for a last effort, he charges, joins hands with Condé, and both break the famous squadrons of Duke Charles to pieces.'

While Condé was victorious on the right, Gramont had avenged his defeat at Nördlingen, and had achieved considerable success on the left.

'What had occurred on our right was repeated; our horsemen did not charge until they had steadily endured the fire of the enemy. The action, very well directed, terminated to our advantage. There were some hesitations, some happy rallies, some fine offensive returns, which we may admire without following Gramont in his Gascon extravagances. He describes Saint Maigrin as rallying his men more than ten times. The marshal kept his eyes open for everything; he held some squadrons in hand, and, with much presence of mind, by a flank movement checked a large body of cavalry which was assailing our infantry in flank while it was engaged in a serious combat in front.'

The engagement at the centre had been retarded; and,



perhaps through disregard of the Prince's orders, the French were, at first, decidedly beaten.

"We never fire first," exclaimed D'Auterroches to Lord Charles Hay on the crest of the ravine at Fontenoy. Did the French Guard of 1745 recollect the cruel lesson taught their predecessors in the plain of Lens? The regiment, brilliant, distinguished, but often disordered, and placed in pleasant quarters, was inferior to the others in training and discipline. "It gulped down" the order, as was the slang of the camp; at the moment of contact officers and soldiers gave way to emotion—the emotion of brave men. The officers wave their great hats; the musketeers discharge their pieces; all rush on the enemy; and, in their irresistible attack, break three battalions, and drive them in confusion one against the other. But they are thrown forward with empty muskets and uncovered flanks, and they leave a great gap in our front open. Fierce Beck was watching them; he launched his footmen and horsemen on our three battalions, for the Swiss Guards, in the brotherhood of arms, had followed their comrades of the household. "Never was such a massacre seen. The only misfortune of "the day fell on the unlucky guards."

Had the Archduke at this crisis charged with his reserve, the Spanish army might have won the day. But Châtillon was given time to rally his men, and the enemy's centre was before long broken.

Châtillon quickly perceives the result of a generous but lamentable error; he provides a remedy, makes his second line advance, and reinforces the battalions of the first, which, obedient to their orders, had remained motionless. In vain Spanish horsemen attempt to break in through the spaces in the shattered front; "Condé" and "Conti" repel them. Châtillon, placing himself at the head of his heavy cavalry, supports the movement by a vigorous charge, and retakes the guns for a moment captured. The remains of the shattered regiments are rallied and sent to the rear. Repulsed in turn, our heavy squadrons coolly retreat behind our line; their pursuers encounter an impenetrable front. And the infantry of France—the Line—shall we not give it, even now, that dear and glorious name?—advances steadily and as if on parade. All yield, all recoil before it—the enemy flies.'

The battle was won; the Archduke had missed the occasion; and Condé and Gramont, collecting their horsemen, from right to left, bore down on the enemy.

'The Spanish reserve, detained too long by the caution of Fuensaldaña and the hesitation of Leopold, cannot retrieve the defeat; it is carried along with the fugitives. Condé pursues the enemy "with three or four regiments in open order." He presses forward in person, and falls on the rear of the centre of the Catholic king. He meets Gramont, who, having completely overcome the "free companies," is endeavouring to join the victorious right wing, and assure the ruin of the foe. The two friends welcome each other with

effusive joy, and try to embrace. Excited by the action their chargers rush at each other, kick, bite; the strife of the stallions was not the least danger of the prince and the marshal.'

The last stand made by the Archduke's infantry was not to be compared with that of the heroic *tercios*; improperly mingled with a different arm, they could not fight like the Spaniards of Rocroy:—

'The infantry of the Catholic king remains. It has made a brave effort, has for a brief space checked the course of fortune. At this moment, hemmed in on all sides, it is attacked by that of France. Discouragement has succeeded to over-confidence. These Walloon, Italian, Lorraine, and Spanish troops, blended together with such dexterity, separate, meet, are scattered, are confused, and at last huddle themselves together, obeying a kind of instinct and the force of tradition. Launched against the mass, De Roches, a lieutenant of the Prince's guards, first makes a breach at the head of fifty horsemen. The indefatigable heavy cavalry, charging through the intervals of the battalions, penetrate at other points. The resistance was shorter and less glorious than at Rocroy; the rout was complete.'

The victory of Lens was decisive and splendid, but the Duc d'Aumale exaggerates the results when he says that it closed the Thirty Years' War; the Peace of Westphalia was far more due to the feats of arms of Turenne in Germany. Apart from the single strategic fault of weakening his army to sustain fortresses, the conduct of Condé in this short campaign was that of a chief of the highest order. The enemy was on his line of retreat; he was at the head of an inferior force, which in no event could receive succour; and revolution in Paris stormed in his rear. A lesser master of his art would have fallen back, or have engaged in a desperate strife, setting fortune upon the hazard of the die; Condé deliberately formed a well-weighed plan; carried it out with admirable skill and patience; waited till the favourable moment appeared; and having lured the Archduke from his strong position, gained a brilliant and overwhelming victory, in the main due to his superior tactics. The Duc d'Aumale compares Lens to Valmy, and certainly points of resemblance exist; but Lens was far the more complete triumph; and we would rather liken it to the great day of Zürich, the crown of Masséna's renowned career, and which, like Lens, saved France from invasion. As for the tactics of Condé, they have become in part obsolete; no modern chief would have directed his troops to await the enemy's fire on an exposed plain; but it was abundantly proved in the seventeenth century that this method of fighting insured

success; and, for the rest, Condé towers over his foe in what may be called the greater tactics—that is, the general disposition of his men for action. The student of war will note the difference between the two chiefs in the arrangement and the handling of the reserves, which, perhaps, decided the issue of the day. The Duc d'Aumale explains why, in the battles of that age, troops which kept back their fire gained a marked advantage:—

‘To understand the general order which prescribed that the fire of the enemy should be borne with steady countenance at close quarters, we must go back two centuries, and recollect the accuracy and range of the firearms of that age, and especially the extent to which they were distributed. Half, often two-thirds, of the infantry had no such weapons. Each *réître*, or horseman, had one, a long pistol, and sometimes two, a pistol and a musket. A great part of this cavalry—its numbers were proportionately large—should be considered as mounted infantry; and this, too, explains the relations then held between troops on foot and horsemen. The general discharge which was to be braved was less destructive than might be supposed; but it placed the men whose pistols and muskets were empty at a disadvantage in a hand-to-hand fight. The neglect of the order proved fatal to our guards; its application secured the final victory of the centre, and in the engagements on our right and left caused success in the first instance, which neither the skill of Ligniville nor the brilliant valour of the Prince de Ligne could wholly repair.’

While victory was being prepared at Lens, revolution had broken out in Paris, and was stirring in many cities and provinces of France. An attempt to deprive the *noblesse de robe* of the hereditary rights they had gained in their offices had aroused against Mazarin, throughout the kingdom, an official aristocracy, as tenacious, perhaps, as the feudal aristocracy crushed by Richelieu, and the movement was strengthened by creditors of the State, left without their dues by its bad faith or penury, by whole classes ground down by incessant exactions, and by large parts of the nation, in the direst want, and exasperated at the continuance of the war with Spain, which, they had hoped, would end at the Peace of Westphalia. The spirit of revolt was abroad everywhere, but it came to a head in the passionate capital, as has happened so often in French history. The parliament of Paris and the great fiscal bodies, indignant at the prospect of the loss of the ‘*paulette*,’ and at taxation specially pressing on themselves, made common cause against the detested government; in clamouring for their own interests they had a large stock of national grievances to parade, and the chamber of St. Louis echoed with

speeches, 'as eloquent as those of Greece and Rome,' against the excesses of the Court, the crimes of the minister, the tyranny of intendants, the frauds of contractors, the mal-administration of the resources of the State, iniquitous taxation, and unjust imprisonments. Resistance was, to some extent, seconded by the Duke of Orleans and others near the throne; it was vehemently supported by the mass of the *bourgeoisie* chafing at unjust and oppressive measures, and already, perhaps, beginning to feel the jealousy and envy of a subsequent age; and it gathered to its side the excitable populace, discontented, miserable, and at all times dangerous. The Importants, too, and their long train of plotters, the Elbœufs, the Vendômes, the Beauports, the Chevreuses, and, carried away by an adulterous passion, Anne Geneviève, Condé's beautiful sister, the Madame de Longueville of too well-known fame, thought their opportunity had once more come; and these chiefs of the *noblesse*, but outcasts from the court, did not scruple to throw in their lot with an agitation which, had it succeeded, would, not improbably, have overthrown their order. The attitude of Paris, in fact, foreshadowed 1789 in a certain measure, and concession after concession made by Mazarin, and ungracefully yielded by Anne of Austria—indignant and angry like Marie Antoinette—only led to further and ruinous demands, and greatly aggravated the position of affairs. Disorder and anarchy were in full swing; the treasury was completely bankrupt—it had become impossible to collect taxes in a third part of the kingdom at least, and risings were threatened in Normandy and Provence, when the victory of Lens revived the hopes of the cardinal and the affrighted Court. The time for action, Mazarin thought, had come; Condé would throw his sword into the scale of the government, and a *coup d'état* was planned by Anne and the minister, not unlike the attempt against the five members, and an event too common in the annals of France. Orders were given to seize two obnoxious chiefs of the fiscal bodies who had denounced the court, and Broussel, an aged magistrate, dear to the citizens, who, as a deputy of the parliament, had made his mark in the harangues in the great room of St. Louis, was arrested by special command of the regent. The capital flamed out in furious revolt; the evil days of the League seemed about to return; barricades were raised in the streets by hundreds; the troops showed ominous signs of mutiny; and the government was compelled to set the prisoner free and to yield to further extravagant demands. The insurrection,

indeed, might have carried all before it, had not the parliament, already alarmed at the revolutionary passions stirred up by itself, characteristically stood aloof from the people, and had not its president, M<sup>o</sup>lé, a real patriot, thrown his powerful influence on the side of order.

The Duc d'Aumale contends that, at this crisis, the parliament of Paris, composed as it was of lawyers filled with the spirit of their craft, was a genuine champion of civil liberty, and, on the whole, rather approves of the movement. But Englishmen, versed in their own history of the time, will dwell more on the professional selfishness which marked the conduct of the *noblesse* of the gown, than on its accidental support of popular rights; they will condemn the attitude of many of the great *noblesse*; they will contrast the low ambition and the shallow vehemence of this prelude to the struggle of the Fronde with the grand national spirit of the Long Parliament, and the heroic self-sacrifice of the Civil War. Condé had reached the capital a month after Lens, having offered his services to quell the revolt, but having warned the regent to be 'wise and moderate;' and so far he is entitled to praise for counsels worthy of his high place in the State. Yet we can hardly agree with the Duc d'Aumale, that the course he took in the events that followed was that of a high-minded patriot, who, with no regard for personal ends, sought to make use of well-deserved influence, to mediate between the Court and the capital. He stood apart, indeed, at first, from both parties, though Gondi, the real leader of the malcontent *noblesse*, and the idol of the passionate crowds of Paris, and Anne and Mazarin spared no efforts to gain over the victorious warrior; but this was because he disliked both sides, and not from a lofty or noble motive. Condé had the instinctive contempt of a prince of the blood, and of the chief of the old *noblesse* of the sword, of what he called 'the canaille' of the 'long-robed' parliament, and he felt a soldier's scorn towards mob-rule and disorder. But he had been alienated for years from the cardinal, and, in his own judgement, he had ample ground for bitter complaint against the imperilled minister. On the death of his brother-in-law De Brézé, he had been refused the great charge of Admiral of France, which he had claimed as a kind of birthright. He suspected that he had been sent to Spain to be got rid of in the event of a failure prepared beforehand by a cunning enemy; his demands of promotion for different friends had been eluded or set at naught; and he thought that the war

in the North had been starved in order to compass his own discomfiture. Like Achilles, he sulked in his tent alone, while the quarrel between the regent and Paris was being renewed with increased vehemence, and the court was being forced into further compliance, and an accident only, it seems, made him take a side. The prince had agreed to preside at a conference with deputies of the parliament, held at Saint-Germain; his haughty temper could not brook remonstrance 'from men of chicane,' despised from boyhood; and the insolence of 'the longbeards,' turned skilfully to account, caused him to incline towards the queen and Mazarin. His purpose, too, it is not unlikely, was confirmed when he had been made aware of the famous declaration of October 1648—the 'murder of monarchy in France,' as the regent called it—which would have made the parliament of Paris supreme in the kingdom, had it been carried into effect for five years. He could not fail to see that the throne was in peril, and he threw in his lot with Anne and the cardinal, both resolved to chastise the encroaching parliament, and to take strong measures against 'rebellious Paris.' The common story that, on this occasion, his services were bought, is, no doubt, untrue; but he was plied by adroit caresses and flattery, and these arts strengthened the resolve of a nature imperious, scornful, and impatient of control, especially at the hands of 'the populace.' The conqueror of Rocroy and Lens placed his services at the disposal of the shaken government, and, though still cherishing a grudge against Mazarin, assumed the supreme command of the royal forces.

The war of the first Fronde had begun; and though risings occurred in the north and the south-east, it concentrated itself round the capital. Condé, a bad politician, but a great captain, was scarcely ever wrong in his military instinct; and, like Turenne when defending the monarchy many years afterwards, during the Spanish Fronde, the prince entreated the court not to leave Paris. He wished to rally his troops on certain strong points, and to keep the regent and the young king on the spot; but Anne and Mazarin had resolved to depart, and to endeavour to reduce the city by famine. Exactly as happened in our times, Paris, it was assumed, would not hold out; and the court gaily set off for Saint-Germain, then a little village far outside the walls, and established itself in its long-deserted palace. Soldiers arrived from Burgundy and the northern frontier, but Condé, with 15,000 men, was not strong enough

to invest a town of, even then, a half-million of souls; and the expectation that Paris would yield because the 'pain de Gonesse' was not forthcoming was, to the amazement of 'Madame Anne,' frustrated. It was necessary to attempt a regular blockade, and, apart from the fact that it was found impossible to cut off largely supplies of food, a whole series of events concurred to encourage the hopes of the rebellious citizens. Condé's younger brother, the Prince de Conti, and Madame de Longueville joined the revolt; Gondi kept popular passions alive, and the sudden defection of Turenne on the Rhine, caused probably by the De Longueville's arts—the great chief could never resist a siren—seemed ominous of the fall of the monarchy. The Duc d'Aumale's account of the siege of Paris abounds in details new to the general reader, and, though marked by a soldier's contempt for popular risings, is, nevertheless, a striking passage of history; 1649 foreshadowed the levity and the evil passions of 1870, but it foreshadowed, too, the courage and the brave endurance of the great city attacked by Moltke; and if the figure of Beaufort, the 'Roi des Halles,' playing the soldier amidst half-armed multitudes, is disagreeable to a military eye, the efforts of the citizens to defend their ramparts, ill-directed and reckless as they often were, were characteristic of the true Parisian spirit. Condé gained no real success on the field; the siege lasted several months, and negotiations were not even thought of until the adjoining country had been made a desert. The following resembles a scene in the siege of 1870:—

'Paris was beginning to suffer, and was entering the period of delusions, of feverish changes of purpose, of discouragement and wild hopes, of fury and prostration. Every day there were fresh rumours; semblances of imaginary relief, talk of imaginary success and of coming deliverance; even the most judicious were persuaded. Demands were made for *sorties en masse*; "M. de Beaufort has been cross-questioned by a mob of the *bourgeoisie* to know why he does not lead them to Brie Comte Robert; they would attack with 100,000 men." Acts of insolence succeeded; magistrates are threatened and beaten; "injured by word and deed." "We shall not have now to march against the Frondeurs," said Condé; "they have not waited to be beaten by me; they will be by the people."

The Spaniard thought his opportunity had come amidst the intestine troubles of France. The Archduke had once more an army on foot; overtures were perhaps made to Turenne, and a Spanish envoy was actually sent to Paris, to treat with the insurrection and its chiefs. But patriotism

and the sense of duty asserted themselves in the repentant Parliament, which, reduced to silence amidst the shock of arms, stood aghast at the civil broils it had caused, and had had time for regret and reflection. At this moment Condé, it is only fair to point out, was as loyal, perhaps, as Molé and De Mesme.

‘It is not only the peasants, dazed by misery and hunger, who think the Archduke is at hand; a messenger from that prince has arrived in Paris; and though the selection was almost an insult—a monk disguised as a gentleman—he has been received by the Parliament in solemn audience. “Seated on the fleur de lys,” the “longbeards” of “the Great Chambers listened with shame and pain to the proposals of “the most cruel enemy of the fleur de lys.” The excitement at Saint-Germain was great; “the thing has gone so far,” wrote Condé to Girard, “that my brother has sent Bréquigny to Brussels to negotiate with “the Archduke;” and then, as if, foreseeing what was to come, he was pronouncing sentence on himself—“This circumstance has touched me “deeply, so enormous was the fault of daring to treat with the king “of Spain while war was being openly waged.”’

The intrigues with Spain, and, not improbably, the emotions roused by the tragedy at Whitehall, led to the negotiations and the truce of Rueil; the passions of the Fronde were, in truth, child’s play compared with the frenzy of the League or of 1793. The Court returned to Compiègne, and ere long to the capital; a compromise was patched up between the royal authority and the affrighted parliament, and the surface of things seemed smooth for a time, though the nobles of the Fronde stood angrily aloof, and Gondi remained master of the Parisian populace. Condé had not really done much in the siege, but he had been loyal to the Crown during the recent troubles, he was at the head of a victorious army, and his conduct favourably contrasted with that of Turenne, the only commander who could be compared with him. He seems to have thought that he could ‘bestride the State,’ and that his services entitled him to direct everything, and the censure of the regent and the praise of the boy-king only inflamed his ambition and increased his arrogance. On the other hand, the prince and Mazarin were already enemies; each had long secretly disliked the other, and the cardinal, in the interests of France, had grounds to distrust a too powerful subject, a near kinsman of two leaders of the Fronde, and, in his own, to regard with suspicion a military chief who seemed to wish to supplant him. A bitter and protracted quarrel ensued, ending in the arrest of the Grand Condé and his incarceration, through the wiles of Mazarin;



but we cannot entirely accept the Duc d'Aumale's account of this matter, or admit that Condé was a guileless victim, free of offence against the State and the government, and circumvented by an unworthy intrigue. Some of the common charges made against the prince, at this juncture, are, indeed, untrue: he did not set off to his domains in Burgundy, as has been alleged, to stir up rebellion; he seems really to have exerted himself to bring back Turenne to a sense of duty, and no act of treason, in a technical sense, can fairly, perhaps, be laid to his charge. But his refusal to undertake the siege of Cambray—a statesmanlike effort made by Mazarin to restore the fortunes of France in Flanders—which was due to personal dislike of the cardinal, is capable of a bad construction, and his conduct to the minister, nay, to the regent, exhibited in repeated instances, made him unendurable beside the throne. He thwarted Mazarin at every turn of government, contrived to set aside even his highest appointments, insulted him with ostentatious petulance, and finally extorted concessions from him—these are not noticed by the Duc d'Aumale—which not only humiliated the man, but would have made the ruler of the French monarchy the mere puppet of an ambitious warrior. In the well-known affair of Jarzé, too, he irritated Anne of Austria to the quick, and, though this now may appear a trifle, it was deemed a high crime by a proud and angry woman. In short, Condé, *maladroit* and unscrupulous, brought matters at last to such a pass that it became a question whether a dangerous subject or the lawful depositaries of power in the State should direct and control affairs in France, and Mazarin and the regent, in this state of things, were justified in taking strong measures of defence.

The truce of Rueil was but a suspension of arms; Paris continued prepared for a new rising; and Gondi bid for the support of the prince, who he knew was at odds for some time with Mazarin. The cardinal, before the final rupture, made similar efforts to gain Condé, whose sword could have decided events. The Duc d'Aumale's portrait of the famous rivals, who were the real champions of the contending parties, is very graphic and true to nature.

' Gondi belongs to the races of the Poggis, the Médicis, *e tutti quanti*, who, through their never-ending plottings, have stained the churches and palaces of Florence with blood. His life is one conspiracy; more than once he conspired against himself. At the age of seventeen he wrote and swore an account of the plot of Fieschi; he almost sees an ideal in Catiline. The blood of the Gaul flows in his veins; he con-

tinues to be transalpine in his genius; he is already a Frenchman in his tongue, his culture, his habits of life—may I say it, his vices. Prodigal, vainglorious, he is daring to excess, and is controlled by nothing; his extraordinary powers of intellect clothe theories formed after the event with so lofty and noble an appearance that, as we read him, we forget that his life was a falsehood.

‘The son of Pietro di Mazzara is of a different type of character; he still savours of his origin; the training of the Roman curias has developed in him the *scaltro* of the Sicilian; he is the stronger man of the two. Less an artist than a broker, a great gambler, a scorner of danger, too greedy to be a good administrator, he has the genius of a statesman to so high a degree that this master faculty stands with him in the place of conscience. He has views on our foreign affairs, on diplomacy and war, the depth of which cannot be derived from his despatches; his submissive language, his studied obscurity, his repetitions, his contradictions—all are calculations to attain his end. No one can surpass him in negotiation; his military eye would seldom be at fault, could he but give up his pretensions to arrange military details, and to free himself from dislikes which obscure the clearness of his judgment. A taste for perfidy and an habitual craftiness lead him too often astray in his relations with his fellow-men.’

Condé had incurred the resentment of the distressed capital as the head of the besieging army, and was greatly disliked by the Vendômes, the Beauforts, and other chiefs of the Importants faction. He had soon finally broken with Mazarin; and the cardinal, with Italian craft, took measures to circumvent his enemy. Gondi, having equally failed in his overtures, played for a moment into the minister's hands; the antagonists agreed to reduce to impotence a dangerous man, not to be gained by them; and Condé was enticed into an act of rashness, which set against him the chiefs of the Parliament, Gondi undertaking for the quiescence of Paris. It was a stratagem, ignoble, perhaps, but dexterous; and there is no proof, as the Duc d'Aumale hints, that Mazarin was consenting to an attempt to slay the prince. Condé, arrogant to the last moment, was caught in the toils, and fell an easy prey into the cardinal's hands. He was arrested with his brother and the Duc de Longueville; the manner of his arrest was, no doubt, to be condemned, but was like that of *coups d'état* of the kind from the days of Louis XI. to those of Napoleon.

‘The other members of the Council arrive in succession, among others the Prince de Conti, and M. Longueville the last. Mazarin lets the Regent know that the Council was awaiting her; it was the pre-concerted signal. Anne of Austria knelt down to pray with her son. The cardinal addresses the Abbé de la Rivière. “I have a word to say to you,” and they go out of the room. At this moment the queen's

captain of the guard came in ; M. le Prince thought that Guitaut was about to speak to him concerning a relation—he was the protector of Guitaut's family—and advanced. “ What is your business, Guitaut ? ” “ My business, sir ! my orders are to arrest you, the Prince de Conti, “ and M. de Longueville ! ”

Condé was hurried off a captive to Vincennes, where his father had been immured before him, where, in another age, one of the noblest of his house was to be made the victim of an atrocious crime. He had not been a traitor, in a legal sense ; but he had crossed and defied the rulers of France at a grave moment of national trouble ; he had proved himself to be dangerous to the State ; and we feel but little sympathy with him. We quote these remarks of the Duc d'Aumale chiefly because, while he excuses the conduct of his hero up to the time of his arrest, he does not conceal the marks of guilt that stain the career of the prince afterwards, and because they illustrate the simple dignity of the author in his own undeserved exile :—

‘ I continue this work, as I began it, in the same place of abode, in the disgrace and under the burden of an exile to my mind unmerited. I have now come to a critical moment ; I must show the criminal in the hero. Before I go on with this narrative I must speak out about this fault which nothing can efface. The blows which strike me do not disturb the calmness of my intelligence, and I desire to preserve in the eyes of those who may take the trouble to study me the freedom of judgement I retain in my inmost nature. This being conceded, I shall be able to traverse this mournful period, to praise the warrior, to admire the energy displayed in an evil cause, but without apprehension that the eulogies bestowed on an incomparable master of his art shall not appear to be a defence of a guilty prince, or an apology repudiated by my conscience. Tyranny of every kind is detestable. An upright man is bound to protect, at all risks, the public in his own person—nay, to resist, to struggle, if, at the peril of his life, he can bring general oppression to an end. But he has no right to disturb his country, to tear her asunder, to bring war within her borders, in order to avenge a personal affront.’

The next phase in the career of the Grand Condé is that of the arch-rebel of France, the head in civil war of an unscrupulous faction, carrying destruction up to the walls of Paris ; then engaged in a long contest with Turenne ; occasionally subduing Fortune by genius, but always arrogant and injurious to his own cause, and finally yielding to the force of events, as the reviving strength of the Bourbon monarchy overcomes the despotism of Spain in decay. But we shall not attempt to forestall a narrative which, if equal to the preceding parts of the work, will be a noble addition to the history of France.

**ART. VII.—1. *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries.***

By RODOLFO LANCIANI, LL.D. (Harv.), Professor of Archæology in the University of Rome. London: 1888.

**2. *Ancient Rome in 1888.* By J. HENRY MIDDLETON, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge. Edinburgh: 1888.**

**A**BOUT eighteen years ago, a writer in this Journal,\* taking as his text Mr. Burn's newly published volume on Rome and the Campagna, spoke with cautious hopefulness of the possible results which a thorough excavation of the sacred soil of Rome might be expected to produce. Since then the work of rediscovery has gone ceaselessly forward. The Italian Government and the municipality have vied with each other in their efforts to bring to light the classical Rome with which, rather than with the Rome of the popes, United Italy not unnaturally claims kinship. Their example has been followed, especially in the Campagna, by private persons, such as the brothers Lugari, whose praises Comm. Lanciani sings once more in his latest volume (p. 268), while even the speculative builder has been obliged to dig his foundations under the watchful eye of a government inspector, and to suspend his operations until the monuments laid bare by the spades of his workmen have been examined, and their precious contents rescued for the benefit of scholars. Moreover, thanks largely to the skill, energy, and sound judgement of Comm. Lanciani himself, the work has, with very few exceptions, been carried out, and its results recorded in a scientific manner, which contrasts most favourably with the haphazard digging and hasty conjectures of former years. No better proof of this could be given than the fact that, although nearly all traces of the important discoveries made on the Esquiline are now buried out of sight beneath new streets and squares, the student can still, by the aid of the careful official reports,† and the objects collected in the Roman museums, form an independent judgement on their nature and significance.

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\* Edinburgh Review, April 1872.

† To be found in the 'Bullettino della Commiss. Archeol. Municipale,' 1874-85, and in the 'Notizie degli Scavi' for the same period. Compare also the articles by Dressel in the 'Annali' of the German Institute, 1879-80, and Helbig, 'Die Italiker in der Po-Ebene,' Leipzig, 1879.

The appearance of the two books whose titles stand at the head of this article offers a convenient opportunity for attempting to estimate the advance actually made towards a better knowledge of Rome and its history in the last twenty years. For such a task no man living is better qualified than Comm. Lanciani, whose official position as director of excavations in Rome and the Campagna has given him an unrivalled personal acquaintance and familiarity with every detail of the work accomplished, and from whose innumerable, but always scholarly, reports and dissertations, as well as from such larger books as his '*Commentaries of Frontinus*,'\* the history of the rediscovery of ancient Rome must be largely written. We have strong hopes that he will one day write it himself; for the volume before us, while it will serve the purpose of awakening a wider interest in the subject, is little more than a series of sketches, the chief attraction of which for many readers will lie in the striking episodes from his own experience as an excavator, which are scattered through its pages. It was clearly no part of the author's plan to present a scientific record of results. Much is consequently omitted which would otherwise have found a place, while much is inserted which has long been the common property of students. For our purpose the most important chapters are those on the Atrium Vestæ, on the Tiber and the Claudian Harbour, and on the Campagna, though it is impossible not to wish that he had enriched the last chapter by a description of the villa of Q. Voconius Pollio and its history, such as he has given elsewhere.†

Professor Middleton's book is a new edition of a work which has deservedly won a high reputation as the best of all guides to the existing monuments of Rome. For scholars its distinctive merit lies in the success with which the author has brought his architectural knowledge and experience to bear upon the structural features of the ancient buildings. It is not too much to say that he has done more than anyone else to place our knowledge of Roman methods of construction upon a sound basis, and to furnish us with the means of overcoming the difficulty, described in the article in this Journal mentioned above, as 'great and perhaps insurmountable, of assigning each monument, or each part of a monument, to its own proper epoch.'‡ The fact,

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\* *I Commentarii di Frontino.* Roma, 1880.

† *Bullettino d. Commiss. Arch.*, 1884.

‡ Professor Middleton has recently stated his views on Roman

however, remains that Professor Middleton's book does not, any more than that of Comm. Lanciani, make it easy for even an expert reader to judge how far, and in what respects, the existing level of knowledge as regards Rome and Roman history has altered since the Italian troops entered Rome in 1870. Of a single large and important class of evidence, that supplied by the inscriptions, he has little to say, and we are inclined to suspect that disgust with the changes which have disfigured the peculiar beauty of the city has led him to depreciate rather unduly the importance of the results achieved in the last two years.

On one point there can be no doubt. The mass of new material brought to light since 1870 is without a parallel in the history of excavation, even in this age of discovery. Exclusive of great historic monuments, such as the Atrium Vestæ, the Rostra, and the Servian Agger, and of such historic sites as the area of the Forum, the turning up of 'two hundred and seventy million cubic feet'\* of earth has brought to light inscriptions, coins, pottery, tombs, and private houses, in almost incredible quantities. This rich harvest has been reaped in almost every part, both of the city and of the Campagna; but it is, perhaps, worth noticing that two prophecies diffidently uttered by this Journal in 1872 have been at least partially fulfilled. The masterpieces of art which filled the imperial palaces on the Palatine are still among the lost treasures of the world, and it has been in the course of the 'social and 'municipal improvements' demanded by the needs of the capital of Italy, that some of the most important discoveries have been made, though the field of both improvements and discoveries has been as yet confined, not, as the reviewer expected, to the Campus Martius, but to the deserted slopes of the Esquiline. That, while so much has been gained, so little has been lost to history and archæology, is not less a matter of congratulation, and the fact says volumes for the care and conscientiousness with which the work has been done. With the less favourable side of the picture we are not concerned here. But we heartily echo Comm. Lanciani's protest against the injustice of charging the Italian government or the Roman municipality with the whole responsibility for the

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methods of construction in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries. *Archæologia*, 1888.

\* Lanciani, 'Ancient Rome,' Preface, p. x.

changes which have, to quote Professor Middleton, given Rome 'the aspect of a third-rate Parisian suburb.' The worst of these are the work, as Comm. Lanciani truly says, of 'the Roman aristocracy of our noble landowners, unworthy the great names which, to our misfortune, they have inherited.\* Of almost equal importance with the vast amount of material discovered, is the rapid advance made in the methods of using it. Everyone knows that the art of interpreting correctly the remains of antiquity has made enormous strides in recent years. New and more exact tests have been discovered for determining the relative age of buildings. The comparative study of the accumulated treasures of museums has made it possible in most cases to assign the contents of tombs to their proper period, to determine their true affinities, and to draw inferences, which are more than conjectural, as to the stage of civilisation to which they belong.

To give but a single instance, it may safely be affirmed that five and twenty years ago, the necropolis discovered on the Esquiline, of which more will be said hereafter, would have presented an almost insoluble problem to the most learned of antiquaries. Nor must we forget that the work of rediscovery in Rome has been materially assisted by the peculiarity which is so distinctive of Roman history in general—its unbroken continuity. From the time when the earliest graves were dug in the native rock of the Esquiline, down to the age of Theodoric, the city has undergone a continuous process of superimposition, and the successive strata thus formed have preserved a unique record of its growth. Even the literary tradition of the monuments of Rome is far more unbroken than, but for recent researches, we should have thought possible. Following on the pilgrim itineraries and guidebooks, we have the series of 'plans of Rome,' the importance of which De Rossi first brought home to scholars,† and to these again succeed the invaluable architectural drawings of the 'cinque cento' masters,‡ long buried out of sight in the libraries of Florence and Rome, and even far away from their proper home, in the Bodleian at Oxford.§ Earlier than any of these, and standing alone

\* Lanciani, p. xxv.

† *Piante di Roma*, 1879.

‡ Lanciani, p. 24. His dissertation on the Curia (*L'Aula e gli Uffici del Senato*, Roma, 1883) is an excellent illustration of the value of these drawings for the topographical history of Rome.

§ See the paper by Professor Middleton on the 'MS. Notes by Pirro Ligorio.' London, 1889.

in their surpassing interest, are the fragmentary marble slabs inscribed with the plan of the city\* drawn up under the auspices of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, the 'Forma Urbis Romæ.'\*

But it is time to pass to the main subject of this article, and to endeavour to place before our readers as clear an estimate as space will permit of the most important results achieved. And here the first place must be given to those discoveries which bear on the long-disputed question of the origin of Rome and the Romans. The novelty and importance of these are fully recognised by both Professor Middleton and Comm. Lanciani, the latter of whom says, truly enough, that 'we have discovered a new archæological 'stratum totally unknown before.' † But of their precise nature neither gives an adequate account. Nor are the very different conclusions drawn by each of them from what has been found such as we can entirely accept. That the Esquiline hill, and especially that part of it lying outside the 'agger' of Servius, known anciently as the 'Campus Esquilinus,' was until the time of Augustus used as a public burying-place, mainly by the lower classes of the population of the city, is a fact familiar to all who know their Horace. We also know that the revolution inaugurated by Mæcenæ, who overlaid great part of this cemetery with a smiling garden, was gradually completed in the course of the next two centuries, with the result that the Esquiline graveyard, with all its nameless horrors, became the fashionable quarter of Rome, where emperors and nobles built themselves houses and laid out gardens. But recent researches have not only enabled us to trace, in something like detail, this process of transformation, but they have laid bare the older city of tombs, which the villas and pleasure-grounds of imperial times concealed from view, and made it possible to realise with some approach to accuracy the nature, extent, and antiquity of this unique Roman necropolis.

The area covered by what is really a series of cemeteries, extends in its widest sense beyond the limits of the Esquiline hill, over the northern parts of the Viminal and Quirinal.‡ But the district which has been the scene of the most important discoveries stretches, roughly speaking,

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\* Jordan, 'Forma Urbis Romæ.' Berlin, 1874.

† Lanciani, Preface, p. xi.

‡ Archaic tombs have been discovered near S. Maria della Vittoria, and the Villa Spithœver on the Quirinal as well as on the Viminal.



from S. Maria Maggiore in a south-easterly direction to the end of the Via S. Croce, and northward from the church of S. Martino and the baths of Titus to the Viale Principessa Margherita, and the railway. The central portion is that now covered by the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. This district is crossed in an oblique direction by the Servian agger, which divides it into two parts of very unequal size, by far the larger portion lying outside the line of the agger. The excavations made within these limits in connexion with the construction of the new quarter of the city have revealed the existence of at least three distinct strata of tombs, belonging to as many different periods.\* Fortunately for the interests of historical and archaeological study, the reverence felt in antiquity for the sanctity of graves was strong enough to protect the older and lower sepulchres from destruction or violation when later ones were superimposed upon them. As a consequence most of the tombs have remained intact, and their contents undisturbed. A careful study of the latter, and of the structure of the tombs themselves, proves beyond doubt that the remains of this necropolis supply material for a continuous record of the advance of Roman civilisation from the days of the first settlements on the seven hills down at least to the Christian era; and the evidence they give, if often difficult to interpret correctly, is indubitably genuine and authentic.

The uppermost and most recent stratum contains chiefly tombs of well-to-do Romans, or columbaria appropriated to the use of the freedmen of noble families—such as that of the Statilii discovered in 1875.† They belong, as we should expect, for the most part to the period of the Early Empire, since it was not, it would seem, until towards the close of the republican era, that the Esquiline was a burial-place for any but the lower classes. It is possible that both the family tombs and the columbaria were erected within the limits of their private property by wealthy owners, as the Esquiline gradually became the favourite quarter of fashionable Roman society. Below this stratum lies that which only too graphically represents the incredibly barbarous

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\* For trustworthy accounts of these excavations the reader must consult the '*Bullettino della Commiss. Archeolog. Municipale*,' and the '*Notizie degli Scavi*' for 1874–1888; and especially the articles by Lanciani in the *Bullettino* for 1874, p. 49; 1875, p. 41; and by M. de Rossi in the issues of the same journal for 1878 and 1885.

† Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 180.

arrangements of the Esquiline cemetery in republican times. In it were actually found the open common graves of Horace, the 'puticoli' of Varro\*—rectangular pits, averaging 12 feet square and 30 deep in size, and lined with neatly squared blocks of 'lapis Gabinus.' Of these Comm. Lanciani himself has brought to light and examined about seventy-five. 'In many cases,' he tells us,† 'the contents of each vault were reduced to a uniform mass of black, viscid, pestilent, unctuous matter. In a few cases the bones could in a measure be singled out and identified. The reader will hardly believe me when I say that men and beasts' bodies and carcasses, and any kind of unmentionable refuse of the town, were heaped up in these dens.' In the same stratum with these horrible *puticoli* have been found isolated sepulchral chambers appropriated to the use of one or another of the old *collegia* or artisan guilds, bodies which were primarily, though not exclusively, burial clubs. One of these, that belonging to the ancient guild of the 'flute players,' has been carefully described by Comm. Lanciani in the *Bullettino* of the municipality for the year 1875. No tombs belonging to the higher classes have, we believe, been found in this stratum. The objects found in the *puticoli* and in the separate graves have been examined by Prof. Dressel‡ with a view to determining the date of this part of the Esquiline cemetery. He has selected as typical the miniature altars with reliefs—the work, he considers, of Etruscan craftsmen, but made in Rome—the inscribed lamps, and the enamelled vases; and the conclusion at which he arrives is that this second; or republican, stratum represents a period roughly coincident with the second and third centuries B.C.

Lower still, under the very floors of the *puticoli*, accident revealed a fresh layer of tombs§—genuinely archaic in character, and resting on, or rather dug in, the native rock. It is this lowest and oldest stratum which has justly aroused

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\* Hor. Sat. i. 8, 16. Varro, 'De Ling. Lat.' v. 25.

† Ancient Rome, p. 64, and in the *Bullettino* Comm., 1875, p. 41.

‡ *Annali d. Istituto*, 1879, 80, 82. *Monumenti*, vol. xi. Professor Middleton, on p. 43, refers to these articles by Dressel, but does not add that they have no reference to the strictly prehistoric part of the necropolis. The 'aryballoi' referred to on the same page are found in the tombs of what may be called the republican stratum, not in those of earlier periods.

§ The circumstances are described by Lanciani in the *Bullettino* Comm. 1874.

the keenest interest, and with which we are for the moment chiefly concerned.

Both in the form and structure of the tombs and in the nature of their contents, there are obvious points of resemblance between this prehistoric necropolis on the Esquiline and others discovered elsewhere in Italy. In the Emilia, at Corneto, and on the slopes of Palazzuolo and Castel Gandolfo,\* enough has been found to furnish at least the outlines of a prehistoric civilisation once diffused over great part of the peninsula, the main features of which are common to the cemeteries of North Italy, Southern Etruria, and the Latin Campagna. It is a civilisation belonging, generally speaking, to the age of bronze, though occasionally reaching backwards to the stone age and forwards to that of iron. Nor does any break, such as that which separates the civilisation of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Orchomenos from that of historic Greece, divide this early Italic civilisation from the later. Of an advanced and largely foreign civilisation swept away by an inroad of barbarism, there are only very slight traces in Italy. The impression so far left by the evidence is that of a process of gradual developement, advancing indeed more rapidly in some districts—e.g. in Etruria—than in others, and subject to an increasing extent, as time went on, to foreign influence, but still unusually continuous. The earliest stage of this ‘Italic’ civilisation—to give it provisionally a name which does not pledge us, like Etruscan, Umbrian, or Ligurian, to any premature theory of its ethnical descent, or, like Pelasgic, explain the obscure by the more obscure—is most fully represented, as yet, in the pile-villages (‘palafitte,’ Pfahldörfer) of Northern Italy, in the older part of the Alban necropolis, and very rarely in the most primitive pit-tombs of Etruria. Its distinctive features are the absence of iron, the extreme simplicity of the bronze implements, the use of bone and horn, and the presence of extremely rude, hand-made, sun-dried pottery. The dwellings of this age were the conical huts, whose shape and structure can still be studied in the famous ‘hut-urns’ of the Alban cemeteries, and of which the tradition was preserved in historic times by the ‘Casa Romuli’ on the Palatine, and by the circular form

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\* See especially Helbig, ‘D. Italiker in der Po-Ebene,’ and his article in the ‘Annali’ for 1884, ‘Sopra la provenienza degli Etruschi,’ on which two monographs, and on M. de Rossi’s articles in the *Bullettino Comm.* for 1878 and 1885, much of what follows in the text is based.

of the *Ædes Vestæ*.\* The huts were clustered together in compact settlements, fenced round with earthen ramparts and wooden stockades. On this stage follows a second represented by the later portions of the Alban necropolis, the cemetery of Villanova, near Bologna, the majority of the pit-tombs, and of the 'tombe a fossa' in South Etruria. Iron is found, though not commonly; bronze is freely used, and occasionally supersedes earthenware as the material for bowls and vases. Above all, traces of foreign influence, Phœnician and Greek, begin to show themselves, by the presence of objects clearly imported from without, and a little later by the evident attempts of native craftsmen to copy foreign models. In this stage also the more rapid advance of Etruria proper, as compared both with the Etruscan settlements in the valley of the Po, and with those of the Latin lowlands, becomes clear.†

We now turn to the tombs on the Esquiline. Of the general affinity of these and of their contents with those of the necropoleis already mentioned there can be no doubt, as a glance at the objects figured either in 'Monumenti' of the German Institute, vol. xi., or in Helbig's 'Italiker in der 'Po-Ebene,' will show. But of the earliest stage the remains are scanty, though we may possibly assign to this period the very primitive tombs discovered in 1883, of which a full description is given in the 'Notizie degli Scavi' for that year. They closely resemble in structure the oldest pit and foss tombs of Corneto in South Etruria.‡ On the other hand, not only is the Esquiline rich in specimens of the next succeeding stage, but it carries on the record of advancing civilisation well into historic times; while the profusion of objects found, the position of the tombs, and their relation to the great Servian agger, make it possible to arrive at some rough estimate of their place in chronology. The first settlers on the Esquiline hill, who dug their rude tombs in

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\* For the hut-urns see Helbig, 'D. Italiker,' pp. 50 *sqq.* Traces of actual huts of a similar type have been found in the Terremare of North Italy, *ib.* p. 48.

† As shown by the importation of Etruscan wares into Latium, and the reproduction of Etruscan models by Latin workmen.

‡ These are the 'primitive cist-tombs,' noticed by Middleton, p. 42, though only some of them answer to this description. Others resemble exactly the 'pit-tombs' of Corneto—mere shafts sunk in the rock, in which the cinerary urn was deposited—or the most ancient form of the 'tombe a fossa,' a small rectangular foss sometimes lined rudely with stones, and in which a stone coffin was deposited.

the native rock, possessed a civilisation clearly akin to that which we have called Italic, but in nearly all cases already under influences from outside Latium. In the great majority of the oldest tombs we find side by side with the rude pottery, christened by Italian scholars 'vasi laziali,' and with simple bronze ornaments, articles of a different character, primitive 'buccaro' ware from their more advanced neighbours in Etruria, and specimens of the vases, ornamented with stripes, and occasionally with rudely drawn animal figures, variously known as Italo-Greek, or Chalcidic. In some of these tombs a slight step in advance is marked by the presence of pottery, Etruscan or Chalcidic in style, but of local manufacture. Of great interest, moreover, is the fact that many of these tombs are not only dug in the native rock, but are demonstrably older than the Servian agger.\* They may be taken, therefore, as representing the period when Rome was still only a cluster of separate village communities, when, as shown by the simple buccaro ware, the art of Etruria was just beginning to assume its distinctive character, and when to the Greek and Phœnician traders who visited the western coasts of Italy no marked external difference was discernible between the lowland populations north and south of the Tiber, a period which the traces of Greek commerce forbid us to place earlier than the commencement of the eighth century B.C.† The stages which follow, and which are contemporary with or later than the Servian wall, are sparingly represented in the Alban necropolis, the records of which stop short at the period last described, while the Etruscan tombs of presumably the same date follow an increasingly divergent line of developement. On the Esquiline, however, there is no break in the continuity, but only a gradual advance. The structure of the tomb becomes more elaborate, the articles of local manufacture betray increased skill and a wider knowledge in their makers; while those which have been imported are at once more numerous and more elaborate. We get the more advanced types of buccaro ware—polished vases with reliefs, the manufacture of which in Etruria itself Helbig dates from about 650 B.C.,‡

\* *Bullettino Comm.*, 1878. *Annali d. Inst.*, 1885.

† Helbig, 'D. Italker,' p. 136, 'Per questa rassomiglianza della primitiva civiltà etrusca ed italica, si spiega finalmente anche il fatto che gli autori greci più antichi non sanno distinguere i due popoli tra loro . . . si presentano le medesime forme ed i medesimi colori.'

‡ *Annali*, 1884, p. 146.

‘Corinthian’ vases and figurines. Marks also are found on the pottery resembling closely the mason’s marks on the Servian wall.

Without tracing this continuous record further to the historical period of the *puticoli* and the sepulchral chambers, enough has been said to show its importance. We must briefly indicate its bearing on the difficult problem of the beginnings of Rome. It is evident, in the first place, that it gives no colour to Professor Middleton’s theory of ‘the existence, at a very remote period, of a great city of the Rasena, highly advanced in culture and technical skill in all the minor arts of life—a serious blow,’ as he goes on to say, ‘to the long-established tradition of the early supremacy of the Latin race in the city of the seven hills.’\* But the city—if it was a city at all, and not a mere group of villages—to whose existence the prehistoric portion of the Esquiline bears witness, was neither great nor Etruscan, nor is there any sufficient reason for throwing it back to a really remote period, as archæological and even historical periods go. There are, of course, abundant traces in the Esquiline tombs of intercourse with Etruria, and of the influence of Etruscan as of Greek and Phœnician art. But this influence is at least as strong in the later as in the earlier periods, and is at no period other than what a more advanced people would naturally exercise over less civilised neighbours. The traditional view that Rome was originally and essentially Latin is confirmed, and not overthrown, by the evidence of the tombs. The continuity of developement, which is so characteristic of the history of Roman institutions and language, is no less clearly visible in the growth of her civilisation as recorded in the Esquiline necropolis. Though, however, we may fairly infer the establishment, possibly about the beginning of the eighth century, of a Latin community upon the seven hills, which stood in point of culture on much the same level as the dwellers upon the lower slopes of the Alban hills, we cannot follow Comm. Lanciani † in his patriotic vindication of the truth of the legend which represents Rome as a colony from Alba. It is doubtful if this tradition belongs to the oldest version of the tale of the founding of Rome; but, be this as it may, it can be easily explained as the expression, in characteristic form, of the sense of kinship with which down to the time of Cicero the

Romans regarded the sacred mount, 'the long hill,'\* which was as naturally the common centre for the Latin lowlanders as was Mount Olympus for the cluster of Hellenic tribes dwelling at its base. It is in the Latin affinities of Rome, and in the associations which gathered round the conspicuous hill which dominates the Latin Campagna, that the elements of truth lying behind the myth are to be found, for it must be remembered that not Rome only, but the other Latin communities of the plain country, were believed to be colonies of Alba.

The well-established tradition that Rome grew into a city by the gradual fusion of separate settlements can also quote a certain amount of evidence in its favour from the results of excavation. Of the ancient wall which surrounded the settlement on the Palatine sufficient fragments have been discovered to enable us to determine the general line of its course and the method of its construction. As regards the first point, it is now generally agreed that it included the whole circuit of the Palatine hill, and not the north-western half only. 'Recent excavations have exposed remains of the primitive wall at several points along the southern half of the hill, both a little to the east of the supposed site of the Porta Mugonia, and also near the so-called Domus Gelotiana, on the slope towards the Circus Maximus.'† Of the character and structure of the wall Professor Middleton gives an admirable account; but before its exact relation to other primitive fortifications in Italy can be determined, we must have before us a far more complete and accurate survey of these than at present exists, and must abandon the unscientific nomenclature, Etruscan, Pelasgic, Cyclopean, &c., which still lingers in use, to the confusion of scholars. A useful piece of work in this direction has been done by Professor Richter, who has succeeded in showing that a close resemblance exists between the primitive walls of the old Campagna town of Ardea,‡ and the 'wall of Romulus.' Both clearly belong to

\* 'Alba' should probably be connected not with the Latin adjective 'albus,' but with 'alp-is,' and is possibly pre-Italic. See Helbig, 'D. Italiker,' p. 31. The Latin epithet 'longa' accurately describes the appearance of the Alban range as seen from Rome. The old name for the Tiber, 'Albula' (Varro, *De Ling. Lat.* v. 30), would thus = 'hill-stream,' which is also the meaning of its later Italic name Tiberis (from 'teba' = hill: cf. Tifernus, Tifata).

† Middleton, p. 48. Compare also *Annali*, 1884, p. 189.

‡ *Annali*, 1884, p. 90.

an earlier period than the Servian wall, and there is no good reason for ascribing either to Etruscan builders.\*

Similar traces of fortification have been found on others of the seven hills. It is doubtful what was the exact nature of the 'earthen wall,' of which Varro speaks, on the slope of the Esquiline above the Subura,† and no certain traces have yet been found of a separate enclosure there. But on the Cælian, on the Quirinal, and especially on the Capitoline hill, remains have been discovered of ancient fortifications, certainly older than the Servian wall, and originally independent of it.‡ Of those on the Capitoline Professor Middleton remarks that the whole hill was

'surrounded with a complete wall of its own, and was incorporated as a link in the chain of forts which were united by the walls of Servius. Several parts of this primitive fortress-wall still exist, and are now exposed to sight. One of these is at the top of what is popularly called the Tarpeian rock. Remains of a part of the wall were exposed during the recent formation of a winding carriage-road up from the Campus Martius. At this point the wall was set like that of Roma quadrata, not at the highest point, but on a shelf cut about halfway down the slope.§

Of greater certainty and value are the contributions made by recent excavation to our knowledge of the decisive stage in the growth of the city when these separate settlements were finally enclosed in a single ring wall. The remains of the famous Servian wall and agger discovered during the last twenty years have enabled us to determine its circuit by surer evidence than the frequently vague and conflicting statements of ancient writers, and have revealed the mode of its construction, the relative date of its erection, and its later history. 'We have brought to light,' says Comm. Lanciani, 'more than 5,000 feet of the great agger or embankment of Servius, and ascertained the site of fourteen gates.' || The

\* The writer of the article in this Journal (1872) speaks, pardonably enough, of 'Etruscan' stonework. But the fact that on the Palatine, as at Ardea and elsewhere, the wall is set against the cliff, and rests on an artificially cut shelf, is no proof of Etruscan origin.

† Varro, *Ling. Lat.* v. 48, 50.

‡ Richter, *'Annali,'* 1884, p. 93: 'La loro esistenza fa fede, che le singole fortificazioni dei colli romani durarono in piedi, dopo che il muro Serviano era stato costruito.' It should be added that Jordan questions this theory of the purpose and meaning of these remains.

§ *Ancient Rome*, p. 62.

|| *Ancient Rome*, p. xi. All students of antiquity and lovers of Rome will join with Professor Middleton and Comm. Lanciani in their laments over the nearly complete destruction of the most striking



descriptions given by Dionysius and Strabo have been verified by actual inspection and measurement. 'Traces have been found of later restorations and repairs during the period when the wall and agger had still a value as defensive works, as well as of the manner in which from the close of the first century B.C. onwards this great 'monument of the kings' was concealed from view by the houses built against it, was pierced by new streets and roads, while the old gates were blocked up, and the great ditch filled in.\* Nor is it now impossible to determine roughly the period within which its construction must fall. This must be later, as we have seen above, than that of the oldest Esquiline tombs, and later, therefore, than the early half of the eighth century. The workmanship of the wall evidently belongs to a more advanced age than that in which the Palatine fortifications were erected, though the material used is, in both, tufa.† The remains found on the Esquiline, which, from their position, are contemporary, or nearly so, with the 'agger,' may be assigned approximately to the close of the seventh century B.C.; and we have thus a date for the wall which agrees fairly well with that assigned to it by Roman tradition. But who were its builders? This, it must be frankly confessed, is a question to which no confident answer can yet be given. Two points only seem tolerably clear. In the first place, all probability is in favour of the assumption that the group of colossal works, attributed by tradition to the time of the later kings, really belong to one and the same period. The masonry of the Cloaca Maxima, of the quay by the Tiber in which its mouth is set, and, so far as is known, that of the substructions of the Capitoline temple—the site of which, by the way, is no longer an open question‡—are in style essentially similar to that of the Servian wall. Secondly, such a group of monuments suggests the existence of powerful and wealthy rulers, commanding the services of skilled workmen. But the further question—whether, following hints given by tradition, we are to regard them as the work of Etruscan princes ruling in Rome—is one on which the

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portions of these remains, those belonging to the 'agger' where it crossed the Esquiline hill.

\* See Jordan, '*Topogr. d. Stadt Rom*,' i. pp. 202 *sqq.*

† Peperino is used in the possibly later fragment of the wall on the Aventine, as also in the arch of the Cloaca Maxima.

‡ The substructions below the Palazzo Caffarelli are really decisive in favour of the southern peak of the hill as the site of the temple.

remains themselves throw little light.\* The evidence supplied by these—and to go beyond these would land us in an historical discussion quite outside the scope of this article—suggests the influence of Etruscan models, as in the plan of the Capitoline temple, and in the arch of the cloaca; and the employment of Etruscan artisans, with possibly a sort of Ghetto of their own in the ‘vicus Tuscus,’ or Tuscan quarter. If it were certain that the enigmatical masons’ marks on the stones of the Servian agger represented letters of the Etruscan alphabet, their testimony would be important. But so long as the most trusted experts are in hopeless disagreement on the point†—Jordan, for instance, being evidently sceptical as to whether the marks are alphabetical at all, and strenuously maintaining that, whatever alphabet they belong to, the alphabet is not Etruscan—their evidence cannot be seriously taken into account.

Everyone who has visited Rome and studied the recent excavations with his mind full of the republican period, must have felt a pang of disappointment on discovering how scanty are the remains of that heroic age of the Roman State. The monuments of the kings are there, and, scarcely surpassing them in solidity and grandeur, those of the Cæsars. But of the ever victorious republic little more than the sites, or at most the foundations and substructions, of her buildings remain, and of these the most important, such as the lower part of the Tabularium and the Theatre of Pompey, date from the time of men who in spirit belong rather to the empire than the republic: Lucius Cornelius Sulla, and Cnæus Pompeius Magnus. Such a comparative blank is a characteristic commentary on the simplicity and self-effacement of the men who won the world for their city. But it is due in great part to other causes, to the comparative poverty which, down almost to the first century B.C., checked expenditure on building, to the engrossing wars which left little leisure for monumental display, and, above all, to the constantly recurring fires which ever and again

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\* We confess to have ourselves a decided bias in favour of the theory which sees in the later kings Etruscan rulers; but this theory by no means implies that at any time Rome became an Etruscan city—any more than London became Norman when Normans were on the throne of England.

† Middleton, p. 71: ‘Many of the characters resemble Etruscan letters—some are distinctly Greek.’ Jordan, ‘Topogr.’ i. 265: ‘Auf das Etruskische führt keine einzige sichere Spur.’

wasted the ill-built alleys and levelled to the ground the temples of the gods.\*

Nevertheless excavations have done much to enable us to realise republican Rome and its public life, to an extent impossible twenty years ago. A comparison of the photograph of the Forum in Comm. Lanciani's book not only with much older representations, such as those by Piranesi, but with the comparatively recent plate given in Mr. Burn's '*Rome and the Campagna*' (p. 76), will enable those who have not visited Rome of late years to appreciate at a glance the importance of the results achieved. In Mr. Burn's plate the '*Campo Vaccino*' of Piranesi is still as it was, save for the partial clearing which has laid bare a portion of the Basilica Julia. In Comm. Lanciani's photograph the whole area of what was the centre of Roman public life, and the scene of much of Roman political history, is open to view from the Arch of Titus to the slope of the Capitoline Hill.

'If in 1870 anyone had spoken to us of the probability of an imminent and complete excavation of the Forum from end to end, we should have denied the possibility of such an enterprise being accomplished by a single generation. But now the golden dream has become a reality. To-day, for the first time since the fall of the Empire, we are able to walk over the bare pavement of the *Sacra Via* from its beginning near the Colosseum to its end near the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, admiring, on either side of the wonderful road, the most glorious monuments of the Republic and of the Empire.'\*

It is true that the greater part of the remains now visible are imperial and not republican in date. The pavement of the *Sacra Via* is, excepting the older piece on the '*clivus Capitolinus*,' of quite late date, possibly as late as the fourth century A.D., and the same is true of the travertine paving in the central area of the Forum. The ground floor of the Atrium Vestæ dates from Hadrian, the upper floor from Septimius Severus, to whom, and to Diocletian, belong also most of the extant remains of the Basilica Julia. The beautiful columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux are earlier, but still of imperial date.† Among the few relics of republican workmanship are the remains of the Regia‡ and of the Arch of Fabius, the podium of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and the Rostra erected by Julius Cæsar. But

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\* Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. xxii.

† They apparently date from the rebuilding of the temple by Tiberius and Drusus in 6 A.D.—Middleton, pp. 176-177.

‡ Of these some are possibly pre-republican.—Middleton, p. 186.

if the extant monuments themselves are mostly imperial, the sites on which they stand are older, and it is consequently possible not merely to determine with unexpected accuracy the topography of the Forum as it was in the days of the Gracchi and Cicero, but to reconstruct a picture of its external appearance.\*

It is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than notice briefly some of the more important results obtained since the area of the Forum valley was exposed to view. Of the chief landmarks of republican times, the two ancient streets, the Vicus Tuscus and the Vicus Jugarius, have been satisfactorily identified. The limits of the Forum proper have been clearly defined, and the sites fixed both of the Rostra, erected in 44 B.C., and of the Arch of Fabius, which marked the eastern extremity of the Forum in its wider sense.† More striking still are the discoveries made as to the position of the historic buildings which bordered the Sacra Via in its course from the 'Summa Sacra Via' to the Forum—the Regia, and the Temple and Atrium of Vesta. Besides fixing the position of these monuments, the excavations have thrown some light on the vexed question of the line followed by the 'Sacred Road' itself. The difference between the orientation of the Regia and that of such later buildings as the Atrium Vestæ and the porticus Margaritharia, as well as the discovery by Mr. Nichols in 1886 of the remains of a republican building lying right across the line of the present pavement of the road near the Temple of Vesta, show that the road must have originally curved outwards in the direction of the Temple of Faustina before passing the Regia, and kept at some distance from the Temple of Vesta on its way into the Forum.‡ On the problem of its further course through the Forum to the

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\* A good idea of the advance made in our knowledge of the topography of the Forum may be gained by comparing the plan given by Nibby in his '*Foro Romano*' (Roma: 1819) with those of Lanciani and Middleton. In the former not only is the whole shape of the Forum wrongly drawn, but many of the important buildings, e.g. the Heroum of Julius, the Temple of Vesta, the Rostra and Græcostasis, are hopelessly misplaced.

† Nothing could be better than Professor Middleton's account of the remains of the Rostra, which, though not those from which the great orators of the republic spoke, are yet among the most interesting and satisfactory of the newly discovered monuments to the historical student.

‡ Middleton, pp. 186, 505.

Capitol opinions are still divided, some experts favouring the line which runs from the steps of the Temple of Faustina along the northern side of the Forum to the Arch of Severus, others that which passes between the Forum and the Basilica Julia. Without venturing to pronounce judgement ourselves, we may point out that if the remains of the two arches discovered respectively at the eastern and western extremities of this latter line, are correctly identified with those of Tiberius and Augustus,\* they afford a strong presumption that this was the line of the road at that time, while the connexion of the other with the later monuments of the Antonines and of Severus would seem to indicate that the more direct, and probably broader, route was adopted subsequently.

We have only space to notice two other recent additions to our knowledge of the republican forum and its surroundings, the discovery of the Nova Via, and the determination of the site of the Curia. The former was the road over which—so ran tradition—looked the windows of the elder Tarquin's house,† and it was 'in the new road, where now there standeth a chapel, above the temple of Vesta, that there was, in the still time of the night, a voice heard, louder than any man's, commanding that the magistrates should be told that the Gauls were coming.‡ From these and other passages in ancient writers it was tolerably clear that the road, starting from a point near the Porta Mugionis, and not much above the Summa Sacra Via, ran along the lower slope of the Palatine, below the Lucus Vestæ, and above the Temple of Vesta, whence it descended towards the low ground of the Velabrum. This end of the road was known as the 'Infima Nova Via,' the higher extremity nearest the P. Mugionis as the 'Summa Nova Via.' Ovid also mentions a crossway or staircase connecting the Nova Via with the Forum.§ The Lucus Vestæ and the shrine of Aius Loquens are gone, and their places are occupied by the palace of Caligula. But the New Road itself can now be clearly traced from near the church of S. Maria Liberatrice to its junction

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\* The supposed remains of the Arch of Tiberius are described by Middleton, p. 169. Those of the Arch of Augustus were discovered by Professor Richter as recently as 1888. The sites of both arches are marked by him on his plan of the Forum in Iwan Müller's new Handbuch d. class. Alterthumswissenschaft, vol. iii. p. 802.

† Livy, i. 41.

‡ Livy, v. 32. The translation is in the stately English of Philemon Holland. London, 1600.

§ Fasti, vi. 395.

with the *Clivus Palatinus* not far above the point where that road diverges from the *Summa Sacra Via* at the Arch of Titus. It passes between the palace of Caligula on one side, and the *Atrium Vestæ* on the other, the upper floor of the atrium being on a level with the road. The steps alluded to by Ovid are shown on the marble '*Forma Urbis*,' and were, therefore, in existence at the end of the second century A.D. The footway leading from the *Sacra Via* to the new road between the temple of *Vesta* and the *Atrium Vestæ* was apparently a distinct, and probably a later work. Its chief interest lies in the characteristic accident by which both its name, and that of the shrine standing near it, were discovered, an episode which Comm. Lanciani aptly quotes to illustrate the romance of Roman excavation. His account deserves quotation in full:\*

'The architects of the basilica of St. Paul-outside-the-Walls, in digging the foundations of the portico in front of the basilica itself, found, at a considerable depth, many Christian tombs of the sixth century, made up of every kind of material, and particularly of slabs and blocks of marble removed from older buildings. One of these slabs, discovered in 1878, contained the following inscription: "Under the consulship of L. Marius and of L. Roscius Ælianus" (A.D. 223) "the shrine or chapel which stands at the corner of the street of *Vesta*, "and which had been allowed to fall almost into ruin, has been rebuilt "by the magistrates of the (ward) or district, and dedicated to the "domestic gods of the imperial family, and to the genius of our "Emperor, Severus Alexander, the Pious, the Fortunate, &c."† Six years later, in the spring of 1882, not only did we succeed in laying bare the pavement of the lane running between the temple of the *Dioscuri*, and the north side of the House of the *Vestals*, which evidently must be the one mentioned in the inscription, but we brought to light the very shrine or chapel to which the marble slab above described was originally affixed.'

The determination of the site of the *Curia*, and the identification of the latest building erected upon it with the existing church of S. Adriano, is not only an achievement of great topographical importance, but is an excellent example of what can be effected in Rome without the aid of excavation, by a careful study of extant literary records and a searching examination of apparently mediæval structures. To Comm. Lanciani, moreover, belongs the lion's share of the credit for solving a problem which long vexed the

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\* Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 150. Middleton, pp. 190-191.

† The original of the inscription is given in the *Ephemeris Epigraphica*, iv. 266, and in the *Bullett. d'Inst.*, 1878.

souls of archaeologists. The history of the Curia, as gathered from the writers of antiquity, is briefly as follows. In the generation before Livy\* the ancient 'Curia Hostilia' was still standing, and the 'tabula Valeria,' the battlepiece representing the defeat of the Carthaginians and Syracusans in 490-1 A.U.C., 264-3 B.C., by M. Valerius Messalla, was still visible on its southern front. It was burnt in the riots which followed upon the murder of Clodius in 58 B.C., and was rebuilt by Augustus, who rechristened it 'Curia Julia' in honour of the dictator.† After the Neronian fire it was repaired by Domitian, and finally, after its partial or complete destruction under Carinus, it was restored by Diocletian. That Diocletian's building was still standing and known as the senate-house in 540 A.D. is proved by a passage in Procopius.‡ But its exact position, and that of the group of buildings connected with it, as well as of the neighbouring comitium, was gradually obscured by the changes effected in subsequent centuries, and has been till recently the subject of the most conflicting conjectures. Nibby placed the Curia near S. Maria Liberatrice. Canina identified it with the remains now known to be those of the temple of Castor. But since the publication of Comm. Lanciani's article in the 'Atti della reale Accademia dei Lincei' (Jan. 1883) § very little doubt remains that the existing churches of S. Martino and S. Adriano near the north-east corner of the forum mark its actual site. The main points in his argument are briefly these. Procopius connects the 'Curia' of Diocletian with a monument styled *τὰ τρία φᾶρα*. Pope Honorius I. is recorded to have made a church for the blessed martyr Hadrian 'in tribus fatis' (circ- 630 A.D.). That this church—the present S. Adriano—was 'made' by the simple process of adapting and altering the existing 'curia,' Comm. Lanciani has been able to prove almost to demonstration, by the aid of a series of previously unpublished plans and drawings made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by A. Sangallo, the two Peruzzi, and Giovanni di Colonna. || The earlier of these drawings show

\* Livy, i. 30, 'Usque ad patrū nostrorū ætatem.'

† Cicero 'Ad Fam.' xiv. 2. Plin. N. H. 35, 22.

‡ De Bello Goth. i. 25.

§ L'Aula e gli Uffici del Senato Romano.

|| Those by A. Sangallo and the Peruzzi are in the Uffizi at Florence. That by Giovanni Colonna in the Vatican. The 'Vestigi di Roma' of Du Perac was published in 1575. To these should be added the plan and sketch of S. Adriano given in the MS. notes of Ligorio (1550-70)

the two churches of S. Martino and S. Adriano as they were before Cardinal Bonelli, towards the end of the sixteenth century, separated them by the street which still bears his name (*Via Bonella*). They are represented as forming a continuous rectangular block of buildings bounded towards the modern *Via di Martino* by a market garden, on the east by a massive wall of tufa and travertine (the boundary wall, probably, of the *Forum Julium*), on the south by the *forum transitorium* of Nerva. The northern portion of the block, that occupied by S. Martino, with the ancient bas-reliefs \* on the walls, the ancient slabs of marble in the pavement, and its walls of travertine, is identified by Lanciani with the 'secretarium senatus.'† Separated from this portion by what was possibly a covered portico and atrium is S. Adriano, the 'curia' of Diocletian itself, still showing evident remains of ancient work in the interior, which the author of the plan we have been following, A. Sangallo, clearly distinguishes from the additions and alterations of Honorius. Of the exterior of the church, as it appeared in the sixteenth century, an exact idea is given by the drawings of Giovanni Colonna and Du Perac. The floor of the church was still at the ancient level, as indicated by the flight of steps leading down to the entrance. The ancient bronze doors, now in the Lateran, were still in position, as were the Ionic columns on either side of them. The architectural features are those characteristic of the age of Diocletian and Constantine. The work 'closely resembles, even in minute details of the cornice 'and imitation marble blocks, parts of the baths of Diocletian.' The construction of the *Via Bonella*, the change in the level of the ground, the churchwarden-like alterations which have blocked up the original windows, and disguised the walls in stucco, have nearly succeeded in transforming S. Adriano out of all likeness to its original self; but of the justice of its claim to be the 'Curia of Diocletian,' and to stand where from time immemorial stood the meeting-place of the Roman senate, there can be little doubt. To appreciate the amount of light thus thrown on the equally disputed question of the

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now in the Bodleian, and fully described by Professor Middleton in the *Archæologia* for this year. Compare also the illustrations reproduced in Lanciani, 'Ancient Rome,' pp. 78, 79, 81. Middleton, *ib.* p. 150.

\* Now in the Palace of the Conservators, on the Capitol.

† Lanciani mentions as a coincidence, possibly showing the continuity of local tradition in Rome, that the mediæval senate in the twelfth century administered justice at S. Martino. See the Dissertation referred to above, p. 21.



site of the Comitium and of the Chalcidicum of Augustus, we must be content to refer our readers to the dissertation by Comm. Lanciani mentioned above.

For the history and topography of imperial Rome the mass of material which recent excavations have brought to light is so overwhelming that only the most summary account of it is possible here. To what was known already of the great monuments of the Augustan age, not many additions of importance have been made—among them are the discovery of the remains of the arch of Augustus, and of the Heroum of Julius, and the complete laying bare of the Basilica Julia in the Forum—to which may be added the clearing away of the buildings which hid from view the back of the Pantheon, and it may be hoped the final overthrow, in consequence, of the theory that this noble building had been originally built to serve as the caldarium for the baths of Agrippa. It is now 'evident that the Pantheon 'when first built was a completely isolated structure, and 'though in later times the Thermæ were extended against 'and even on both sides of the Pantheon, yet at no time 'was any entrance broken through to connect the one 'building with the other.'\* But as regards two of the most splendid and historic groups of Augustan monuments, matters stand much as they did before 1870. Not even the destruction of the Ghetto has brought to light more than 'a small portion of the colonnade of the Porticus Octaviæ,' and that apparently a piece of later restoration, while of the magnificent buildings erected by Augustus on the Palatine, the Temple of Apollo, the libraries and the Shrine of Vesta, which alone of all the buildings on the Palatine remained essentially unaltered down to the fall of the Empire, no fresh traces whatever have yet been found. Passing onward from Augustus we find only four buildings connected with the emperors of the first century in connexion with which discoveries of importance have been made. The Palatine excavations have laid bare more completely the plan and extent of Caligula's palace, and brought to light the stadium of Domitian: similar work has been done for the baths of Titus on the Esquiline. To the second century belongs the most interesting of all the monumental relics of imperial Rome, the Atrium Vestæ; for though built on an ancient site, and bearing an ancient name, its extant

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\* Middleton, 'Ancient Rome,' p. 337. Lanciani, 'Notizie degli Scavi,' 1882, p. 340.

remains belong for the most part to the time of Hadrian. Portions also of Hadrian's palace on the Palatine have been recently excavated. The next period, to the monumental history of which important contributions have been made, is that which ranks only after the ages of Hadrian and Augustus as an age of building and restoration, the age of Septimius Severus and Caracalla. What remains of the palace of Severus on the Palatine has now been excavated. Of its most distinctive feature, the famous 'Septizonium,' we have still little information but such as is derived from ancient mediæval and Renaissance notices, but under the last head important additions to our knowledge have come from the same source, whence fresh light has been thrown on the real history of the Church of S. Adriano, from the sixteenth century drawings in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and in the Vatican at Rome.\* The name itself is still a puzzle, but it seems probable that the explanation of it once current, as meaning a building with seven stories, must be abandoned, though it still finds favour with two such high authorities as Comm. Lanciani and Professor Middleton. The weight of the evidence appears to us to tell strongly in favour of the view that the uppermost story represented in the sixteenth century drawings—e.g. in that reproduced by Lanciani on p. 126—was always the topmost one; Canina's assumption that there were other lower stories, sunk below the ground, as the level of the latter rose, is disproved by the fact now established, that the change of level only amounts to between 9 and 10 feet. That the supposed higher stories were built up against the S.W. slope of the Palatine, to the height of the palace itself, is highly improbable, inasmuch as the Septizonium was separated by an interval of nearly 300 feet from the end of the great corridor of the palace, which itself extends beyond the slope of the hill. On the whole we are inclined to agree with Hulsen, that the Septizonium was a detached building, three stories high, with open colonnades, and decorated with statues and possibly fountains,—a rather meaningless piece of magnificence, characteristic of the declining days of taste, but, no doubt well calculated to serve the purpose for which we are told it was built, that of impressing Severus's African fellow-countrymen, on their

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\* For a full account of these, and of the various problems connected with the Septizonium, see Hulsen, '*Das Septizonium*,' Berlin, 1886.

first entry into Rome, with a due sense of imperial splendour. It continued to exist, and to be reckoned among the wonders of Rome, until it was destroyed by Pope Sixtus V. (1585-1590).

Next to the Septizonium in fame, and still extant in their massive solidity, though shorn of their ancient splendour, may be placed the baths of Caracalla, now completely laid bare, and without a rival among the monuments of Rome in the impression they leave of imperial magnificence. Finally Comm. Lanciani has, in the '*Bullettino Comm. Arch.*' for 1882, drawn up a list based largely either on the results of excavation, or on a more careful examination of differences of workmanship in previously known buildings, of over twenty monuments either founded anew or reconstructed during the same period.\* The anarchy which prevailed during the greater part of the third century gave little hopes that even the most strict search would add much to the meagre list of works due to the emperors from Severus Alexander to Aurelian. But to the latter, the man who at once saved the Empire from premature disruption, and inaugurated the semi-Oriental system of rule, associated with the name of Diocletian, belong the remains of the great Temple of the Sun 'on the edge of the perpendicular cliff of the Quirinal facing the Campus Martius,' built under the influence of oriental ideas and of 'the great sanctuaries of the Sun' at Baalbek and Palmyra.† As regards the massive erections of Diocletian, Maxentius, and Constantine, there is nothing new of importance to record, beyond the identification already mentioned of S. Adriano with the Curia of Diocletian, and this list must close with the mere notice of the fact that in the stadium of Domitian on the Palatine traces of restoration have been found, which may probably be attributed to the Gothic king, who ruled Italy in the emperor's name and as holding his commission, and whose reverence for the ancient monuments of Rome is attested by Cassiodorus—Theodoric the Ostrogoth.‡

But such a list as this conveys a very inadequate idea of the actual advance made during the last twenty years in our knowledge of imperial Rome. The careful studies made of previously known monuments, with the help of the fresh light thrown not only by a more exact acquaintance with Roman methods of construction, and with

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\* The list is quoted by Middleton, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 250.

† Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 300. ‡ Middleton, p. 127.

medieval tradition and documents, but also by the rapidly accumulating evidence of inscriptions, and representations upon coins, has made it possible to trace the history and determine the identity of buildings which had long been regarded as enigmas the key to whose solution was hopelessly lost. As conspicuous instances of what has been achieved in this direction we may refer to the masterly paper on the Church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano by Comm. Lanciani in the '*Bullettino Comm. Arch.*' for 1882, and to Professor Middleton's accounts of the structure of the Colosseum, and of the Temples of the *Urbs Sacra* and of Romulus. Of the general history of the city under the emperors we are now able to form an infinitely better idea than was possible to the last generation. The emperors who left the deepest impression on the history of the Empire at large are found to be those whose mark is most clearly stamped on Rome itself. Caligula, Nero, Commodus, and their like, filled a place in the literary gossip which to so great an extent did duty for rational history in the first three centuries after Christ, which was altogether disproportionate to their real importance. We have now learnt to look upon the reigns of Augustus, of Hadrian, of Septimius Severus, and of Diocletian as marking the decisive epochs in the annals of the Empire, and their significance for the history of the imperial city is equally great. The gradual centralisation of all authority and administrative energy in Cæsar has its counterpart in their growing monopoly of the actual soil of the city, as revealed by a study of its monuments. The private houses which clothed the slopes, and spread over the crown of the Palatine hill, were buried deep below the vast piles which the Cæsars raised above them. Nero stole from the Roman people the whole area lying between the Palatine, Cælian, and Esquiline hills. The private gardens on the Esquiline, Quirinal, and Pincian became, one after another, the property of Cæsar. The vast imperial baths and endless porticoes\* banished private property and private residences from one quarter after another.

Nor does the history of her buildings fail to show traces

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\* For the extent of these see the calculations of Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 99. The extent of the twelve larger porticoes of the *Campus Martius* amounts to 4,600 yards; the surface protected from the sun and rain to 28,000 square yards; the total area of the portico, central gardens included, to 100,000 square yards; the number of columns to 2,000 or thereabouts.

of the severance gradually effected between the Cæsars and Rome. As Rome lost her imperial pre-eminence, and became only the first city of the Empire, as she ceased to be the seat of government, so we find that the character of the great imperial works alters. The history of the imperial residences of the Palatine really closes with Severus. The characteristic public buildings of the third and fourth centuries, the baths, porticoes, basilicas, differ only in their size and magnificence from those erected at the imperial cost in other great cities of the Empire. In the latter part of the fourth century and in the fifth, the immediate rulers of Rome were not the Cæsars, but the prefects of the city, and on inscriptions of this period accordingly, it is frequently not Cæsar but his prefect who builds or restores in Rome. Of the traces which exist in the remains of the period of decadence, we have no room to write here. But the reader need not go further than the two books selected as the text of this article to appreciate the vivid light thrown on this dark period by the monuments of the city. As to the elaborate administrative and police machinery which in Rome, as in Italy and the provinces, was the gradual creation of the Cæsars, nearly all our knowledge comes from monuments. The distribution and number of the 'vici' or wards, the stations of the city police, the quarters of the household troops of the emperors,\* the arrangements for the maintenance of the quays along the Tiber, of the cloacæ and aqueducts, and—most important of all for the peace of the city—for the regular supply of provisions to its crowded population: on all these points we have now a mass of contemporary evidence without a parallel in the history of any other great city of the ancient world.

The writer of the article in this Journal, eighteen years ago, spoke truly enough of the ignorance then existing as to the history of the Tiber as an element in the life of Ancient Rome.† But this ignorance excavation, careful scientific observation, and a skilful combination of scattered evidence have since then done much to remove. In his chapter on

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\* The most important discoveries, under this head, are those which have thrown light on the corps of the 'equites singulares'—the household cavalry of the Cæsars of the third century—whose barracks near the imperial palace of the Lateran, along with numerous inscriptions relating to the corps, were discovered in 1886-7.

† The natural scepticism expressed by the reviewer as to the 'treasures' buried in the Tiber bed has proved to be excessive. See Lanciani, 'Ancient Rome,' p. 255.

the Tiber and the Claudian Harbour, perhaps the best in the book, Comm. Lanciani states the verdict of recent research upon the long-disputed question of the changes in the level of the river bed. 'From a series of observations taken in the course of the present works of embankment, it appears that, for the last twenty-one centuries, the level of the water, and consequently the bed of the river, has risen only two feet and two or three inches' (p. 233). How this result is to be reconciled with the well-known story that Marcus Agrippa once rowed into the Cloaca Maxima, he does not tell us. But if the story is to suffer, it is not the only or the most important piece of the literary tradition of imperial times that has had to give way before the results of recent exploration. His description of the quays and warehouses which lined the left bank of the river, of the crowded commercial riverside quarter of the city, and in particular of the great 'Horrea Galbana'\* can only be referred to here, while the discoveries which have made of Ostia a second Pompeii would require a separate article to themselves. For not even Pompeii has yielded so rich a harvest.† By putting together the actual buildings, temples, houses, wharves, now laid bare, the works of art now stored in the Roman Museums, and the vast array of inscriptions recently edited for the first time in a collected shape in the fourteenth volume of the great Berlin Corpus of Latin inscriptions, we are able to draw the picture of Rome's first colony and seaport, with its busy population, its numerous guilds, its varied commerce and scarcely less varied religious worships, as it was during the first four centuries of the Empire. It is a picture infinitely richer in historical interest of every kind than that of the little seaside town on the Campanian coast, with its brief existence and its rather commonplace life. But before leaving Rome and its suburbs, one more discovery must be mentioned, if only as a signal example of German patience and industry. Monte Testaccio, the familiar green hillock south of the Aventine, has at last been forced to reveal the secret of its existence. After a long and tedious examination of thousands of broken fragments of pottery, Professor Dressel has arrived at the following conclusions,

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\* Lanciani, p. 248. Cf. the articles by Henzen and Gatti in the *Annali d. Istituto* for 1886, pp. 42, 65.

† The splendid results obtained at Ostia are mainly due to the indomitable energy and the skill of Comm. Lanciani.

which we give as they are summarised by Lanciani in the volume before us (p. 253).\*

'It appears that when the trade between Rome and the provinces began to assume a certain amount of importance the authorities of the Tiber set aside a space of ground in the vicinity of the landing-place, in which the fragments of amphoræ broken during the journey or in the act of unloading could be thrown. These fragments were piled up, heap after heap, of the same height, until the whole surface allotted by the magistrates was covered with a stratum four or five feet high. The horizontal space having been thus all occupied, the deposit began to increase in height; and so layer after layer was superimposed, until a real hill, at least 150 feet high, and nearly 4,000 in circumference, was formed. . . . ' By an examination of nearly 3,000 fabric-stamps on the handles of amphoræ, and of nearly 1,000 inscriptions, he has proved that 'the mountain reached its actual height and size at the following dates: on the north side between the years 140 and 149 of our era; on the east side between 150 and 160; on the west side between 174 and 230. The latest date 251 was discovered not far from the summit, on the east side, but evidently out of its original place.'

If, even before systematic excavation began, the outlines of the story of Rome itself were preserved, though often in an obscure or distorted form, by mediæval tradition and in mediæval buildings, it was otherwise in the Campagna. Of the history of the Campagna, of the changes which have made it what it is to-day, and of its condition in the third and fourth centuries after Christ, tradition has little to say. The old names even of important sites have only survived here and there, while the buildings, instead of being preserved, as so frequently happened in Rome, by their adaptation to other purposes as churches, or as the fortresses of mediæval nobles, seem, with a few exceptions, to have been left to fall silently and slowly into decay. The arches of the aqueducts, the almost shapeless ruins dotted over its surface, and the tombs marking the line of the Appian Way, alone remained as visible evidence of its former state. But what has seemed to many the impossible task of re-discovering this missing chapter of history is now in a fair way to be accomplished. The blanks are still numerous, but every month is adding to our knowledge; and it is allowable to hope that we may yet receive from the pen of Comm. Lanciani, what he alone could write, and what is more sorely needed even than a history of the city of Rome—a history of the Campagna. One class only of the materials already

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\* The original memoir is published in the *Annali* for 1878.

existing for such a work—the inscriptions—fills an entire volume of the Berlin Corpus. For what has been achieved in a somewhat different direction we may refer to Comm. Lanciani's volume on the '*Comentarii di Frontino*' as well as to the graphic chapter in his '*Ancient Rome*.'

On the threshold of any inquiry into the history of the Campagna, lies the difficult question of the malaria. Of the enormous literature on this subject we can give no account here, nor, as laymen, shall we venture to pronounce an opinion on the exact nature and origin of malarious fever—points on which experts are not yet perfectly agreed. But of the comparative prevalence of malaria at different periods, and of the conditions which encouraged or checked its spread, it is now possible to speak with some confidence. Two facts, at any rate, seem to be fairly well established: one is that at no period within the range of history and tradition was the Campagna entirely free from this scourge, although the area affected by it constantly varied, and the habitable centres as they are called, i.e. the spots untouched by malaria, differed in different periods; the other that the presence, or absence, of malaria was closely connected with certain definite changes both in the physical conditions of the Campagna, in the amount and distribution of the population, and in the methods of cultivation. The earliest period in the annals of the Campagna, which can be said to fall, in any sense, within the range of history is that represented by the prehistoric settlements on the slope of the Alban hills. These settlements clearly belong to a time when volcanic agencies were still active, for the remains found in the older part of the necropolis are buried beneath a stratum of lava, indicating a subsequent volcanic eruption.\* That the various volcanic agencies at work in this period throughout the Campagna exercised a 'purifying action,' and contributed to the healthiness of the district, is very probable, and many of them almost certainly continued in operation after the great craters on the Alban hills had relapsed into comparative inactivity. But we cannot follow Comm. Lanciani in holding that the depopulation of many parts of the Campagna, testified to by the writers of the first century before Christ, was due directly to a rapid spread of malaria consequent on 'the deadly calm of nature' which succeeded the extinction of the Latin volcanoes.† On the contrary it seems to us more probable that the spread of malaria was the

\* Lanciani, '*Ancient Rome*,' p. 28.

† *Ib.* pp. 50-51.



effect, and not the cause, of the depopulation, and that the latter was largely the work of Rome herself. The disappearance or decay of the numerous petty communities which studded the Campagna in the first three centuries of the city, and whose memory is preserved in Pliny's list of the extinct peoples of Latium, was, we venture to think, mainly due to the advance of Roman dominion. Some perished utterly in the course of the incessant wars, destroyed by the hands of Rome, or ruined by Volscian and Æquian raids. Others, with the loss of their autonomy and part of their territory, lost the stimulus which kept them alive. With their decline declined also the careful and minute cultivation of the soil, which then, as now, must have been the most effectual preventive of malaria. To this cause must, no doubt, be added a natural one, which, so far as we know, has operated incessantly from the beginnings of history to the detriment of the sanitary condition of the Campagna. We refer to the obstruction of the natural outlets for its subterranean waters by the silting up of soil on the coast, and the consequent creation of stagnant pools and marshes. At this day, according to Comm. Lanciani, 'the average yearly increase of the coast along the delta of the Tiber has been determined at nineteen feet, from a maximum of twenty-eight at Ostia to a minimum of ten at Fiumicino' (p. 235). That this accumulation of soil was going on in republican times, not only at the mouth of the Tiber the great natural drain of the district, but southward along the coast to Antium, is clear from Strabo. To these two causes—the disappearance of the small autonomous towns, and of careful cultivation, and, on the other, the gradual breakdown of the system of drainage provided by nature—we may possibly attribute the formation of the great tract of swampy ground famous in history as the Pontine marshes, all the more so as we now know that the repopulation of many parts of the Campagna under the empire was due to the action of the government in making good these losses, by replanting a resident population on the land, and by artificially draining off the superfluous moisture. But it is clear that in the time of Cicero neither the market gardens which were beginning to redeem from waste the districts nearest Rome, nor the 'villæ' of the Roman nobility, had proved a sufficient compensation for the evils inflicted three centuries, or more, before. The latter especially were built chiefly on the sea-coast, or along the lines of the great roads, and left the rest of the Campagna untouched. Nor, in spite of the

pleasure grounds and preserves, is there any reason to believe that the careful cultivation of the ground occupied any such share of the attention of the great nobles of the last century of the Republic as it did of that of their successors in the days of Seneca and the elder Pliny. The wealth easily acquired in the provinces was recklessly and unproductively spent in luxury, or in political gambling; and their troops of slaves were more useful as braves in street riots, or *claqueurs* in packed meetings, than as tillers of the soil. The protracted agony of the civil wars no doubt affected the Campagna as disastrously as it did other districts of Italy. We know that when Augustus began his work of reorganisation in 29 B.C. the roads and the bridges were in disrepair, the aqueducts too few in number and sorely needing reconstruction, the landowners impoverished, and the land desolate. The first century of the Empire no doubt did much to diminish these evils. The roads, bridges, and aqueducts were repaired and new ones made. With the establishment of peace and order, confidence returned. The old traditions of country life and careful tillage revived and flourished again under imperial patronage and encouragement; and finally the establishment of safe means of communication with the provinces opened new markets to Italian industry, and made agriculture in all its branches profitable as well as fashionable. But the best days of the Campagna came later, in the second and third centuries. Though there were even then districts, such as that through which the road lay to Pliny's Laurentine villa, of marsh and scrubby woodland, of sandhills and of open pasture whither skinclad shepherds from the hills brought down their flocks for the winter, and where brigandage was not unknown, these were now the exception. Round the giant city itself ran a ring of small suburban residences and of market gardens, outside this lay the larger houses, vineyards, and oliveyards of the richer *bourgeoisie* and of wealthy freedmen, and further afield again the great villas of the nobles and of Cæsar.

'To all this,' writes Comm. Lanciani, 'let us add the intensity of traffic on the high roads, on the cross lanes, on the flood and on the banks of the Tiber; let us think of the aqueducts, running on triumphal arcades through the inhabited centres of the district, distributing everywhere light and health; let us mould again those shapeless ruins into temples, shrines, and sanctuaries, lining at short intervals the banks of the high roads with roofs of bronze glistening under the rays of the sun; let us picture to the mind those endless marble cemeteries, shaded by the ilexes of the villa and the olive trees of the

farm; let us animate the brilliant scene with groups of countrymen carrying into town the produce of the fertile soil, with pious pilgrims offering libations and flowers on the tombs of dear ones, and with travellers carried on the *lectica* or driving the *rheda*, or the *petorrita*—and we shall then gain a faint idea of the aspect of the Roman Campagna in bygone times.’

To how great an extent the materials for this graphic picture have been drawn from the researches of the last few years, and especially from those of Comm. Lanciani himself, may be inferred, not only from his modest notices of his own share of the work in the volume before us, but from his list of the villæ discovered and identified by himself in the appendix to his ‘*Comentarii di Frontino*.’ We shall venture to complete the picture by sketching in one or two features unnoticed in the passage quoted above. Recent excavations have made it clear that one secret of the prosperity of the Campagna at this period lay in the systematic manner in which the drainage of the soil was carried out. A perfect network of channels (‘*cunicoli*’), constructed to carry off the subterranean water, underlies the soil in nearly all parts of the Campagna, and these channels, as Comm. Lanciani assures us from personal inspection, are almost without exception subsequent in date to the establishment of the Empire, while the majority do not seem to be earlier than the second century after Christ. A second fact of importance is the evident increase in the numbers of the resident population. The ‘plebeian crowd,’ which is described as clustering round the great houses, and whose village-like groups of dwellings are in some cases clearly traceable on the existing remains of villæ, were evidently widely different from the slave gangs of republican times. Bearing in mind the known fact of the increasing extent to which in the second and third centuries free, or half-free, labour replaced that of slaves, as the supply of the latter diminished, it is not difficult to recognise in this dependent population not the servile ‘*coloni*’ of the fifth and sixth centuries, but their freer predecessors, known to us from the writings of Ulpian, and more recently from inscriptions. But there are other indications pointing in the same direction. We can now show that the imperial monopoly of the land, of which mention was made above in the case of Rome, extended to the Campagna. The confiscations of private estates carried out on a wholesale scale by such emperors as Nero, Domitian, Commodus, Severus, and Caracalla, together with the numerous additions made by way of legacies, converted ex-

tensive tracts of the Campagna into imperial property. The economy which was, as a matter of virtue or necessity, a cardinal point in the policy of the best Cæsars, especially of the second century, led them to turn these estates to more profitable account than was usually the case with the extravagant nobles whom they had displaced. Manufactures were started of bricks, tiles, and water pipes; Cæsar had his own flocks and herds, his vigilant bailiffs, and their numerous subordinates. Portions of the estates were assigned to freed men and clients, the 'coloni Cæsaris' of the Liber Coloniarius and the Digest, and thus a resident population brought into existence such as had in old days kept the Campagna habitable, and such as it is now the earnest desire of Italian economic reformers to plant once more upon its deserted soil. With this change we may connect a phenomenon the reality of which the inscriptions have established, that of a revived life in some of those ancient Campagna towns, which Strabo describes as virtually extinct. The revival is in most cases directly traceable to imperial encouragement and patronage. In some the old town grew up again within the bounds of an imperial state, and no doubt had the beginnings of its new existence in the community of coloni, freedmen, and others formed under the shelter of the imperial villa. One instance only can be given here. The old Latin town of Labicum on the Latin road was in Strabo's time in utter decay, and its site was private property. Pliny in his list mentions the territory of Labicum ('ager Labicanus') but no town, and the name does not occur in the Antonine Itinerary. But the Itinerary gives a station 'ad Quintanas' (or Quintianas) where Labicum should be—a station, that is, near the Villa Quintana or Quintiana, no doubt the private estate mentioned by Strabo as having absorbed the decayed town. At some time, probably under Nero, this estate passed into the emperor's hands, as is shown by a leaden pipe bearing the name of 'Agathyrsus, freedman of Augustus, from the Quintan 'estate' ('ex prediis Quintanensibus'). Finally inscriptions of the second century reveal the existence of a town, with a municipal constitution, the inhabitants of which style themselves officially 'Lavicani Quintanenses.'

How long this revived prosperity lasted it is difficult to say. The Campagna was still fairly populous in the time of Cassiodorus. Its final decline probably dated from the Gothic raids of the sixth century. But to trace the course of its decadence would carry us far beyond the limits of a

review article, and we must conclude by noticing one fragment of its later history which Comm. Lanciani has rescued from oblivion. We have already expressed our regret that he did not retell in his 'Ancient Rome' the story of the villa of Q. Voconius Pollio near Castrimcenium, as he has told it in the 'Bullettino Comm. Arch.' for 1884, and as he has pieced it together from the extant ruins. Till the end of the fourth century the villa stood intact, with its splendid buildings and terraced gardens. Some time later, probably in the sixth century, it was deserted and left to decay. There is no sign that it was destroyed by violence. No mediæval colony of cultivators seems ever to have sought the shelter of its walls, nor, as so often happened in the Campagna, was it ever adapted to the purposes of Christian church or monastery, or converted into the stronghold of a turbulent Campagna baron. Alone, on the desolate slopes looking across to the sea, it remained decaying and unvisited until, some five years ago, the spade of the excavator laid bare the remains of its former splendour.

ART. VIII.—1. *L'Empire des Tzars et les Russes.* Par ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Paris: 1887.

2. *Underground Russia; Russia under the Tzars; The Russian Peasantry; The Russian Storm Cloud.* By STEPNIAK. London: 1888.

Russia to the majority of Englishmen is simply an empire governed by an absolutely despotic and irresponsible sovereign, and comparatively few know anything of its internal economy, or are aware that, coexistent with this despotism, there has been a democratic form of village self-government in the largest sense of the term. Nothing can be more curious than to find a primitive parochial and communistic system surviving down to our own times among a people long enslaved to masters and governed by an autocrat Czar. A work such as that of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, by which we are enabled to understand these anomalies, is therefore of great interest. He has felt that, before the condition of the Russia of the present day can be intelligible to us, we must be made acquainted with the Russia of the past; and he has traced its internal political history from the earliest times down to the reforms of Alexander II. and Alexander III. Having gone to Russia in 1872 for the purpose of obtaining materials for articles for the 'Revue des deux Mondes' on the present state

of the country, and having then traversed the whole of it from Finland to the Caucasus, he afterwards, on different occasions, returned thither to complete his observations. He had, therefore, ample opportunity of studying the customs and character of the people, and the institutions under which they were living; and his work affords sufficient evidence of the conscientious care with which he devoted himself to a task the difficulties of which he points out in his first pages.

The largest state of Europe, with the greatest population, Russia is, he says, of all of them the least known; not on account of the distance that separates her from the West, but owing to the barriers created by differences of manners, institutions, language, and political and religious prejudices; but he believes that it may be possible for a foreigner, intent only on ascertaining the truth, to draw a more unbiassed picture than could be given by a Russian, who must, almost necessarily, be closely allied either to the autocratic or to the democratic and revolutionary parties into which his country is divided. Of any want of impartiality M. Leroy-Beaulieu can certainly not be accused; his admiration of the generous efforts of the Emperor Alexander II. to improve the condition of his people does not tempt him to conceal the comparative failure of many of the reforms, or blind him to the causes which led to that failure. On the other hand he admits that, as a foreigner, he had to contend with a difficulty which a Russian would not have experienced; for, before he could touch upon the changes that have been going on of late years and the reforms that have begun, it was necessary for him to master, so as to be able to explain to his readers, 'not only the laws previously existing, but a host of habits, manners, local traditionary customs, and social conditions totally unlike those to be found in any other nation.' Upon this portion of his work he has bestowed great pains, and the whole of his first volume of over six hundred closely printed pages is, as he states in his preface, 'devoted to the country and the people, to the social state, and especially to the various and very dissimilar classes into which the nation is divided: the noblesse, the rising bourgeoisie, the people of the towns, and those of the country.' It is only in his second volume that our author treats of the 'present institutions, the central and local administrations, the provincial and municipal assemblies, the police, the administration of justice, the press and the censure, and, finally, the political reforms which Russia expects from the successors of Alexander II.' To a considerable extent M. Leroy-

Beaulieu has been anticipated in his inquiry by our own countryman, Mr., now Sir Donald, Wallace, whose able work on Russia was reviewed in this Journal twelve years ago.\* But the subject is so vast that it readily admits of further inquiry, without repetition; and the lapse of a few years has already changed some of the circumstances which fell under Mr. Wallace's observation.

Those who take up M. Leroy-Beaulieu's work with the expectation of finding that the seven-and-twenty years that have elapsed since the emancipation of the serfs by the Emperor Alexander had led to any marked improvement in the condition of the people will lay it down with a feeling of disappointment that that great measure and the other reforms of the well-intentioned Sovereign should not have been followed by better results. But all the evidence tends to the conclusion that, though the peasants have escaped from the tyranny of their masters, they suffer more than formerly from that of the taxgatherers and the tchinovniks, and that their difficulties of life have rather increased than diminished. The sketch that he gives of the character of the Russian is complete and masterly, though he pushes to an extreme his somewhat fanciful theory of attributing its peculiarities to the nature and climate of the country rather than to race. He suggests that

'in Great Russia, more than anywhere else, life is a struggle against nature; a hand-to-hand fight against an enemy always present and never conquered, . . . and this warfare is, beyond all things, a school of patience, resignation, and submission: that, not being able to free his neck from the yoke of nature, the Great Russian has borne more patiently the yoke of man. The tyranny of the climate prepared him for absolute power, and, his whole effort being to live, despotism appeared to him the less heavy. One of the characteristics most developed by his struggle against nature and the climate is his passive courage, his negative energy, his force of inertia.'

The Russian, he says, is melancholy, and if he is less subject to the '*incurable ennui et le spleen Britannique*,' by which it seems we in these islands are afflicted, it is because his climate, though more severe, is less damp and foggy than ours. We are assured that the immensity of his country made him feel the smallness of man; that the boundless lakes and morasses, the rivers so wide that no bridges could connect the two banks, the forests without limits, and the steppes with no horizon but the sky, all recalled to him his own inferiority.

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\* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxlv. No. 298.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu has not stopped to inquire whether similar natural conditions have produced similar effects upon other races, such as the Scandinavians, who had to struggle against precisely the same difficulties of life, but sent forth Rurik, with his band of Varangians, to conquer and establish his dynasty in Russia. Nor has he asked whether it has been found that in America, where all natural features are on a scale of grandeur fully equal to those of Russia, the Anglo-Saxon has been depressed by the feeling of his own nothingness into a state of passive endurance. Other people—and notably the Turks—are endowed with the same patient resignation and tolerance of evil that are so fatal to the progress of a nation, and, without going along with M. Leroy-Beaulieu in his search for an explanation of it, we may fully recognise that the predominance of this quality in the character of the Russian has contributed more than anything else to the thralldom in which he has been held. He allowed himself, without resistance, to be reduced to serfdom and attached to the glebe at a time when the peoples of other countries were already beginning to shake off their bonds, and, having never raised a finger to recover his freedom, his emancipation was at last brought about in 1861, without an effort of his own, by the spontaneous act of a Sovereign generously solicitous of the happiness of his subjects.

In Russia previous to the reforms of Alexander II. the nation was divided into four recognised classes—the nobles, the priests, the citizens, and the peasants—the privileges and station of each class being sharply defined and strictly laid down. M. Leroy-Beaulieu points out that to those of the first the name of nobles is given only because no other can be found for them, there being, in fact, nothing in Russia that could rightly be called a *noblesse*. Some of them, no doubt, can boast of a lineage as long as any to be found in Europe, and descend from princes of the time, and even of the blood, of Rurik, generally called the founder of Russia, but these are too few in number to count for much among a host of 600,000, the figure at which the hereditary nobles are estimated. He protests, however, against the saying of M. de Talleyrand that ‘in Russia everyone is prince,’ because the princely families are scarcely more than forty. But, as he remarks incidentally in other passages that a single one of these families—that of the Gargarins—counts some four hundred members all of princely rank; that he has seen a prince directing the orchestra of a *café chantant*, and princesses acting at second-rate theatres, and had heard



of princes as *fiacre* drivers and princesses as *femmes de chambre*, M. de Talleyrand must be admitted to have had some ground for his sneer.. A title, indeed, whether of prince or count, conferring neither recognised rank nor precedence on its possessor, is so little thought of in Russia, that some of the oldest families, such, for instance, as the Narishkines, who hold their heads amongst the highest, have never cared to obtain one. In other countries the nobles descend from men who have done something to distinguish themselves, or to secure the favour of the Sovereign; but not so in Russia, where it was sufficient for a man to serve in the imperial army as an officer, even down to the rank of ensign, in order to enter the nobility as a matter of right, and it was not till the reign of Nicholas that it became necessary for him first to rise to the rank of colonel. It is evident that a class so formed and recruited could in no respect resemble the nobles of western Europe, though it enjoyed various rights, neither well defined nor always respected. Among the most important of the personal privileges of the nobles were exemptions from the conscription, from the capitation tax, and from corporal punishment. The first of these has come to an end by the adoption of universal military service, the second when it was determined to abandon the capitation tax altogether, and the third ceased to be an exclusive privilege when, in 1876, the abolition of corporal punishment was proclaimed for the whole nation. The nobles, indeed, scarcely enjoyed their exemption from this humiliating punishment for a century; for it was not granted to them till 1762 by Peter III., the husband of the great Catherine, and even then it was not complete, as a noble might receive a sentence which first deprived him of the rights of his class, and then rendered him liable to the knout. In the time of Peter the Great no rank or position afforded any security, and some of the highest personages of the land underwent it.

In Russia, when a particular mode of punishment has ostensibly been declared to be abolished, an indirect form of inflicting it, sometimes in an aggravated shape, has generally been preserved. In 1753 the punishment of death was abolished by the Empress Elizabeth, and, since her time, except for political offences, no capital sentence has been pronounced; but it would be a mistake to suppose that a criminal might not be called to pay the penalty of his life, and that in a much more frightful manner than by a simple execution. He could no longer be hanged, but he could be,

and frequently was, put to death by means of the knout. With this horrible instrument an experienced executioner could insure the death of the victim in very few strokes, and, when a sentence was passed ordering the infliction of a large number, it was so perfectly understood what was intended that in such cases the executioner was frequently bribed by the culprit or his friends to exert his whole art so as the more quickly to release him from the torture. So, again, when the Emperor Nicholas, anxious to clear his country from the reproach of being the 'land of the knout' to western eyes, pompously proclaimed its abolition, he was careful to retain the power of inflicting corporal punishment in a manner compared with which the knout itself was merciful. The knout could compass the death of its victim with some half-dozen strokes, but, before the same end could be attained by its substitute, the stick, it was impossible to say how many blows might not be required. An eyewitness of one of these executions has described it as being more hideous than anything that could be conceived. The criminal having been convicted of the deliberate murder of one of the Emperor's ministers, he well deserved to die, and it was determined that die he should; but capital punishment and the knout had both been abolished; so, in order to attain the end in view, the wretched man was sentenced to *eight thousand* blows of the stick, which no human being could receive and live. The execution took place in the public haymarket; and when, after bearing fourteen or fifteen hundred blows, the victim fell, an unconscious mass of bleeding flesh, he was bundled into an ordinary peasant's hay cart, and, with pieces of hay sticking into his gaping wounds, covered over with some rough sacks, he was jolted off to the hospital, and never heard of again. The surgeons were not likely to be anxious to cure a man whose death they knew to be intended, and even a feeling of humanity may have prevented them from wishing to recall a poor wretch to life, only to enable him to undergo further torture till he should be released by death.

Such were the cruelties which up to the end of the reign of Nicholas it was possible to inflict, and till Alexander II. put a stop to these iniquitous sentences by proclaiming for all his subjects freedom from corporal punishment. But even the humane and well-intentioned Alexander did not put his people beyond the reach of the lash, although it cannot now be ordered by the courts; for what the tribunals must not do can be, and is, habitually done by the police and tax-

gatherers, who use the stick at their discretion on men who have never been convicted or even tried.

In addition to the personal privileges enjoyed down to the reforms of Alexander, the Russian nobles possessed as a body the enormous and exclusive privilege of being the only persons authorised to possess 'inhabited land,' that is to say, land upon which serfs were living. But with the disappearance of serfdom the one barrier which protected landed property from the invasion of the other classes disappeared at the same time. Without that protection it would long since have passed from the hands of the nobles, for before Alexander's reforms it was found that two-thirds of their land was already mortgaged to banks and institutions of credit. Thus the old prerogatives of the noblesse have fallen one after the other, till little remains to distinguish it from the mass of the nation. Without being attacked or even named, it has been practically abolished by the extension to all of what used to be exclusive rights, and it is becoming, as in other countries, a mere honorific distinction, and the less esteemed because of its great numbers and of its total want of all political importance and value.

The Russian nobles had no corporate privileges until they were endowed with them by the Empress Catherine. That great Sovereign, clearly perceiving and wishing to correct the evils of the excessive power of the 'bureaucracy,' first formed the nobles into provincial corporations, and then the artisans and the bourgeoisie of the towns into guilds and corporations, with the view of uniting the people in organised bodies; but none of them showed a capacity for profiting by the position she had created for them. The patent or charter granted to the nobles by Catherine gave them the right of meeting in periodical assemblies, the right of appealing by petition to the Crown, and the right of nominating the local judges and functionaries; and M. Leroy-Beaulieu may well exclaim that, in any other country, such prerogatives as these must inevitably either have brought on a conflict between the Crown and the nobles, or else have served as a *point de départ* for an aristocratic constitution. But in Russia there was nothing of the kind. For a century the noblesse of each government continued to meet; it elected its president or marshal; it appointed its magistrates and functionaries, and managed its police, without once giving umbrage to Catherine's successors or infringing on their absolute power. The administrators and local judges nominated by them showed neither independence nor *esprit*

*de corps*, but continued to be as servile instruments in the hands of the central power, and as zealous agents as the functionaries directly appointed by it, and so it came to pass that, through the apathy and want of initiative inherent in the Russian character, the institution entirely failed to realise any of the benefits which the great Empress had hoped for from it.

From the noble we are led to the peasant, and in the history of his reduction to the serfdom from which he has so recently been freed, and of the strange democratic local institutions which are to be found in Russia alone in Europe, M. Leroy-Beaulieu's account, in most respects, agrees closely with that given in the series of works published within the last few years under the *nom de plume* of Stepniak, a writer of a very different type, but one whose wide knowledge of his country is not to be disputed.

For the principles and creed of Stepniak, as an avowed atheist, nihilist, communist, and apologist of political assassination, we can feel nothing but direct repulsion; but his books are, nevertheless, full of interest, for he depicts the misdeeds of the governing classes, no doubt with exaggeration, but with an impress of truth that sometimes makes us go far towards forgetting the crimes into which their victims had been led by the preaching of the detestable doctrines of his sect, in our indignation at the ill usage that had goaded them, and in the admiration which cannot be withheld from those who from generous motives deliberately sacrifice themselves for what, however mistakenly, they believe to be a great cause.

The mediæval Russian was a free man. What is now the Russian empire was a vast country divided into numerous petty and independent principalities, that might be more correctly termed republics, of which the heads, though always belonging to the race that claimed descent from Rurik, were freely elected by the 'vetche,' or assembly of the whole people, which no less freely disallowed any of his acts, and had the power, not unfrequently exercised, of deposing him at any moment they thought fit. Although of hereditary princely rank, he was in no respects an hereditary ruler, and, indeed, was hardly a ruler at all, but rather the principal functionary of the 'vetche,' his duties being first to act as judge, and next to defend the territories of the principality, though the right of declaring war lay not with him but with the 'vetche.' Each prince had a body of men, called his *drugina*, or companions, consisting of military volunteers, partly foreign

and partly native, entirely dependent upon him, sharing his fortunes and accompanying him wherever he might go if he chanced to be expelled by the 'vetche' from his principality, or if he voluntarily forsook it for a more important one. In very much later days the drugina, or their successors, became the sole proprietors of the lands on which the peasants were located, and these were obliged to work the land of the drugina, but they remained free to migrate, and to change their habitations and their masters. It was not till long after the separate principalities had been merged into an empire by the Czars that, in 1593, Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, temporarily deprived them of this right of migration from one property to another, and it was only in the early part of the seventeenth century that Peter, the great organiser of the empire, formally and permanently attached them to the glebe as serfs, after which they gradually lost all their civil rights, till they became simply the chattels of the proprietors, though even then retaining their old forms of local self-government in their villages.

But, strange as it may appear, the Act of Emancipation of 1861, which freed the peasants from their personal servitude, has had a precisely opposite effect upon their village communities and institutions, where now the tchinovniks or agents of the central power have an authority they never before possessed, and which, in many respects, has made the condition of the peasants less tolerable than ever.

Russia is essentially a peasant empire; the census taken after the emancipation gave for European Russia, exclusive of the kingdom of Poland, Finland, and the Caucasus, about fifty-four millions of rural against six millions of urban population, the latter being thus only the ninth of the other, instead of a third or nearly a half, as in some of the western countries of Europe. Ten years ago, besides the two capitals—St. Petersburg and Moscow—Odessa and Riga were the only towns with one hundred thousand inhabitants, and even now there are barely ten, in spite of the rapid increase that has been going on since the Alexandrine reforms. The moujik, however, forming by far the most important portion of the empire, was, till the emancipation, the property of the master on whose lands he lived, and subject to untold vexations if that master chanced to be a bad one. Nothing was more easy than for a master to get rid of a peasant whose presence interfered with any of his caprices, for when the moment came round for furnishing recruits for the army, he

was pretty certain of finding himself one of those called upon to serve, at a time when military service was for life.

But, though a slave to his master, the peasant was, in his turn, a despot at home, and none of his family ever thought of resenting or resisting his authority, however much he might abuse it. His sons and their wives lived with him, and his authority over them all was as supreme and undisputed as that of the Czar over his subjects, though this state of things is rapidly changing since the emancipation, and the sons are beginning to set up independent establishments of their own. The Russian peasant is allowed by all to be frugal, hospitable, and charitable, never refusing to a needy wayfarer a piece of bread if he has a single loaf in his house, his principal vice being that of getting drunk on every favourable opportunity. With regard to his religious feelings there appears to be much difference of opinion; but, on the whole, there would seem to be little reason to doubt his attachment to his church, though he certainly entertains neither affection nor respect for his village pope, who must be admitted seldom to merit either, and whom he dare not trust even in the confessional; for, unlike the Roman Catholic priests, by whom the secrets of their penitents are kept inviolably sacred, the Russian popes are obliged by law to betray to the authorities everything they learn in the confessional affecting State matters. The 'pope' is miserably poor, and almost entirely dependent upon what he can obtain in the way of fees, not only for the performance of baptisms, marriages, and funeral services, but for various other ministrations, without which the superstitious moujik is convinced that all would go wrong with him. For each of these services the pope bases his demand, not according to a fixed scale, but upon what he considers the peasant is able to pay, and they quarrel and dispute over it till an agreement is come to, and the peasant pays the reduced demand with the feeling that the pope is an extortioner whom he dare not refuse lest worse should come upon him. In fact to the moujik the pope is more an exorcist than a minister of religion; it is for his interest to encourage the peasant's belief that a neglect of the ordinances for which he receives his fees is certain to be followed by immediate disaster to himself or property, and the payments for his ministrations are looked upon less as a religious duty than as an insurance against material loss.

The moujik is the most superstitious of mortals, and the foreigner, generally a sportsman, who puts up in the

villages, is daily amused by discovering different forms in which this is exhibited. One morning he is surprised to see the remains of the last night's supper—the milk, or the butter, or what not—thrown away into the yard, and, on asking the meaning of this waste, he is told that the straw or strip of wood, which is placed every night across every vessel containing food, had been found displaced (probably by a gust of wind or some other accident), and that therefore no one could venture to touch what was left. Our sportsman leaves the house with one or two of the peasants, and after perhaps a couple of hours of fruitless search for traces of game, he is pestered with hints that it is time to sit down for dinner, though the sun may be still far from the meridian, the truth being that an opportunity is wanted of lighting a fire in order that they may pass through the smoke of it and so change the luck. Then one of them misses some easy shots, and the gun is of course bewitched, and it is useless to try to use it again till it has been disenchanting by some one of the various methods known to be sovereign remedies in such cases. At last our party sit down by a spring of water and look for the birch-bark cup that is generally to be found by every spring near which there is a path, but, on finding it, the thirsty peasants will have nothing to do with it: the indispensable straw or piece of grass was not lying across it, and 'how can we know who ' may not have been drinking out of it?'

One curious habit of the peasants might be observed any morning at the horse market in St. Petersburg, when a bargain has been struck after long chaffering between two peasants. The price is agreed upon and paid, but the purchaser, instead of simply taking the halter and leading the animal away, lifts up the skirt of his caftan, laying hold of the halter with it, and then turns the horse round three times before he goes off with his prize, convinced that if he had omitted any of these formalities he would never have got it home in safety.

These national habits have always a religious or superstitious origin, though it may not be easy to trace it. The moujik treats the Icon or Holy Picture, that is to be found in a corner of every room, much as if it had a living existence, and watched all that took place in its presence. He would be horrified by its removal, which would be sure to entail some dire misfortune, but he has no scruple in throwing a cloth or veil over it if something is about to be done unfit for its pure eyes to look upon, and this habit is

even occasionally found among the least respectable classes of the great towns.

As might be expected from such a profoundly ignorant population, there are innumerable legends, still implicitly believed in, in which, as usual, the Devil and the Saints play the principal parts, though, according to Stepniak—no very unobjectionable witness, it must be admitted, on matters connected with religion—the former, who figures largely in the popular poetry, is not regarded with any particular detestation by the people. He is represented as the enemy of man, doing his best to drag him down to hell; but as this is his trade, he cannot help it, and some of the legends give striking evidence of his moderation and forbearance when treated with respect. On the other hand the saints are by no means always painted in favourable colours, but they are extremely sensitive to any neglect they think they have experienced, and in these cases a more favoured saint has to come to the assistance of the peasant to protect him from the wrath of the other, like the good and bad fairies of the story books. One legend given by Stepniak is the story of a moujik who was very devout towards St. Nicholas, but paid no attention to St. Elias. One day the two saints were passing his fields, when St. Nicholas observed that the man would have a rich harvest, which he well deserved as a good moujik, fearing God and honouring his saints. ‘That remains to be seen,’ said the angry St. Elias, and announced his intention of destroying the crop with a hailstorm. Upon this St. Nicholas ran to the moujik and advised him at once to sell the growing crop to the pope of St. Elias’s chapel. Some time after the two saints passed the same way, and St. Elias said, ‘Look how I have paid the moujik off; there is hardly a blade left on it.’ ‘Yes, brother,’ said St. Nicholas, ‘only you have destroyed the crop of your own pope, to whom the moujik sold it some weeks ago.’ ‘Never mind,’ quoth Elias, ‘I will make it all right for my pope, and the field shall yet bear a better crop than ever.’ So St. Nicholas again went to the moujik to advise him to buy his crop back again, which he did to his great profit; and so the story of diamond cut diamond went on, ending of course to the advantage of St. Nicholas, who is the most popular saint in the calendar.

He figures in another charming legend, taken out of Athanasieff’s collection. Two saints, St. Cassian and St. Nicholas, have appeared before the face of the Lord. ‘What hast thou seen upon the earth?’ asks the Lord of St.



Cassian, who first approached. 'I saw a moujik floundering 'with his cart in a bog.' 'Why didst not thou help him?' 'I was coming into thy presence and was afraid of spoiling 'my clothes.' The turn of St. Nicholas came next, and he approached with his dress all smeared with mud. 'Why 'comest thou so dirty into my presence?' asks the Lord. 'Because I was following St. Cassian, and seeing the moujik 'of whom he spoke, I stopped and helped him out of the 'bog.' 'Well,' said the Lord, 'to thee, Nicholas, for having 'acted as thou didst, I will give four saint's days each year; 'and to thee, Cassian, because thou hast cared so much 'about thy dress, and so little about thy brother, I will give 'thee thine only once in four years;' and that is how St. Cassian's day falls on February 29 in a leap year, while St. Nicholas has a saint's day every quarter.

According to Stepniak, the orthodox peasants form about two-thirds of the entire rural population, but the proportion is diminishing with the progress of education and the advance of the new opinions, and, although defection from the State Church is a crime punishable by law, it is surprising to find how many important dissenting bodies have arisen and continue to flourish. The chief of these is that of the Rascol, or Old Believers, which dates back as far as 1659, when a new mass book, carefully revised and corrected from the old Slavonic and Greek originals, was issued by the Patriarch Nikon. The most important innovation in it, which became the war cry of the schismatics, referred to the position of the fingers in making the sign of the cross. The Russians at that time used two fingers in crossing themselves, while the Greeks and Orientals crossed themselves with three brought together in a point, and Nikon returned to this ancient usage, retaining the two-fingered cross for the priestly benediction alone. He also introduced the stamping of the wafers for the Eucharist with the equilateral cross of the Greeks, instead of the ordinary cross with a long stem and short transverse beams, hitherto in use in Russia. In the church processions the Russian usage had been first to turn westwards, 'going with the sun;' while the Greeks, on the other hand, walked eastward, going against the sun; and on all these points Nikon returned to the traditions of the Greek mother church. He furthermore insisted upon the Greek mode of spelling the name of Jesus, from which the Russians had dropped the second letter, writing it *Jsus*, and Nikon restored the missing letter. No single point of doctrine was involved in the controversy, and yet, for these and some

other minor and more insignificant forms, thousands of people, men and women, went to the scaffold or the stake, submitted to the knout and the rack, and had their tongues cut out or their hands chopped off.

The Niconian mass book, with its innovations, appears at first to have been universally accepted, and, though distasteful to the great body of the community, they, as usual, submitted to the orders from Moscow; but a Council held twelve years later pushed the conscientious adherents of the old forms to extremities. The advocates of the old two-fingered crossing and uncorrected missals were excommunicated and anathematised in a body. 'Their souls, in virtue of the power given to the Church by Jesus Christ, were to be given up to eternal torments, together with the souls of the traitor Judas and the Jews by whom Jesus Christ was crucified.' A war of extermination was waged against the unhappy people, many of whom fled to the forests and most distant parts of the empire, where they were pursued under a ukase ordering that their refuges should be discovered and destroyed, their property confiscated, and every man, woman, and child apprehended, 'so that their abominable heresy should be exterminated without the possibility of revival.'

This merciless persecution continued up to and through the earlier years of Peter the Great, till, becoming convinced that they were merely religious enthusiasts, and not political opponents, he put an end to the war of extermination, and the Rascolniks were allowed to make permanent homes and to follow their own pursuits. But even now they do not enjoy complete toleration, and while foreign Christians and all non-Christians, such as Jews and Mahometans, may worship freely after their own manner, the Rascolniks are prohibited from giving their houses of meeting any outward appearance of churches, from ringing bells, or from forming processions. Their greatest grievance, however, is the maintenance of the laws of Nicholas, by which the conversion of others is made a criminal offence, rendering all unregistered Rascolniks, that is to say, the great majority of the whole body, liable to criminal prosecution; for, though unknown men are now seldom molested, it is far otherwise with the more prominent, as may be judged from the fate of three dissenting bishops who were kept prisoners in a monastery during the whole of the twenty-five years' reign of Alexander II. Many of the Rascolniks were able to read the Bible in the old Slavonic

dialect, into which the Scriptures were translated when Christianity was first introduced, but the generality of the orthodox peasantry could not do so, and a modern Russian version became a want which their clergy never thought of supplying.

The first complete Russian version of the New Testament was published in 1824 by a branch of the London Bible Society established at St. Petersburg by three British clergymen, but this attempt to make the Scriptures available to the people met with no favour from the Government. Within two years the Bible Society was denounced by the Minister of Public Instruction as 'a revolutionary association intended for the overthrow of thrones and churches, of law, order, and religion throughout the world, with a view to establishing a universal republic;' and with regard to the Russian branch of the Society the minister further reported that

'a careful investigation of all the actions of that body had shown clearly and unmistakeably that in translating the Scriptures from the language of the Church into that of *novels and of the stage* its sole object was to shake the foundations of religion, to spread unbelief among the faithful, and to kindle civil war and foster rebellion in Russia.'

The above account of the sect of the Rascolniks, which may probably play an important part in the transformations that Russia will have to go through, is copied and condensed from that given by Stepniak, which deals also with the various other minor dissenting sects, into which we do not propose to follow him.

From time immemorial the village communities had been self-governing bodies, deciding every question of local interest through their 'mir' without appeal and without the control or interference of any agent of the central government. The 'mir' was to the village what the vetches, already described, had been to the principalities. It consisted of the heads of every family, and had no president or counting of votes; for the system of deciding a question by ascertaining the opinions of the majority appears repugnant to Slav nature. As in Poland, where the 'liberum veto' proved fatal to the diet and the country, so in Russia the decisions of the mir had to be unanimous, and it occasionally happened that when two parties in it were tolerably equally balanced, and neither would give way, a free fight took place, and when one of them was discomfited and driven off the ground the necessary unanimity was

attained. Of all the functions of the mir the most important was that of dividing and apportioning the village land, which was always held in common; a mode of tenure so well shown by the Duke of Argyll in his 'Scotland as it is' and was 'to be fatal to all progress in agriculture.

The period for which the allotments were assigned and the principles on which they were made varied greatly, being sometimes for a single year and sometimes for three, or even eight or twelve years; in some villages every 'soul'—which to the Russian peasant is the equivalent for every male—is entitled to a lot, and the head of a family of six young boys received seven lots, while his neighbour, with six strong daughters, would get only one. In other villages the lots due to a family were determined by the number of its adult and married male members, both systems offering a strong incentive to the early marriages so universal among the Russian peasantry in the hope of sons, who, either from their birth or on their marriage, would bring additions to the land assigned to the family; and to this incentive must be added the wish of the nobles to increase the number of their serfs, on whom their wealth depended, so that they obliged the lads to marry very young. The proportion to be furnished by the head of each household to the taxation due by the village was also determined by the mir according to the means of the peasant, reckoned by the number of his allotments, of his able-bodied sons and daughters, and of his horses and carts. The rules by which the peasants are guided respecting succession to personal or moveable property are excessively curious, mere relationship with the deceased not being taken into account at all. Labour performed and work done for the common benefit of the family is the only thing that gives a claim to a share in the distribution; and if a father were to attempt capriciously to benefit one son at the expense of another, the mir would disregard and correct the provisions of the testament, if the latter was known to have been an industrious worker. All the members of the family, sons-in-law, stepsons, or adopted children, receive their proportionate share if they have contributed to the common work; while the legitimate son, if he has not, gets nothing.

Under the general law of Russia wives and daughters are only entitled to one-fourteenth of the succession, but by the customary law of the peasants followed by the mir, women receive equal shares with the men, and, the right being

dependent upon work alone, a concubine is held to be as much entitled to her proportion as a legitimate wife. The mir was, moreover, a court of civil jurisdiction from which there was no appeal: not guided in its decisions by any code, it determined every case upon what appeared to be its merits, according to the unwritten customs of the country, and it sometimes carried its authority very far. Indeed, a case is cited in which a mir pronounced the perfect validity of a marriage, upon it being shown that the woman, although already married, had long been deserted by a husband still living. The executive official of the mir is the 'starost,' the elder or mayor of the village, freely elected by it without confirmation by the central authority; but since the emancipation of the peasants the independence of their mir has been seriously curtailed in this and in other respects.

It is obvious that when the Act of Emancipation converted into free men those who had hitherto been serfs and unable to move from the villages of their masters, some changes must be made in the local organisations; but the government were not happy in those they adopted, which began by entirely altering the position and attributes of the starost or mayor, who instead of continuing to be the simple executive functionary of the mir, dependent on it alone, gradually became little more than an instrument of some official of the central government. His election ceased to be entirely free, but required superior sanction, because his functions were extended from matters purely local to those of State interest, such as the collection of the taxes, the military recruiting, the arrest of persons without passports, and other offenders, &c., &c.

By a well-intentioned attempt to reform the rude system of the administration of justice by the mir at large acting upon oral tradition, following no written code, and keeping no record of proceedings, it was transferred to ten judges elected by the mir, who were to be guided by written regulations, which, however, directed them as far as possible to respect local customs. But it seldom happened that either the starost or any of the ten judges could read or write, and it became necessary to attach to them a clerk or scribe who could read and explain the laws and regulations, and keep the numerous books of the records that were insisted on; and his education and superior knowledge soon made him the master of the ignorant peasants who were his nominal superiors. The scribe was invariably a man of a low class, and generally of indifferent, if not bad, character;

for the Government, in its fear of the propagation of revolutionary doctrines among the peasants, had greatly contributed to this result by forbidding the post from being held by any who had completed their studies in a gymnasium or who had attended a high school, and it thus for the most part fell to those who had been small employés dismissed from their employment for misconduct. These men, ill paid and needy, and brought up in a corrupt atmosphere, were not likely to resist the temptation of eking out their means by the ample opportunities for illicit profit afforded them by their position, and they and the starosts, now become independent of the mir, managed the affairs of the commune at their discretion, with little regard to the general interests, but with much profit to themselves. These abuses became so great that the Government resolved to take measures to protect the peasants from them, but those which they adopted only served, as is usual in Russia, to aggravate them. Ispravniks, or police inspectors, with extended powers, were appointed to control or superintend the starosts, whom they had authority to fine and imprison when they thought fit; the Government, in its simplicity, hoping thus to check the abuses, and not, apparently, perceiving that, by this mode of relieving the peasants from the authority of a bad master, they were subjected to the tyranny of one infinitely worse; for of all the imperial functionaries none is so much detested and with such good cause as the Ispravnik: yet, he it was whom the Government made the supreme ruler of the communes, where the distance from the great centres protected him from all control from above. After a time the abuses of the Ispravniks in their turn became so intolerable, that a fresh remedy had to be looked for, and it was, of course, of precisely the same character as those already tried and proved to be worse than useless. A new corps of country police was formed of men carefully selected, well paid, armed, and mounted, with still more extended authority placing them above the Ispravniks; and at first they were everywhere received with a joy which, however, lasted but a very short time, for before two years were passed this *corps d'élite* had developed into a new instrument of extortion and oppression, as must inevitably be the case with every body of men placed, as is the Russian police, above the law.

We had occasion in reviewing Mr. Wallace's book to point out that he exaggerated the democratic character of the mir, because in fact those communities had no political

power at all, and it was absurd to represent them as types of pure democracy.. Their authority was limited to the repartition of the common lands and to personal control over their own fellows, but above all they were, and we believe are, responsible to the fiscal agents of the State for the taxes levied on the community, but not voted by themselves.

When Peter the Great imposed on every noble the obligation of serving the State in some capacity, civil or military—an obligation that continued for a century—he, at the same time, drew up a table of ranks, by which all, whether noble or not, had their place fixed in one of the fourteen 'Tchins' into which it was divided, from the chancellor and field marshal, who were alone qualified for the first category, down to the meanest employé of the Government.

The system continues in force to the present day, rank and precedence being determined solely by the Tchín to which the individual belongs, without regard to his birth or family; and the strict observance of it is sometimes amusingly illustrated, as was once the case during the reign of Nicholas on the occasion of a projected marriage between a young man of one of the first princely families and a maid of honour of the Empress, and niece of the great chancellor Nesselrode. The marriage seemed in every respect a suitable one, but when the Emperor's approval was asked for, it was peremptorily refused. His answer was: 'No, it is impossible; the prince is still in the corps des cadets, and therefore only a corporal, and the young countess, as maid of honour, is a major-general. A major-general cannot marry a corporal.' So the marriage had to be put off till the corporal got his epaulettes as an officer, when he was allowed to marry his major-general.

Among the Tchínovniks corruption has reached a height never attained by it in any other country, and has defied all the attempts to correct it. The existence, though possibly not the extent, of the evil was well known to the Government, and the present Emperor at the very outset of his reign showed a determination to eradicate it, and he was, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, better qualified for the task than his father or his grandfather."

'At all times the enemy of abuses and of corrupt men, intolerant of dishonesty, inaccessible to the feminine seductions that were so powerful with his father, uniting, unlike the latter, the virtues of the private man with the noble qualities of the prince, full of the sacredness of his mission, Alexander III. seemed more capable than any of his pre-

decessors of delivering the empire from the hideous cancer that is eating into it.'

This is a high encomium; but M. Leroy-Beaulieu feels constrained sadly to add:—

'But what can one man, however resolute, do in an empire of twenty millions of square kilometres? Such a country is not one of those domains where the eye of the master can see and suffice for everything. Whatever his energy, the sovereign is condemned to powerlessness, and must in the end resign himself to an evil he cannot prevent. He cannot govern except by the hands and eyes of others, and the central Administration, the Court, and the high Tchinovnikism, are precisely those the most interested in the maintenance of the old abuses.'

In Russia, as must be the case everywhere, the chief cause of corruption and abuse of power is the absence of the legal responsibility of the functionaries. The law enacts severe penalties against exactions and peculation, but the judicial statistics show that, though the notorious defrauders are legion, the number proceeded against is very small. The delinquents are in general assured beforehand, if not of the forgiveness, at least of the indulgence of their superiors, and by law the Tchinovnik is raised beyond the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, for a functionary cannot be prosecuted for acts committed in the exercise of his functions, except at the instance and on the initiative of his departmental superiors. Victims of exactions have no right of submitting their case to the decision of the courts, and all they are entitled to do is to complain of the illegal acts of a functionary to the functionary next in rank above him—a farce which it is seldom worth the sufferer's while to go through. Thus freed from the jurisdiction of the courts, the bureaucracy has secured the sovereign authority which theoretically belongs to the Emperor, for it is his only instrument with which he can do anything, and against it he can do little or nothing. He can, here and there, let a member of it feel his wrath, but he can do little against the body itself; the instrument is stronger than the hand that holds it, and the wishes of the master have to yield to the inertia or resistance of the functionaries.

Of all the departments of the State it is that of the police, with its inefficiency in dealing with crime, and its ingenuity in harassing the unoffending, which has played the greatest part in the administration of Russia, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu describes it with the minuteness it deserves. In no other country has it ever possessed so much power, and in none



has its power been so much abused. In Russia it was not considered sufficient to have one police—there must needs be two, entirely independent of each other. The first, the ordinary regular police, dependent upon the Minister of the Interior, and the second, the political State police, dependent only upon the Emperor. In most respects the ordinary police was much the same as in other countries, and in the large towns, under the immediate eye of the higher authorities, it was, to outward appearance, well conducted, and very different from what it was in the country; but it is difficult to credit the Government with any real desire to keep it free from corruption as long as its pay was so notoriously insufficient that the men must have starved except for illicit profits by levying blackmail and receiving hushmoney. Consequently one of the first measures of the present Emperor in reorganising the police was to increase the numbers and raise the pay of the men. In the smaller towns and villages the tyranny and extortions of the police are simply intolerable, and in the existing system of passports they found an admirable instrument for harassing and extorting blackmail from the people. Every man in Russia should by law be provided with a passport if he moved twenty miles from his home, but the police, for a less sum than the passport would have cost, was often willing to wink at its absence, and the political trials have shown that perhaps the half of the workmen and peasants found in the ranks of the revolutionists have been driven into them through the accidental loss of their papers. For a workman in a town at a distance from his village it is a costly and tedious business to obtain a new passport; and the man who has lived some weeks without one knows that he is exposed to all the persecutions of the police, and liable to be sent to Siberia. He has involuntarily become an outlaw, and readily falls into the toils of the Nihilists, who are always ready to find him work, to provide him with a false passport, and to make him into what is called the 'illegal man' concealing himself from the authorities, and their bitter enemy.

The secret police as a separate institution was established by the Emperor Nicholas at the outset of his reign, when his accession, on his elder brother Constantine being passed over, was greeted by the formidable insurrection of 1825. He then created the notorious 'third section of the private cabinet of the Emperor,' as a separate department of the State, in many respects superior to all the others, and endowed with almost unlimited powers. Under this appa-

rently inoffensive name was revived and enlarged the old 'State Inquisition' of Peter the Great and his successors, solemnly 'for ever' abolished in 1762 by Peter III., and publicly branded by Alexander I., Nicholas's father, as pernicious and demoralising.

'From Peter the Great to the last days of Alexander II,' says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, 'no instrument of despotism and oppression, perhaps not even the Spanish Inquisition, has ruined so many existences and destroyed so many human lives, and none has ever functioned with so little noise. The number of its victims of every rank, age, and sex was the more difficult to count because, instead of public auto-da-fés, it surrounded them with mystery, and buried them in the silent snows of Siberia, and, being thus able to free itself of them without having their blood on its hands or hearing their cries, it was all the less scrupulous and compassionate.'

The 'Third Section' of Nicholas and Alexander II. was not exclusively a state police served by secret agents; it was a power in the Government, an independent privileged authority placed beyond and above the sphere of action of the other authorities, beyond and above the law. Its chief was by right a member of the Council of Ministers, and more than any of them he was the confidant of the Sovereign, to whom alone he made his reports, and who alone was acquainted with them. Everything depended indirectly upon him; he could oppose proposed nominations of functionaries by means of the reports of his secret agents, and he exercised on every affair and on every individual an absolute control. He had the right of arresting, imprisoning, transporting, or spiriting away, anyone that he pleased.

It was expected that the reforms of Alexander II. would put an end to this hideous institution, and for ten years its importance was on the wane, but in 1866 Karakosof's attempt against the Emperor revived it in all its former vigour, when it was placed under Count Schouvalow, afterwards ambassador in London, and it affords, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu observes, a mournful picture of the political state of Russia that men of the highest position should think it an honour to be the chief of a secret police. It is not surprising that the Nihilists should have directed their first attacks against the heads of this justly hated institution. One of them, General Mesentzeff, was killed in the streets of St. Petersburg by an unknown assassin, and his successor, General Drenteln, was fired at in his carriage in broad daylight, and resigned after the second attempt against the life of the Emperor, when the 'Third Section,' being found

incapable of protecting either the Sovereign or its own chief, was, in name, abolished. But it was the name alone that disappeared. The secret police was not abolished, but transformed with a view to being made more effective, and, all its old prerogatives being retained, it was united with the ordinary police under one head, named the 'Chief of the 'Executive Commission,' who was also made Minister of the Interior.

The country was at the same time divided into six general governments under military dictators, to whom the law of April 1879 gave the right to exile by administrative action all persons whose continued stay in the district might be considered prejudicial; to imprison at their discretion all persons, without distinction of rank, whenever they might find it desirable; to suppress any newspaper, and generally to take such measures as they might deem necessary for the maintenance of the tranquillity of their district. With such discretionary powers it might have been thought unnecessary to issue a further ukase in 1881, applicable to the large towns and to ten of the provinces, authorising the governors, by administrative action, to inflict fines up to 3,000 roubles and three months' imprisonment on all persons guilty of offences who 'could not without inconvenience be 'prosecuted before the tribunals,' and giving them the outrageous right of sequestrating the incomes and properties of private individuals, not only in the event of their being suspected of conspiring against the State, but if 'their 'negligence in the administration of their property might 'be dangerous to public order.' Thus both the personal liberty and the property of all were placed at the absolute discretion of the governors. We may well believe, with M. Leroy-Beaulieu, that the Third Section and the police, under the system he has described, may be held largely responsible for the Nihilist propaganda, by the indignation and spirit of revolt necessarily provoked by them. When a young Russian said to him, 'it is easy for you to blame the violence of our revolutionists, but if you had lived for years 'under this reign of terror, with denunciation and Siberia 'hanging over your head, your blood would boil, and you 'perhaps would feel that everything was permissible against 'those who permitted themselves everything against you,' he could only be thankful that he had not been put to the test.

The only protection that was to be found against maltreatment by the police lay in their corruption. They were

all accessible to bribes, and were generally willing to shut their eyes and show themselves indulgent to those who could pay them; but it was impossible to say what might not have to be endured by the unfortunate persons who had not the means of purchasing favour. It would not be safe to quote as authentic the cases given by so prejudiced a writer as Stepniak, but it is not too much to say that there is nothing in the excesses which he cites that might not very well have occurred, or was in itself improbable, and one example, of unimpeachable authenticity, will be sufficient evidence of this. A very eminent diplomatist, who represented his Government at St. Petersburg during the reign of the late Emperor, received one day a scrap of paper written by a man who said he was a German, and that, without a trial or accusation of any kind, he had been put into a gang of convicts, and was being marched to Siberia. The minister went to the Imperial Foreign Office and begged that inquiry might be made into the truth of the story, which was promised, but nothing came of it, though he continued to press his demand. But one day, walking on the quay, he happened to meet the Emperor, who entered into conversation with him, and he seized the opportunity of telling the story to his majesty, begging him to order the inquiry to be made, which he himself had been unable to obtain. This the Emperor readily promised, and the wrath of the imperial chancellerie was intense at the matter having been brought to his ears; but there was nothing for it but to execute his orders, and at last the truth came out. It turned out that a prisoner had escaped from a convoy bound to Siberia, which consequently arrived at a small town in the interior one short of its proper number, and the officer in charge, knowing that he would be in a scrape if he did not deliver his proper tally, adopted the simple expedient (no doubt commonly resorted to in such cases) of laying hold of some one else to take the place of the missing man. Unfortunately for him, the substitute happened to be a German; more unfortunately, the kidnapped victim contrived to communicate with his minister; and, most unfortunately of all, the minister found an accidental opportunity of speaking to the Emperor. The man was of course at once released, of which he would not have had the slightest chance if he had happened to be a Russian, and there can be no doubt that the case was by no means an uncommon one.

The Emperor Alexander II. was well aware of the defects of the whole criminal jurisdiction of his empire, and showed

his anxiety to correct them. He would have been more successful if his weak vacillation had not frequently prompted him to add to reforms just granted new regulations, practically nullifying them. M. Leroy-Beaulieu points out that before the time of Alexander II.

‘the management of all criminal cases was entrusted to the police; and the police, ill composed and ill paid, too often found that crimes and offences afforded them a mine that they could work to advantage. They had two modes of increasing their profits, the one by being indulgent to ill-doers, the other by harassing the inoffensive. The police thus made a double business: to the thieves it sold its silence, to the honest people its protection.’

From the time of Alexander I. the ‘question’ or use of torture on trials had been illegal, but as long as the knout or stick was retained it could not be said to be abolished; and even since the abolition of corporal punishment, cases are brought to light of tortures inflicted to extort confessions. As late as April 1886 a case of this kind was brought before the tribunal of St. Petersburg, and the accused was convicted of having subjected some peasants to frightful tortures in order to get confessions about a robbery, but the sentence inflicted on him of one year’s penal servitude did not appear to indicate that the enormity of the offence was appreciated. At a trial which took place in 1879 at Kazan similar proceedings were exposed; and again in 1881 they were practised on the trial of persons arraigned on the criminal charge of abandonment of the orthodox religion. But although in all probability these were exceptional cases, the belief that torture is practised is so general that it became the custom among the revolutionists to carry poison about with them, to be taken in the event of their arrest, lest avowals compromising their friends should be extorted from them. On one occasion, on a political trial, the defender of the prisoners declared in court that his clients had been tortured, and at the execution of the murderers of Alexander II., while one of them called out that they had been tortured, another held up his dislocated hands to be seen by the people. After this the political executions ceased to be performed in public.

It is impossible to say how much or how little truth there may be in these and such-like accusations, for the same secrecy that envelopes the proceedings of the public functionaries, and facilitates their misdeeds, inevitably exposes them to suspicions for which there is often no ground. Alexander, after having accomplished the emancipation of the serfs, undertook the judicial reform in a spirit of en-

lightened liberalism. The administrative and judicial powers were to be separated, and the tribunals and the jury were to be made really independent. Equality before the law was proclaimed, and it was laid down that no subject of the Emperor was to be punished or imprisoned without a regular condemnation by a public court, and with full rights of defence. Nothing could be wiser or better; but the Government became frightened at its own good work, and what had been given with one hand was quickly taken away with the other, even before the commencement of the Nihilist outrages, by a series of ukases and regulations, depriving the reforms of all their value. It was the merest mockery to talk of the equality of all before the law, when the police and whole class of Tchinovniks were placed above its reach, or to declare that no one could be punished until regularly condemned in an open and public court, while the head of the secret police retained the power of imprisoning and transporting, without examination, men who had been charged with no crime, or those who had, five minutes before, been acquitted by a regular court.

The provision establishing publicity in criminal proceedings was perhaps the most valuable of those proclaimed, but it was very soon rendered illusory by regulations practically excluding the public from the courts, and when the further step was taken of prohibiting the newspapers from publishing reports of the proceedings, the courts became, as of old, secret tribunals, and all those condemned before them, even if proved guilty of atrocious crime, came to be regarded as victims and martyrs.

It would be altogether unjust to accuse or suspect the Russian Government of sanctioning the application of torture, but it is impossible entirely to acquit them of some responsibility when one sees the extraordinary leniency shown to their functionaries when an excess of zeal led them to illegal barbarities. In the government of Riazan, in the very centre of the empire, it was proved on the trial of a police officer that, to enforce the payment of the taxes, he had the peasants beaten not only in the ordinary way, but with burning rods and with sticks saturated with salt water, inflicting the punishment by daily instalments so as to make it more severe. He was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, which was thought sufficient for a trifling excess of severity in the recognised mode of extorting the payment of the taxes; and how generally that system is adopted can be seen from the report of a taxgatherer at

Novgorod, stating that in the winter of 1885-6, in one district alone, 1,500 peasants had been ordered to be flogged. Of these 550 had already been operated upon, but being a humane man, he begged that the others might be excused. In spite of the unfortunate reactionary measures afterwards adopted, Alexander, by his judicial reforms, undoubtedly succeeded in improving the ordinary criminal jurisdiction of his country, but the excesses of his exceptional tribunals seem almost to pass belief, when they are seen to resort to such a device as that of 'cumulative' sentences in order to condemn to death prisoners who had committed no capital offence. Yet the Russian papers of the day, reporting the proceedings of a trial, give the judgement of the tribunal, which they certainly could not venture to misrepresent, and which was to the effect that the prisoners had been convicted of several crimes punishable by various terms of imprisonment, which added together produced a sentence of death! Alexander also greatly alleviated the sufferings of the convicts condemned to transportation to Siberia. Till this time they had been obliged to perform the enormous journey on foot; sometimes with irons on their legs or handcuffs on their wrists; and the sufferings that these poor wretches endured, which the press dared not mention, are said to have struck the humane Emperor upon looking at a picture of which the subject was a convoy of prisoners on the march to Siberia.

Of the kindness of Alexander's heart and of his anxiety to do the best by his people there is abundant proof, but his success bore no proportion to his wishes. If he diminished the sufferings of the exiles and convicts by having them conveyed by water the greater part of the journey, the number of those condemned to undertake it was enormously increased during his reign, it having risen from about 9,000 annually under Nicholas to 18,000, in addition to some 2,000 more sent to the Transcaucasus, which is now used as a second Siberia. The large majority of the exiles are, of course, criminals of the worst description; but many also are merely 'vagabonds,' or people found without passports; while there are likewise in Siberia whole colonies of innocent people, 'the heretics,' guilty of the sole crime of dissent from the orthodox Church; and, in addition to all these, there are the political 'suspects,' transported without trial by the secret police. The convicts are civilly dead, and in Russia the sentence conveys much more than in those countries where it carries with it a loss of civil rights, for by the

law, both of the State and of the Church, it permits the remarriage of their wives, who are held as having become actual widows.

Confinement in the Russian prisons is a far more severe punishment than transportation to Siberia, and it is often prolonged for an indefinite number of years, during which it is impossible for the relatives of the prisoner to ascertain where he is confined, or even whether he is alive or dead. By his sentence he was considered, dead, and he was buried, very possibly, in the historical dungeons under the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the embalmed bodies of the Czars are laid, below the level of the Neva, and where prisoners are said to have been occasionally drowned, by the river rising to the level of the windows during great floods. The accounts that have been published, professing to have been written by prisoners with their blood on scraps of paper or rag, which they contrived to get conveyed to their friends, are simply sickening; but their descriptions seem incompatible with the possibility of their having survived and retained their reason for the time that is pretended; for the life of a prisoner is ordinarily a short one in Russia, even when treated with much less severity than at St. Peter and St. Paul. There has been of late a vast improvement in the prisons, and especially in those of St. Petersburg and Moscow, but the mortality in them is still enormous, amounting, for instance, in the great prison of Wilna to 23 per cent. annually. In other words, the whole of the prisoners die there within five years.

That there have been many and great improvements in the Russian administration since the days of Nicholas it is impossible to deny, and the progress would certainly have been far greater if it had not been for the Nihilist movement, which drove a timid Emperor, to whom full justice has hardly been done, to stop short in his reforms. On more than one occasion some fresh outrage or attempt inopportunistly put an end to a projected measure; and M. Leroy-Beaulieu narrates how, if his assassination had been deferred twenty-four hours, the morrow would have seen the promulgation of a scheme for the creation of a representative assembly, that must have changed the whole system of government. Thanks to the Nihilists, all hopes of it have now vanished. M. Leroy-Beaulieu vouches for the accuracy of his information, and his story deserves to be repeated. General Loris Melikoff and some of the other Ministers saw the necessity of securing for the Government the support of the nation at



large, and that this could not be obtained except by calling in representatives of the country; and, Alexander having given his consent, the proposal was discussed and adopted in a council at which the Czarewitch, the present Emperor Alexander III., was present. On the morning of his death, March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1881, he sent orders to the Minister of the Interior to publish the Act in the official paper the next day; and, making the sign of the cross, he said to his new wife, the Princess Jourievski, 'I have given the order for the publication to-morrow of a paper that I have signed, which I hope will show my people that I give them all that is possible.' The imperial order was received, and the official text was being printed at the moment of the successful attempt upon Alexander's life. General Loris Melikoff informed the new Czar of the order that had been given, and, asking him for the instructions about it, was told to 'change nothing in the orders of my father; this shall be his will.' Unfortunately he did not adhere to his first impulse, and Alexander III., listening to the advisers of his grandfather rather than to those of his father, lost the opportunity of commencing his reign by a measure that would have given him immense popularity.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu and Stepniak give substantially the same account of the developement of the original comparatively harmless Nihilism into an organised system of terror and of assassination, which is utterly condemned by the one and as thoroughly approved by the other; and it would certainly appear that the transformation was mainly attributable to the unheard-of severity with which the Government attempted to suppress mere professions of opinions which there was no thought of enforcing by violence. Nihilism, says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, has had three phases: in the first, it was hardly political, but was a name applied to a manner of thinking and talking, and to a spirit of revolt against received ideas, social conventions, and the old political and religious dogmas, a spirit of negation and reaction against the Russian system of government, and the intellectual yoke under which the Russians had so long bent. This first theoretic and abstract Nihilism was transformed in 1871, under the influence of the Paris Commune, into a militant socialism labouring to spread its opinions among the people, having recourse to association and secret propaganda, but not to conspiracy and assassination. This was the second phase; and it was not till towards 1877 that this pacific Nihilism became a violent party appealing to conspiracies and atten-

*tate*, taking dynamite for its instrument and terror for its order of the day, and the melancholy sight was witnessed of the highest and most generous feelings of the human heart drawing the young of both sexes into the service of the most infamous doctrines.

Stepniak, himself a Nihilist and terrorist, gives much the same account of the three phases through which Nihilism passed, but he describes even its earliest doctrines in such terms as must revolt the readers whose sympathy he wishes to enlist for his cause. Nihilism, properly so called, was, he says, a struggle for the emancipation of intelligence from every kind of dependence; its fundamental principle was absolute individualism; it was the negation, in the name of individual liberty, of all the obligations imposed upon the individual by society, family life, and religion. It was a passionate reaction, not against political despotism, but against the moral despotism that weighs upon the private and inner life of the individual. Its first battle was fought in the domain of religion, and it was gained in a single assault. The past generation of Russians was partly Christian by custom, and partly atheist by culture, and when a band of young writers, armed with the natural sciences and positive philosophy, advanced to the assault, Christianity fell like an old decaying hovel which remains standing because no one touches it. Atheism excited people like a new religion. The zealous went about like veritable missionaries in search of living souls, in order to cleanse them from the 'abominable nation of Christianity.' Nihilism recognised woman as having equal rights with man. Woman is subjugated through love, and it is only natural, therefore, that whenever she rises she should commence by asking for the liberty of love; but with us the question of the emancipation of woman was not confined to the petty question of free love, which is nothing more than the right of always choosing her own master. It was soon understood that the important thing is to have liberty itself, leaving the question of love to the individual will; and the struggle became one for free access to superior instruction and to the professions followed by educated men, and in this the women were victorious, as the Government was compelled to give way. Such is the picture of the first phase of Nihilism, not drawn by an opponent, but by an enthusiastic member of the body. He, like M. Leroy-Beaulieu, traces the origin of the second, or propagandist phase, to the Paris Commune and the International Society.

In Russia the struggle for the emancipation of women had

been blended with that of their right to higher education, and, as no Russian college or university would receive them as students, numbers of them went to Switzerland to study, chiefly medicine, and found there not only schools of medicine, but a great social movement of which they had had no conception. They quickly deserted the schools of medicine, and beginning to attend the sittings of the International and to study political economy, Zurich, from being a place of study, was transformed into an immense club, the fame of which reached Russia, and attracted hundreds of men and women, till the Government, taking alarm, ordered all Russians to leave the place. The consequence of this was that, instead of going back to Russia singly and gradually, they almost all returned at once, and everywhere carried on an enthusiastic internationalist propaganda. A Government circular soon announced thirty-seven provinces to be 'infected by the socialist contagion,' and, according to official statistics, proceeded to arrest about a thousand persons, of whom one hundred and ninety-three were brought to a trial which, after lasting four years, ended by the acquittal of the greater number, and by others being sentenced to ten, twelve, and fifteen years of penal servitude. Terrorism rose into a system from about that period, its final impetus being given on January 24, 1878, when Vera Sassulich fired her memorable pistol shot at General Trepoff for having ordered a political prisoner to be flogged. She was, Stepniak declares, not a terrorist, but 'an angel of vengeance, a victim who voluntarily threw herself into the jaws of the monster, in order to cleanse the honour of the party from a mortal outrage.' Dissent as we may from Stepniak's doctrines, it is, however, impossible to withhold the same sort of melancholy admiration as is felt for Charlotte Corday from a young girl who had come from the banks of the Volga, some eight hundred or nine hundred miles from St. Petersburg, with the deliberate intention of sacrificing herself in punishing a functionary who had maltreated a man whom she did not even know; but her crime, as usual, only had the effect of injuring the cause of reform and restricting some of the newly granted liberties.

When Vera Sassulich was acquitted by a jury, in the face of the clearest evidence and her own open avowals, the Government could not justly be reproached for withdrawing, for the future, all political cases from the decision of juries, and her partisans were henceforth handed over to the tender mercies of arbitrary tribunals conducting their proceedings

in secret. Stepniak, indeed, points out with exultation that, within five months from the acquittal of Sassulich, the terrorists had assassinated General Mesentzeff, the head of the police, and at length, after many attempts, scored their final victory by the death of the Emperor Alexander; but it would be difficult for him to show the benefit his country has obtained from this long catalogue of crime.

The question remains how long the present state of things is to last, and what is to be the end of it. The excesses of the Nihilists provoke severer repressive measures, which increase the general discontent. The emancipation of the serfs, far from adding to their well-being, has made it harder for them to live, and incontrovertible statistics have proved that they now consume a seventh less bread than at the period of the serfdom, the effects of their low diet being apparent from the increasing proportion of recruits found to be unfit for military service. In 1874, when the law for universal military service was first put in force, the numbers found fit to serve were 71 per cent., which proportion gradually went on falling till in 1883 it was no more than 59 per cent. It is only in Russia that the mortality in the country districts is greater than in the large towns, although the sanitary arrangements of these are notoriously execrable; and the congress of Russian physicians in 1885 recorded their opinion that it is attributable to a deficiency of food, and they pointed out the strange fact that the mortality is the greatest where the land produces the largest supplies of corn. The poverty of the peasants preventing them from consuming it in sufficient quantity to nourish them, they are obliged to sell their crops to pay their taxes, and to starve themselves, till in the thirteen provinces of Central Russia the mortality at the time of the last census reached the frightful height of 62 per thousand, or more than three times what it is in London.

The Act of Emancipation had brought a bitter disappointment to the peasants, who had expected to be put into absolute possession of the lands they cultivated, which could not have been done with any justice to the great proprietors. They had assigned the land to the villages in return for a certain amount of labour to be performed gratuitously upon what remained in their own hands, and, as purely agricultural labourers did not exist, their estates would have been left without any means of cultivation. The nobles, on the other hand, wished that the peasants should be simply enfranchised, without being given any claim on the land

they had cultivated, which would certainly have provoked a violent agrarian movement, and the Government attempted a compromise between the two parties. The peasants became owners of the houses they inhabited, and of the enclosures round them, and were to have allotments of land equal to those they had cultivated, which, however, they were to purchase from the nobles, or to pay for them a perpetual rent either in money or in labour. As they were rarely able to pay the rent in money, they remained in a state of modified serfdom; and the allotments of the village lands having for the most part, contrary to the intentions of the Government, been made smaller than formerly, and the taxes being higher, their condition became very bad, till at last the State came forward to their assistance, and advanced money to the amount of between seventy and eighty millions sterling to purchase from the nobles the allotments assigned to the peasants. The arrangement was advantageous to both parties, for the proprietors received at once the value of the land they had been called upon to cede, while the peasants were freed from all obligations towards their former lords, becoming, instead, debtors to the State for the money advanced, for which they were to pay 6 per cent. for interest and sinking fund during forty-nine years, at the expiration of which term the land will be wholly their own. But the arrangement has not proved as beneficial to the peasants as was hoped; the general and local taxation had increased, and an enormous proportion of the peasantry, being unable to provide the money to meet them, together with the 6 per cent. on the advanced purchase money of their allotments, which often greatly exceeded their whole net profit upon them, fell into the hands of the money-lenders, who completed their ruin. They could not pay interest in money to the usurers, and the only security they could offer for the loans lay in their labour, and the terms of the contracts by which they bound themselves made it impossible for them ever to extricate themselves from their difficulties, and, though the law did not permit them to sell their holdings till the State advance on their purchase had been repaid, they gave long leases of them to the usurers, who have now practically become the proprietors, while the peasants are left landless.

Consequently an entire revolution in the social condition is going on in Russia, where it is rapidly becoming assimilated to that of other European countries, and the progress already made in the change may be gathered from

a speech made in 1886 by the chairman of the St. Petersburg congress of Russian farmers, who affirmed that 'one-third of the rural population, or about twenty millions of souls, have become agrarian proletarians, and I will not venture to judge how far the life of an agrarian proletarian is preferable to that of the former serf.' The change may probably in the end work for good; but before the emancipation rural proletarians did not exist, and, when it is remembered how passionately the Russian clings to the land he has cultivated, the amount of discontent among the suffering peasantry will be easily understood. The tax-gatherers and the police harass them more than ever, but they still retain their faith in their Czar, whom they do not hold responsible for the acts of his agents, and expect that at an early day he will order a fresh distribution of the land, and this hope, acting upon the passive nature of the Russian, diminishes the danger of any general outbreak. Nevertheless, M. Leroy-Beaulieu believes that a revolution, which in Russia with its peculiar tenure of landed property would inevitably be of an agrarian socialistic character, can only be averted by being anticipated by necessary reforms, of which he admits the enormous difficulties. Till the people are allowed the means of making known their wants and their grievances, till the law affords redress against the Tchinovniks and police, who are now placed above its reach, and till the publicity in speaking and writing which is so severely repressed is permitted, it would be vain to hope for sufficient improvement to disarm the disaffected. Tchinovniks will never be reformed by Tchinovniks. But it will be asked whether such changes are compatible with the maintenance of an unrestricted autocracy. Very possibly they are not, and the Sovereign will have to decide whether he will boldly adopt measures which, while promoting the happiness and contentment of his people, will lead to a diminution of his own absolute authority, or whether he will persist in a system that will alienate them more and more, and daily add to the number of those who, despairing of obtaining reforms by pacific means, become unwilling converts to the Nihilist terrorism that is labouring to bring about a revolution destructive of all law and order.

ART. IX.—*Maitland of Lethington, and the Scotland of Mary Stuart: A History.* 2 vols. By JOHN SKELTON, author of the 'Essays of Shirley.' London: 1887.

IT has sometimes been regretted, and not without reason, that George Buchanan, the typical scholar of his age and of his country, should have written his principal works in the Latin tongue. Yet Latin, while it was his chief, was not his exclusive medium of literary expression; for on one or two occasions he had recourse to the Scottish vernacular. These minor productions of Buchanan are not, however, widely known, and perhaps few save the wanderers in the byways of Scottish history have ever read his little satirical tract entitled 'Chameleon.' It was written in 1570, shortly after the assassination of his friend the Regent Moray, and at a time when he evidently believed that the man against whom the tract is directed had had some share in plotting the Regent's death. The tract details at length, and in no mincing terms, the changes of policy which had coloured the career of this Chameleon, a career which is represented as having been marked by dissimulation and hypocrisy, by meanness and treachery, by falsehood and deception, by ingratitude to benefactors and unfaithfulness to friends. At the time of writing, Mary Queen of Scots was in her English prison, and the Chameleon, who, when she fled to England, had been in the ranks of her opponents, was once more on the side of her friends. Buchanan therefore concludes by asking the reader to 'espy out what profit the Queen, our king's mother, sall gather of him that has been (as she knows) sae oftentime traitor to her mother, to herself, to her son, to her brother [Moray], and to her country.' The Chameleon, the man against whom this satire is directed, was William Maitland of Lethington.

While it is not a safe thing to accept the character of a statesman as it is portrayed by his political opponents, yet their estimate of him must not be altogether disregarded. The author of the 'Chameleon' has drawn, as doubtless he intended to draw, a very dark picture of Maitland, in which, while his intellectual abilities are recognised, his moral turpitude and perfidy are placed in the fiercest light. Since Buchanan's time there has not been much difference of opinion among historians as to Lethington's character. Most of his contemporaries agree in acknowledging his intellectual power; they equally agree in deploring his moral obliquity.

We have seen what Buchanan thought of him. Knox, Bannatyne, and Camden were all condemnatory of him. Among contemporary writers of note, the only one who had good opportunities of judging of Maitland's character, and yet refrains from speaking ill of him, is Sir James Melville of Halhill.

It cannot be said that subsequent writers on Scottish history, from Calderwood downwards, have differed materially from the estimate of Maitland which was formed by the majority of his contemporaries. Even those one-eyed historians, the Mariolaters, have, until quite recently, with united voice declared against Maitland. Chalmers describes him as 'the ablest and corruptest minister in Britain, next to Cecil.' A still later, Mr. Skelton, so recently as 1876, in his 'Mary Stuart, and other Papers,' surpasses all his modern predecessors in the darkening of Maitland's character. Since then, however, a change has come over the spirit of Mr. Skelton's dream, as we shall find on examination of his latest book, entitled 'Maitland of Lethington.'

The book has the fault of being much padded out. The first volume especially is desultory and discursive to a degree. In both, the style, while frequently bright and picturesque, is slightly pretentious, with a fatal bias at all times towards prolixity. The work, on the whole, is not remarkable either for precision or logic, and it is saturated throughout with sentimentalism of the feminine type. The argument itself, which seeks to reverse the hitherto received opinions with respect to Maitland's character and policy, and at the same time to defend Queen Mary, is by no means skilfully sustained, and its different parts stand greatly in need of welding together. But the chief defect of the book is to be found in the author's carelessness as to matters of fact.

'A great German historian,' he remarks, 'has demonstrated that it is possible by careful analysis to learn where a writer obtained the "facts" which he records; and every statement made by Knox or Buchanan or Melville must, when necessary or practicable, be traced back to its source.' (Vol. i. p. xxv.)

This operation of 'tracing back' is precisely what we must perform with regard to Mr. Skelton himself. Had his book been the work of a literary novice, this duty might more agreeably have been, as Jedediah Cleishbotham would say, pretermitted; but in view of the fact that Mr. Skelton has



already figured as a vindicator of Queen Mary, a brief examination of his argument may not be without its uses.

The first volume opens with an introductory chapter of forty pages, the greater part of which belongs to the category of things that go without saying. Yet this chapter is not without practical value, as it enables us to obtain some insight into Mr. Skelton's methods of working—an insight which is important when dealing with an author who is bent upon reconstructing history. Thus, referring to contemporary writers, he says :—

‘It has been too much the custom to regard “original authorities” with unreasoning reverence, and to accept without question whatever is found in their pages. The narrative of a contemporary is not conclusive. It must be submitted to the ordinary critical tests before it can be allowed to pass muster. This rule is of general application; but it applies with special force, for various reasons, to the writers of the sixteenth century.’ (Vol. i. pp. xxiii–xxiv.)

There is not much to object to in all this; but why the special caution against sixteenth century writers? Is it because Mary Queen of Scots lived then? And are not writers of the present century as liable to obliquity of mental vision, due to existing partialities and animosities, as any writer of the sixteenth century? But again :—

‘To sift,’ says Mr. Skelton, ‘in such cases truth from fable, the chaff from the wheat, implies the exercise of what has been called the historical faculty. The historical faculty is an imposing name; but the historical faculty in this connexion is only common sense applied to the past.’ (P. xxvii.)

Happily Mr. Skelton does not leave us to struggle with this axiom unaided, for he picks out a few samples of the unsifted grain and shows us how he treats it. There is, for instance, the well-known story, told with dramatic force by Knox, of Chastelard's insolent conduct on two occasions towards Queen Mary. We know with what destructive force Mr. Swinburne has applied this episode to Mary's character. Mr. Skelton treats it otherwise. He says :—

‘The conversation between Mary and her brother as to Chastelard which Knox records is obviously apocryphal. Knox, of course, was not present at the interview, and he could not have obtained his information from Moray, for Moray was at that time so devoted to Mary that he incurred the resentment of the Reformers.’ (P. xxvii.)

This comment of Mr. Skelton's is, if not conclusive, at least perfectly reasonable. But unfortunately Mr. Skelton does not apply his principle all round.

For instance, in treating of the disputed subject of the Casket Letters in his second volume, he has occasion to refer to some contemporary correspondence regarding the casket and the murder of Darnley. Sir W. Drury, on November 28, 1567, in one of his budgets of Scottish gossip to Cecil, says (we quote from Mr. Skelton's pages):—

'The writing which did comprehend the names and consents of the chiefs for the murdering of the king is turned to ashes; the same that concerns the queen's part kept to be shown.' (Vol. ii. p. 307.)

This bit of news, falling in as it does with Mr. Skelton's theories, is at once accepted by him as true history. But how would it appear if he had applied to it that same 'common sense' which he applied to the story of Chastelard as told by Knox? It might be objected to Drury, as to Knox, that he 'was not present' at the meeting; and if Morton and his associates did so destroy the bond, we can hardly suppose them to have been so foolish as to make it known—especially, of all men, to the correspondent of the English Court. But, in point of fact, we believe it is still extant.

But this same extract from Drury's gossip enables us to acquire still further insight into Mr. Skelton's methods. His footnote reference—'Drury to Cecil, 28th November, 1567'—would lead one to infer that use was being made of an original document. The extract is by no means novel. It was first brought to light and printed by Tytler in his 'History of Scotland.' But what is most notable in connexion with its reappearance here is the fact that it does not read now as it did then, either Mr. Skelton or some one else having taken certain liberties with the text. The following is the quotation as given by Tytler, the words in italics being those omitted in Mr. Skelton's version:—

'The writings which did comprehend the names and consents of the chief for the murdering of the king is turned into ashes, *the same not unknown to the queen*; and the same that concerns her part kept to be shown, *which offends her*.'\*

Now, whether this passage be historically credible or not, how does Mr. Skelton account for the changes in the text of it? Tytler's version—which agrees with the original—might be regarded as indicating that the queen was not only as anxious as several of her nobles to have certain incriminating documents destroyed, but was at the same time not un-

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Tytler's 'History of Scotland' (ed. 1841-43), vol. vii. p. 168.

naturally dissatisfied, to find that, while these nobles destroyed what was dangerous to themselves, they were carefully preserving such evidences as might inculcate her. In the version of the letter given by Mr. Skelton, this complicity of the queen in the nefarious transaction entirely disappears.

We shall unfortunately, before we have done, find occasion for giving other illustrations of how Mr. Skelton constructs history; but in the meantime we may glance at the standard by which he appraises 'original authorities.' Knox is, of course, his special aversion. The Reformer was one of those men who knew 'the whole plan of divine government 'from the remotest eternity';' he had 'profound confidence in 'his own infallibility;' 'the most innocent natural phenomena 'were habitually translated by his morbidly vivid imagination 'into supernatural portents.' The fog which lay over the Firth of Forth when Mary landed in Scotland 'was the expression of divine displeasure at her return.' And so on. We do not find much fault with this portraiture of Knox, so far as it goes. He was superstitious. But Mr. Skelton, with his narrow views of sixteenth century history, would have us regard this failing as fatal to Knox's testimony. Yet in the case of Bishop Leslie—Mary's 'most pious, able, and 'devoted servant'—why is a similar caution not given? Is Mr. Skelton not aware that this Roman Catholic bishop professed to know 'the plan of divine government' as intimately as did the Protestant Reformer, and was as fond of portents as ever Knox himself? Numerous passages from Leslie's writings might be quoted to show that the Bishop was quite as superstitious as the Presbyterian—that Leslie read whatever suited him into providential interpositions, just as selfishly and greedily as Knox did. We cannot understand, therefore, upon what rational principle Mr. Skelton should be so eager to discredit the one and so ready to believe the other, unless the explanation be—not to beat about the bush—that John Knox, rightly or wrongly, represents Queen Mary as a dangerous ruler, an idolatrous woman, and a faithless wife, whereas Bishop Leslie regarded her—well, very much as Mr. Skelton does.

As with John Knox, so with all others of the period who are not on Mary's side. They are not trustworthy. The phraseology of *Seven Dials* is brought into requisition by Mr. Skelton to blacken them with an effect that is somewhat monotonous, the terms of abuse being so stale and so oft repeated. Knox's secretary, Bannatyne, author of the 'Memorials,' was 'a born fool.' Knox himself was 'easily

'gulled.' \* George Buchanan—who appears in his 'History' to have spoken the truth twice, on both occasions his statements going to support Mr. Skelton's theories—is not argued with, simply charged with 'wilful lying.' The Earl of Morton, within the compass of a few pages, is four times charged with 'lying.' Queen Elizabeth's puritanical ministers of State likewise 'lied like troopers;' her famous ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler, also puritanical, 'lied with the unction of an apostle;' and as for Queen Bess herself, she 'swore like a trooper, and lied like Lucifer.' Thus and so easily does Mr. Skelton knock these great dead people about with his goose's quill.

The opening chapter of Mr. Skelton's 'History' deals appropriately with the family of Maitland, and the lands they held north and south of the Lammermoors. But chapters ii., iii., and iv.—filling nearly two hundred pages—are tedious. Besides, they do not seem to us to form any fitting or logical introduction to the Scotland of Maitland and Mary Stuart. Between the reign of Bruce and that of Mary there is little sequence, save what is merely chronological. The manners and customs, the laws and usages of the Borders and the Highlands in the Middle Ages, do not illustrate the spirit which moved men and women in Reformation times. To fill page after page with well-worn biographical compilations regarding mediæval Scottish poets—Thomas the Rhymer, Barbour, Wyntoun, Blind Harry—does not prepare the mind for the reception of Sir David Lindsay's sixteenth century satires against the vices and hypocrisies of a discredited priesthood. By the time of Maitland and Mary the old order was changing, giving place to new. The winepresses of the Renaissance and the Reformation were preparing a new vintage, which the old bottles of Mediævalism could not possibly retain. To have approached his subject, therefore, as Mr. Skelton has done, was, it appears to us, an artistic mistake, if nothing more. The times on which he expends so much labour were not in touch with those in which his chief actors lived and moved. They do not supply any background to his picture, for the obvious reason that they do not naturally come within its scope, and will not by any amount of artifice be dragged in.

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Maitland on one occasion applied to Knox an unspeakably coarse epithet, which, as Burton remarks, 'modern taste excludes from print.' Mr. Skelton does not agree with this, for he quotes the indecent vulgarity made use of, not once, but three times.

Why Mr. Skelton should not himself have seen this may be accounted for by the circumstance that he pays little or no regard to the movements of Continental powers in the sixteenth century, or to the relations of Scotland with those powers. He has watched with some degree of minuteness the movements of parties in Scotland for the few years of Mary's reign, but he has watched them as one who watches through a prison-grating, and sees nothing beyond the few actors and events that move, with exaggerated importance, within the limited range of his vision. The Reformation in Scotland—impressive and imposing as it is to us, and as it was to those who fought and gained its battle—was, after all, but a skirmish between the outlying pickets of two great armies, whose field of battle was the continent of Europe, and the thunder of whose onset shook the world.

The spread of heresy in Scotland had from an early time in the reign of James V. formed a subject of keen political speculation on the Continent, and this, not because the Catholic European powers were especially anxious that the souls of Scotsmen should be saved in the right way, but because the domestic and matrimonial idiosyncrasies of Henry VIII., whose nephew James V. was, were likely in the near future to open up curious questions as to the English succession. France was therefore extremely desirous that, whatever happened, Scotland should belong to the old religion, and so maintain the ancient alliance between the two kingdoms. After the death of James V., and when his infant daughter became the possible heir of both the English and Scottish crowns, this interest in Scottish affairs was intensified both in England and on the Continent; so much so that every move in the political game which was being played in far-off Scotland excited as much concern in London and Paris and Madrid as it did at Edinburgh and Berwick.

Mr. Skelton's conception of the Reformation struggle having no perspective, the zeal of the Congregation for the New Evangel manifests itself to him as but a kind of local 'religious 'saturnalia.' The whole movement is, in effect, represented as arising out of the revolutionary doctrines of a few heretical priests, backed by a handful of unscrupulous and greedy nobles whose fingers were itching to seize upon the rich patrimony of the Church. It was not due to the spread and cumulative outcome of that spirit of inquiry which thirty years previously had sustained Patrick Hamilton through the ordeal of a fiery martyrdom. It was simply the unrighteous triumph of a self-satisfied, and, for the most part, hypocriti-

cal Puritanism, which throve by engendering political disaffection and by exciting religious animosity. John Knox was the head and front of this offending. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Skelton, 'John Knox was the Reformation.' And so satisfied is he with the profundity of this generalisation, that he repeats it on the same page. It would be no whit more absurd to say that Cromwell was the English Commonwealth, that Monk was the Restoration, that Mirabeau was the French, and Washington the American, Revolution.

It is not by sciolisms such as these that we can determine the causes which lie at the root of great historical movements. More especially is this the case with so complex a phenomenon as the Scottish Reformation. That Reformation cannot be regarded as a merely local movement, or even, in its far-reaching causes and effects, a merely national one. It was neither the result of Willock's preaching nor of Knox's stubborn zeal. It was not due to the instigation of any one man or of any one nation. It was the outcome of a spirit that had been moving in men all over Europe, and before which the doctrines of the mediæval Church were destined to fall. That Church had suffered the stream of truth to become frozen over with the thick ice of fixed creeds and forms; and so long as the ice held, men reared upon it temples of worship and palaces of pleasure, the living stream beneath being to them as if it were not. But far away among the hills of God the sources of that stream lay open to the eye of heaven, waiting for the coming spring of a new spiritual life. The New Era dawned at last, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the Church, on her thick-ribbed ice of centuries, was seized with sudden fear and trembling. With great destruction and a mighty noise, the frozen crust to which she had trusted herself so long was everywhere breaking up, unable to resist the pressure of that rising flood. The thrones of Europe were shaken to their foundations; the houses of kings and the shrines of saints fell shattered before it; and men, by thousands, lost their lives in a stern and hopeless resistance to its force.

The revolution in the minds of men, brought about by the New Light and the New Learning, was late in reaching Scotland, but when it did arrive it effected there a complete change, not only in the forms and doctrines of religion, but in the political relations of the country. The Protestantism of England and Scotland proved in the end the one indissoluble link binding them together, enabling the northern

and weaker country to shake itself free from troublesome and hazardous foreign alliances.

Maitland of Lethington lived and acted at the culminating point of the struggle between the old order of things and the new. We do not propose to discuss in detail all the strange vicissitudes of his career; that is not necessary. But Mr. Skelton has put into print two different and mutually destructive aspects of his character and policy, and we desire to see which of these aspects, or if either of them, is in accordance with the facts of history.

In the course of his defence of Mary Queen of Scots, printed in his '*Mary Stuart, and other Papers*,' Mr. Skelton has, as already mentioned, given us his earlier estimate of the Secretary. Lethington was, he says, one of the conspirators, if not the chief conspirator, for the murder of Darnley.

'The report of the Craigmillar Conference proves,' says Mr. Skelton, 'that early in winter the plot had assumed definite shape, and that it was adopted by Moray and Lethington as well as by Bothwell, Huntly, and Argyle.'—'It was a masterly stroke of policy to secure Darnley's death, and yet to throw the odium exclusively upon Bothwell and the queen. . . . The subtle wit of Lethington must have sketched at least the outline of the plot.'\*

Following upon this, Mr. Skelton puts into Lethington's mouth an imaginary speech in the King Cambyzes vein, which, while not worth quoting, serves to show the mean estimate he had then formed of Maitland. But it is when the question of the Casket Letters comes to be considered that the brand of utter infamy is put upon Maitland, for to him alone is attributed the forgery of these documents.

'It was not,' says Mr. Skelton, 'necessary that Moray should be a party to the deceit. The letters were prepared in his absence, and he had merely to believe what he was told. The master wit of Lethington was there to shape the plot—Lethington, with numberless scraps of the queen's handwriting in his possession, and with a divine or diabolic spark of genius in his nature, which might have made him, on a larger theatre, one of the leaders of mankind.'†

To so great a depth of rascality did Mr. Skelton, in 1876, think Maitland of Lethington capable of descending. Nor was this all. He regarded him as too base to repent at the last and make a clean breast of it, as the worst criminal might have done. 'That,' he says, 'would have been an

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\* *Mary Stuart, and other Papers* (ed. 1876), pp. 170, 176.

† *Ibid.* pp. 208-9.

‘act of really heroic self-sacrifice, and Lethington was not a ‘hero in any sense.’ \*

On turning from this to the picture which is now given of Lethington in the volumes before us, the contrast is almost bewildering. After these hard words, and harder suspicions, one can hardly quote Mr. Skelton’s later extravagant superlatives in praise of Maitland without a certain feeling of awkwardness. Here are a few of them:—

‘Than the young Scotsman who in his thirtieth year became a Minister of State, no keener critic of the follies and foibles of the world, of human nature in its strength and in its weakness, was then living.’ (Vol. i. p. 36.) ‘Maitland did not wear his heart on his sleeve; he delighted in the “mockage” which concealed his serious convictions; he had an immense contempt for exaggerated sentiment and fanatical excess. Yet no truer patriot was then living—no Scotsman who was prouder of Scotland. Not, if he could help it, should the long heroic struggle for freedom, for independence, prove fruitless at the last.’ (P. 172.) Again: ‘Maitland, if not a prophet, was a patriot to the core.’ (Vol. ii. p. 84.)

In discussing ‘whether the policy of Maitland or the policy ‘of Knox was most in harmony with the principles of the ‘Reformers,’ the decision is, of course, adverse to Knox. Maitland was also the leader of the moderate men who, ‘in ‘one sense’—though it is not explained in what sense—‘most truly represented the distinctive principles of the ‘revolution.’ The Church in Scotland, moreover, which survived the Reformation, was not the Church of Knox and Melville and Henderson, but ‘the Church of Maitland and ‘Spottiswoode,’ &c. ‘It is the impress of men like Maitland—not the impress of men like Knox—that has made ‘this nation what it is.’ And so on; we need not further heap up these extravagances. In the matter, however, of Maitland’s relations to Queen Mary, we may note that Mr. Skelton does not now charge him with unfaithfulness to her. ‘Buchanan took away Mary’s good name, Moray her crown; but Maitland, as I expect to be able to show, was never ungrateful to his liberal mistress. The relations between them were from first to last (with hardly a break) intimate and cordial.’ † ‘From the day of her return till the ‘day of his death, he remained her truest, her most ‘devoted, and her most serviceable minister.’ ‡

Thus we have the two pictures before us: Hyperion to a Satyr. It may be said at once that Mr. Skelton has not, in

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\* Mary Stuart, and other Papers, p. 254.

† Vol. ii. p. 7.

‡ Vol. i. p. 307.



our opinion, made good his later estimate of Maitland's character and policy. In his earlier picture, the dark suspicion of Lethington's having been the forger of the Casket Letters was not supported by a single line of evidence; in this later representation the lofty and consistent and patriotic character assigned to him is, as we hope to be able to prove, equally apocryphal.

It is in the pages of John Knox's 'History' that we find the earliest mention of Maitland. Knox returned to Scotland from his first exile in the autumn of 1555, and shortly afterwards met Maitland, whom he describes as 'a man of good learning, and of sharp wit and reasoning.' Maitland would then be about thirty years of age, and was evidently identifying himself to some extent with the party of the New Evangel; but he suddenly disappears out of their councils, and does not reappear publicly among the Reformers till four years later. His proceedings during those four years, with the circumstances under which he subsequently joined the Reformers, have an important bearing upon any estimate that may be formed of his character and policy.

Mary of Lorraine was regent. Previous to her accession to this dignity, she had conducted herself with great moderation, and had shown much vigour in assisting to settle the peace of the country; but her brothers of Guise, thinking more of their own ambitious projects than of the welfare of Scotland, prompted her to make several false moves. This brought her into sharp contact with the Protestant party among her subjects. So early as December 1557 a bond or covenant had been drawn up which united the Reformers together. Supplications, at first moderate in tone, and professing the utmost loyalty to herself and to the Government, were addressed to the queen regent. These she either evaded or refused to listen to; and the relations between her and the Protestants became daily more strained, and more marked by asperity both on their side and on hers. At length she appealed to France, and an army and fleet were sent over to her assistance. The Lords of the Congregation also flew to arms, and the country was soon in open rebellion.

It was during the heat and tumult of these contending factions that Maitland of Lethington, in the end of 1558, was appointed by the queen regent her Secretary of State. This was a high tribute to his ability, and the best proof of the confidence his mistress reposed in him. The fact, also, that he succeeded to an office which had been filled by a Catholic bishop, whose recent death had rendered it vacant,

affords a significant indication that, whatever may have been Maitland's reforming tendencies three years previously, he had either now abandoned them or kept them studiously hid. Mr. Skelton represents him through all this as being Protestant, but his Protestantism is extremely doubtful.

Previous to his appointment as Secretary, Maitland had held some office about the Court, and had passed on one or two embassies to London and Paris.

'During all these years,' says Mr. Skelton, 'Maitland seems to have taken little if any part in the domestic controversies of the time. Some of the polemical papers issued by the Government were probably drawn by him, but his name does not appear. . . . Knox was very wroth when the queen was appointed regent. . . . For Lethington, however, the large and magnanimous nature of Mary of Lorraine must have had a powerful attraction; and the political opinions which she held were in harmony with his own.' (Vol. i. pp. 213-14.)

The autumn of 1559 saw a good deal of fighting between the belligerents; the regent was shut up in Leith with her French troops, and there besieged by the army of the Congregation. Maitland in the end of October quitted Leith and joined the Reformers.

'The growing exasperation of the contending factions,' says Mr. Skelton, 'increased the difficulties of Maitland's position. The regent, who had been forced, much against her inclination, to become a partisan, was now surrounded by French soldiers and Romish priests. A Protestant Secretary of State in such society was an anomaly, if not a scandal. Maitland was sincerely attached to the queen, and he was naturally unwilling to quit her service. She was ill and in peril; shut up within the walls of Leith, and exposed to all the miseries of a siege. We do not know much of the circumstances which at last forced him to withdraw. Knox says that he came over to the Lords a few days before All Hallow Even; and some time in September he had intimated to Sir James Croft that his departure was imminent. He had probably waited on in the hope that some reasonable terms of accord might be devised; and it was only when the annoyances to which he was exposed became intolerable that he left.' (Vol. i. pp. 221-2.)

The whole of this apology for Maitland is singularly baseless and inept. The 'anomalies' of his position, and his 'annoyances,' if they existed at all—for they appear to be solely the creation of Mr. Skelton's imagination—were, if we assume that he was a Protestant, attributable to no one but himself. Things had long before gone beyond the point of compromise on either side. For six months there had existed, on the question of religion, an armed rebellion in the country. By October the regent and her French

auxiliaries had shut themselves up in the town of Leith—Lethington shutting himself up with her—and were there kept in a state of siege by the forces of the Congregation. If we remember this, and that Lethington, as the regent's secretary, must have drawn the various proclamations which she directed against the 'rebels,' and been cognisant of all her feelings and actions in each emergency as it arose, it is impossible to regard his service to her as sincere, and at the same time to regard him as in any high sense a Reformer. And if, after all, he was a Reformer, working secretly, then it was pity the regent should have had a traitor at her council board..

'Apart, however,' says Mr. Skelton, 'from the irksomeness of life in a beleaguered city, among unfriendly and hostile critics, it is easy to understand why Maitland, as a moderate Reformer, should have been anxious to regain his liberty of action. The fanatical spirit which had taken possession of the Congregation made him uneasy. The leaders were losing control of their followers,' &c. (Vol. i. p. 223.)

This is simply bleating about Maitland. He was a responsible member of the regent's Government—what would be called a Cabinet Minister nowadays—and why should he have distressed himself because his mistress's enemies, and presumably his own, were blundering in their tactics? What would be said to-day were we told that the Chief Secretary of Ireland was much disquieted in mind because Mr. Parnell's party were acting in the very way by which they were likely to defeat their own ends?—or that Mr. Goschen was greatly cast down because the Gladstonian leaders were 'losing control of their followers'? It would but be regarded as a sorry jest. 'This way lies not honesty.'

But to continue the description of Maitland's anxiety about the self-destructive policy of his mistress's enemies:—

'The leaders were losing control of their followers. Anarchical forces, which threatened the very foundations of society, had been recklessly liberated. The religious saturnalia which followed was alienating the prudent and frightening the timid. Maitland had by this time perceived, with his intuitive and unfailing sagacity, that the enterprise of the Reformers could not be successfully prosecuted without the help of Elizabeth; and the help of Elizabeth was not to be had on such terms.' (Vol. i. p. 223.)

This, then, is the great mission of the regent's Secretary, Maitland, to the regent's enemies, the Protestants. 'You have hitherto acted blindly,' he says to them. 'I am the regent's Secretary of State, bound by my oath of fidelity—and my pay—to help her to beat you. I cannot afford to

'come over to you, as yet; but, with my "intuitive and un-  
' "failing sagacity," I perceive how you may beat *us*. Go  
' to Elizabeth. Make terms with her. You never, of  
' course, thought of this before; but, believe me, that's your  
' winning card.'

Mr. Skelton here thrusts his hero, quite superfluously, into a sufficiently ludicrous position. The Reformers did not require to wait till October 1559 for this advice, nor did they require Maitland to suggest it to them. As a matter of fact, they were at that very moment carrying on the siege of Leith with the help of Elizabeth's gold, and were in constant and confidential correspondence, as they had been for months before, with herself and her secretary, Cecil. Knox, indeed, and not Maitland, appears to have been the prime mover in the direction of soliciting Elizabeth's help.\* In the beginning of September her representatives at Berwick sent the Lords of the Congregation 2,000*l.*; and on the fifth of the following month the queen herself writes to Sir Ralph Sadler at Berwick, intimating a further sum of 3,000*l.*, to be applied secretly, and at his discretion, to the same purpose.† Five thousand pounds in those days was no trifling sum; and Cecil, had it been in his power, would have given other help than what was merely pecuniary.

But Elizabeth's hands were to some extent tied. That is, she could not act in Scotland without taking into consideration her relations with France and Spain. So recently as the end of May she had been a party to the treaty between these two powers signed at Cateau-Cambresis, a separate treaty of peace having at the same time been entered into between England and Scotland. It was true that France had sent troops to assist the queen regent; but in that case the French were supporting the constituted authority of the country. Whereas, had Elizabeth interfered openly, she would have placed herself in the position of aiding and abetting rebellion. Hence her caution and secrecy.

In what we have just quoted from Mr. Skelton as to the necessity of the Congregation obtaining England's help, it would seem as if he regarded the advantages of such a union to be wholly on the side of the Scottish Protestants. This is a mistaken view of the political situation. It was vastly more important for Elizabeth that she should have a strong party in Scotland opposed to the French interest, than for the Congregation to have her help. Both she and Cecil

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Calendar of State Papers, Scotland, vol. i. pp. 109, 112, 113.

† Sadler's 'State Papers,' vol. i. pp. 434-5, 480 *et seq.*

understood this thoroughly. In the very first letter which the latter wrote on the subject he made this clear.\* So eager, indeed, was Cecil to encourage the Congregation to look to England for assistance, that, four days later, he writes to Sir James Croft, Elizabeth's representative at Berwick, urging him to lose no opportunity of assuring the Scottish Protestants of his friendship.

'In any wise,' he says, 'endeavour to kindle the fire; for if it should quench, the opportunity thereof will not arrive in our lives: and that which the Protestants mean to do should be done with all speed; for it will be too late when the French power cometh.' †

It is unnecessary to accumulate proof on this point. Enough has been said to enable the reader to judge how little Maitland can be regarded as the originator of the vital conception of union with England.

So far, the tendency of the evidence we have adduced may be said to affect mainly the intellectual side of Maitland, and to lower somewhat the pretensions which Mr. Skelton puts forward for him as a leader in the Scottish Reformation. The more important question remains as to his moral attitude—towards the queen regent on the one hand, and the Reformers on the other. Mr. Skelton disposes of the question in a couple of sentences.

'Modern historians,' he says, 'have been rather inclined to suggest that Maitland deserted and betrayed the queen. It is not in this light, however, that his conduct was regarded by earlier writers, *who were better acquainted with the circumstances than we can be.*' (Vol. i. p. 222.)

The clause we have italicised forms a curious commentary upon what we have already quoted from Mr. Skelton as to the 'unreasoning reverence' with which it has been too much the custom to regard 'original authorities.' Here he elevates the 'earlier writers' to a place of supereminence in words that might have come from the lips of Dolly Winthrop in one of her moods of philosophic resignation. Nor is it quite accurate to say that none of the earlier writers accuse Maitland of betraying his mistress, for we have already seen that Buchanan, in his 'Chamæleon,' warns Queen Mary not to trust a man 'that has been (as she knows) *sae oftentime* 'traitor to her mother.' Putting, therefore, Mr. Skelton's book aside for the moment, let us cite some facts with which he has not thought it necessary to burden his pages.

\* Calendar of State Papers, Scotland, July 4, 1559, vol. i. p. 112.

† Scotch MSS., Rolls House, July 8, 1559. Quoted by Mr. Froude, 'Histoggy,' vol. vii. p. 121.

In the first place we may say that, looking at Maitland's career from beginning to end, there is ample evidence for holding that, with his undoubtedly great abilities, he was not a man of strong or deep convictions, or of much bravery in upholding such convictions as he had. He was too cunning to be courageous. He was always waiting to see which side was likely to win. At the same time he never omitted an opportunity of making and keeping open a loophole for escape on either side. A useful type of character for some purposes, but not a lofty one.

His line of conduct is well illustrated by his behaviour towards the queen regent. For long the die spun doubtful. He might have quitted her service sooner but for the prospect of the French troops. On the other hand, events were working rapidly in favour of the Protestants. All the practical strength and intellect of the country was massed against the regent. On October 22 the Lords of the Congregation pronounced the deposition of Mary of Lorraine as regent; and before the end of the month Maitland had made his escape out of Leith. The strength was clearly with the regent's opponents; it was time, therefore, he should join them.

These presumptions against Maitland could hardly be regarded as conclusive were there not available some positive proof besides. But this there is.

Let us bear in mind what Mr. Skelton has already told us, that 'for Lethington the large and magnanimous nature of Mary of Lorraine must have had a powerful attraction; that the political opinions which she held were in harmony with his own; that he was sincerely attached to the queen, and was naturally unwilling to quit her service.' Then let us read the following extract from a letter to Cecil, written by the English representatives at Berwick on September 16—eight days after they had forwarded the first 2,000*l.* of English gold to assist the Congregation:—

'And likewise I, Sir James Croft, received commendation this morning from the young laird of Lethington, secretary to the regent, desiring me to have no less good opinion than heretofore I have conceived of him, offering also his service to the Queen's Majesty [Elizabeth] in anything that he can do. And further, sent me word that he attended upon the regent in her court no longer than till he might have a good occasion to revolt unto the Protestants.' \*

This is a very good beginning for the man for whom 'the

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\* Sadler's 'State Papers,' vol. i. pp. 450-51.

‘large and magnanimous nature’ of his royal mistress had so powerful an attraction—a mistress whose political opinions, moreover, were ‘in harmony with his own.’ But Maitland is beginning to see that he must prepare a refuge somewhere; and how can one do better than go to headquarters at once? But this is not all.

When Elizabeth gave money to anyone, she liked to know what was being done with it. She had sent 2,000*l.* into Scotland, and might send more; but though she had two capable representatives, Sir Ralph Sadler and Sir James Croft, at Berwick, they were not quite near enough to the seat of operations to satisfy her. She could not, however, openly send an ambassador to the camp of the rebels in Scotland, as that might commit her too far. But a way was found out of the difficulty. When she sent Arran down to Scotland in the beginning of September, he had with him one Thomas Randall or Randolph, the same who lived to be the English ambassador in Edinburgh in after-years, and whose clever gossip about the Court of Mary Queen of Scots has since been well wrangled over. Arran, when he quitted the English border, left Randolph behind at Berwick, but as soon as he arrived at Hamilton he sent back a messenger desiring Randolph to join him there. This suited well. Elizabeth thus got one of her own emissaries, an able and noted intriguer, planted in the very heart of the Congregation—not, be it observed, as the ambassador of the English Court, but as a friend of the Earl of Arran. The French could say nothing against this. Her representatives at Berwick, also, are careful to inform Cecil that at Randolph’s departure on September 17 they had given him a cipher, ‘to the intent that he might write the more safely.’ This business, then, has been cleverly accomplished.

But what might happen to Randolph now that he is there? What if the queen-regent’s energetic and devoted Secretary of State, of whom we have just been told that ‘no truer patriot was then living’—what if he should come upon this English spy poking himself into places where he had no right to be? Hang him? Oh, no. On the contrary, Randolph has not been many weeks in the country before he and Maitland have struck up a warm friendship. Randolph, writing from Hamilton on October 12 to the English representatives at Berwick, says:—

‘The resort hither of gentlemen is great, and letters daily full of fair promises, whereof I have the copy of as many as will serve to any purpose, which I will bring with me at my coming, which I think

will be within ten days, and *bring with me the laird of Lethington secretly in post.* \*

This information is, on the 14th, communicated from Berwick to Cecil. It opens up the matter a little further.

'By the same you shall perceive, amongst other things, that within ten days the Laird of Lethington and he [Randolph] will repair hither secretly in post; but for what purpose, or whether he will be directed to the Queen's Majesty with any letters or commission from the Duke [Chastelherault] and other the Lords of the Congregation, we cannot tell.' †

Cecil, who replies on the 20th, is not much gratified by the intelligence of Maitland's visit. The Archduke of Austria was on his way to ask Elizabeth's hand in marriage, 'the King of Spain being earnest for him.' If he succeeded, France would be more the enemy of England than ever. Cecil therefore wrote, saying that if Lethington's mission was to London, 'there must be great secrecy used, for 'surely here is to good spyal for the French.' ‡

Following upon this we have the worst bit of news yet sent, so far as these items bear upon Maitland's character. On October 22, Randolph sends another letter to Berwick.

'It may please you to know that I am yet uncertain when I shall come, or who in my company. For Lethington is gone with the regent to Leith, *advised thereunto for some good purpose*, as it is said. It was intended that he should have gone to the Queen's Majesty, *which purpose doth yet remain*. His message shall be to offer the Queen's Majesty the will and desire of the nobles, to join with her Majesty in amity, with *request also of her aid.*' §

This extract makes it plain beyond any manner of doubt that Maitland, while still retaining his place at the council table of the queen regent, was betraying her to her enemies, and was on the most close and intimate terms with them. But the most damning circumstance of all is the fact that, after engaging himself to go to London as the secret agent of these enemies, he interrupts his preparations—postponing, but not abandoning, his hostile mission—and, as of old, accompanies his mistress the queen regent—being 'advised thereunto for some good purpose'—to the last refuge now left her, in the fortress of Leith. In what capacity? Officially, as her confidential friend and adviser; actually, as a traitor and a spy. The fact admits of no other interpretation.

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\* Sadler's 'State Papers,' vol. i. pp. 492, 498.

† Ibid. p. 503.

‡ Ibid. p. 507.

§ Ibid. p. 509.



There were doubtless dishonourable and unscrupulous men in the councils of the Protestants, as there are in every collection of human beings; and these, finding it useful still to have accurate information as to what was being done on 'the other side of the hill,' seem to have thought it well that Maitland should continue to act as he had been acting for at least the previous two months. And he—the man who, 'if not a prophet, was a patriot to the core'—of whom it has just been said, with grotesque exaggeration, that it is 'the impress of men like him, not the impress of men like Knox, that has made our nation what it is'—this man lends himself to their base and nefarious purposes. A single spark of chivalry, had he possessed it, would have saved him from perpetrating this final and degrading act of meanness: for the queen-regent, who had long been afflicted with a slow and painful disease, was now baited by her enemies on every side, the victim of a state of public feeling which she never perhaps quite understood, dragging out in suffering and calumny the last feeble months of her life. No one ever will be able to make a hero out of a man like this. Every Columbus has his Espinosa; the queen regent's was Maitland.

When Lethington did steal out of Leith for good and all, he had been forced to it. Certain Sorbonne doctors whom he had refuted in debate stirred up the French soldiers to kill him. So ran what is apparently his own story. At all events, the evidence we have adduced goes to support what a 'modern historian' has said of the Secretary's proceedings during this crisis, that Maitland, 'although he openly adhered to the queen, betrayed her councils and most private affairs to her enemies.'\* Upon the fact that that evidence finds no place in Mr. Skelton's pages, we make no comment.

We have entered thus minutely into the early public life of Lethington, as the result so obtained gives us the key to his conduct at every subsequent crisis in his career.

But now that events had decided for him, and openly leagued him with the party of the Protestants, it must be

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\* Tytler's 'History of Scotland,' vol. vi. p. 143. Buchanan, in his 'Chamæleon,' also says of Maitland: 'Being of auld suspectit, soon perceivit, and in danger to be taken red hand and punished after his merits, he fled out of Leith, and coverit himself with the cloak of religion sae lang as it could serve, but never sae close but he keepit ane refuge to some sanctuary of the Papists, gif the Court had changeit.'

admitted that the Reformers had received an extremely serviceable instrument. However we may judge of the man's character, there was no question as to his ability. And he had precisely that kind of ability of which the Reformers at the moment stood most in need. They were in want of some one with the experience and faculties of a diplomatist, and these they found in Maitland. Knox had hitherto been conducting affairs with Cecil by letters, and by conferences with Cecil's representatives; but Queen Elizabeth's dislike for the Reformer was so intense that Cecil was fain to keep his letters out of her sight. Knox, moreover, was of too hot and despotic a temperament to be successful in the adjustment of affairs as to which the opinions of others might not quite coincide with his own. The Lord James—as the Prior of St. Andrews is generally at this time called—was, on the other hand, of too much importance in the camp of the Reformers to be spared for distant negotiations; and the other leaders of the party were in no way qualified for the difficult and delicate task of fighting Cecil with his own weapons. Besides, the Reformers were before long to discover that the untrained recruits, of which the army mainly consisted, were no match for the experienced French soldiers who held Leith for the regent; and that, if the Protestant cause were to be triumphant in Scotland, they must get something more than money from Elizabeth. She must send them troops and ships. Fortunately for the Reformers, Elizabeth began to see the conflict in the same light as they did. It was very well for her to stand aloof on the plea of being unable openly to support rebels; but in the meantime more Frenchmen might be drafted into the country, and the triumph of the French in Scotland would mean a standing menace to herself, to her kingdom, and to her religion. The embassy, therefore, on which Maitland went to London before the close of the year was successful in its main results, for Elizabeth shortly afterwards sent not only money, but an army and a fleet, to assist the Reformers.

We need not go into detail as to the politics of this period; it is sufficient to note that, even with the help of the English, the Scottish Reformers were unable to drive the French out of Leith. But—fortunately, perhaps, for the Protestants—the queen regent, now near her end, began to regret the war upon which she had entered with her own subjects, and was extremely anxious that such terms might be made as would lead to the country being evacuated by both the French and the English troops. The French also

were wearying of the war, and Elizabeth had only been driven to take part in it by the necessities of the situation; hence it was well for all parties when Commissioners from France and England met at Edinburgh in June 1560, and a peace was adjusted between the three nations. It was especially well for the Reformers, for it left them masters of the situation in Scotland, and assured the safety and permanence of the Protestant religion.

In the meantime, Mary of Lorraine had died in Edinburgh Castle. Before the end of the year the weak and ailing king of France was likewise to die, and Mary Stuart be left a young widow of eighteen, beautiful and engaging, with a future before her full of possibilities of good, and, alas! also of evil. She was Queen of Scotland, and had expressed her desire to quit France and take up her abode among her own people. What, at first sight, could be more natural and more desirable? The Lords of the Congregation themselves acquiesced; not only so, they proposed to send the Lord James, Mary's half-brother, to France to invite her to return to her native kingdom and throne. The Lord James agreed to go; but it is obvious that neither he nor his satellite, Lethington, quite liked the idea of Mary's return. They both knew the importance to Scotland of a close and friendly understanding with England; as for this young queen, who was a Roman Catholic, and had been trained up to serve the ambitious aspirations of the Guises, how was anyone to know into what wild projects the Guisian influence might compel her? Lethington had little regard for the Protestant religion except as an important piece in the game of nations that was being played; but Protestantism, he knew as well as the Lord James did, was the link that now held Scotland and England together. The Lord James went on his mission, taking, however, London by the way, so that he might have benefit of a conference with Elizabeth and Cecil. The ministers of the Kirk had reminded him before leaving that it was now death by the law of Scotland for anyone to hear mass, and adjured him to let Mary understand that if she came she must conform to the religion of the kingdom. The Lord James, with characteristic courage, told them that, while he would be the last to consent to have mass once more performed in public, he was not going to overrule the conscience of the queen so far as to prevent her from worshipping God in her own way in private. To Knox and his party of Irreconcilables this expression of opinion must

have appeared fraught with much trouble to them and theirs in the future. To another man also—and he not of Knox's way of thinking—it foreboded evil. This was Maitland of Lethington. He had not the courage to speak out his mind as the Lord James had done, but he proceeded to meet the impending storm after the manner of his kind.

Mr. Skelton has here many pages of high-strung sentiment, of a prospective nature, over the wonderful manner in which Mary and Maitland would be found to suit each other, both in their mental and moral qualities; 'they were 'in character and temperament children of the Renaissance;' they 'belonged to the new world;' 'they represented the modern spirit;' Mary knew she could not succeed 'if the leader of the moderate party'—who, of course, was Maitland—'was hostile; hence the importance which she 'attached to Maitland's decision.'

There is the ring of genuine feeling, of a high and magnanimous nature,' Mr. Skelton goes on to say, 'in the letter which she addressed to Maitland on the eve of her return. She would gladly employ him in her service, for she had no doubt of his goodwill. She understood the scruples which he felt; he had been the diplomatic chief of the disaffected lords; he had been in correspondence with England and with Elizabeth. But she had forgiven all past offences, and for the future she would entirely trust him. She had always appreciated his wisdom and sagacity, and she was now confident of his affection and fidelity. Hereafter they would deal openly with each other. He was not to fear what gossips and talebearers might say; such creatures had no credit with her. She did not listen to calumny; she judged her ministers by their actions, and by their zeal and faithfulness in her service.' (Vol. i. pp. 307–8.)

We are unable to regard this as the letter which Mary wrote to Maitland on June 29, 1561. Mr. Skelton's footnote reference is simply the date, and 'from Paris (French);' but the curious will find it printed in full, in the original French, in the sixth volume of Tytler's '*History of Scotland*,' pp. 399–400. Readers who have only Mr. Skelton's version of the letter would naturally suppose that it was a spontaneous effusion on the part of the queen, due to the mysterious kinship of soul which he describes as already springing up between her and Maitland; whereas it was only one in a series of letters. The fact seems to have been that, after the Lord James's departure, Lethington had come to the conclusion that it would not be amiss if he were to do a little business with the absent queen on his own account—in short, to make an open door for himself. He knew he would be evil spoken of to her, both before and after her

coming ; he knew how he had betrayed her mother ; and so he had thought it expedient, in the Scots phrase, to ‘ take the ‘ first word of flyting.’ Mary’s letter is really a reply to one of his. She begins by acknowledging receipt of his letter of the 10th of the same month ; and goes on to say that, while employed in her service, and well treated according to the goodwill he professed to bear her, he must have no fear of calumniators and talebearers, ‘ for they will never have a ‘ good reception with me. I look to the issues before putting faith in all that is told me.’ As to the scruple which might arise from the acquaintance which he had with England, he could easily mend that by ceasing to maintain that acquaintance. And although he had been the instrument and principal negotiator of all the ‘ practiques ’ which her nobles had had with England, she desires him to remember, as she had written him before, that she had already forgiven all past offences, and trusts he will employ himself in future in undoing what he had done. Then she adds—what she must have known would go straight home to the faint heart of Maitland : ‘ Moreover, I do not wish to conceal from you, ‘ that if anything goes wrong now, after my trusting you, ‘ *you are the man whom I shall fix on first.*’

What follows is unimportant ; but it is obvious at a glance that the real import of the letter is very different from that contained in Mr. Skelton’s version. It is not a vague, measureless expression of goodwill and friendship, nor does it seem to be infused with feeling ‘ of a high and magnanimous nature.’ It is a forcible business-like document, in which Mary gives Maitland plainly to understand, that if he is going to abandon his former practices and be faithful to her, she will reciprocate the friendship ; but if not, then let him look to himself. Mary Stuart was not the simple boarding-school miss of the Mariolaters ; she was a woman, the ‘ daughter of a hundred kings,’ with the tiger strain of the Guises in her blood.

Mary, long afterwards, described Maitland as ‘ a man who ‘ always liked to have two strings to his bow.’ \* We have seen what at this time the one string consisted of—his endeavours by private intercession for himself to conciliate the absent queen. The other was—to join with the leading Reformers, who, on the score of their religion and their good understanding with England, were now more than ever apprehensive of the home-coming of Mary, and were secretly endeavouring to

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\* Mary’s Narrative, as told by Nau, p. 58.

get Elizabeth to intercept her. Randolph, writing from Scotland on August 9, tells Cecil that the Lord James, Morton, and Lethington 'wish, as your Honour doth, that she might 'be stayed for a space,' and goes on to declare that, but for their obedience' sake, some of these lords 'care not though 'they never saw her face.' 'This,' comments Mr. Skelton, 'is scarcely a fair representation of Maitland's view, which, 'upon the whole, was that of a 'patriot and a statesman.'\* Let us look at the evidence.

We have seen the one half of what this patriot and statesman was doing at midsummer—so ready was he then to lay himself body and soul at his sovereign's feet. The day following that on which Randolph wrote as above to Cecil, Maitland also sent a long and wriggling epistle to that minister. He lets him know that they in Scotland had learned that Elizabeth had refused Mary a passport through her kingdom, and had also prevented her ambassador, D'Oysel, from coming farther north than London.

'Since our returning [from the north of Scotland],' he says to Cecil, 'I have understood the stay of Mons. D'Oysel, and judge that you have wisely foreseen the inconveniences that might have followed upon his coming hither. I do also allow your opinion anent the queen our sovereign's journey towards Scotland, whose coming hither, if she be enemy to the religion, and so affected towards the realm as she yet appeareth, shall not fail to raise wonderful tragedies.' . . . 'Although I do chiefly respect the common cause and public state,' continues this patriot, 'yet doth my own private not a little move me to be careful in this behalf. . . . I know by my very friends in France that she hath conceived such an opinion of my affection towards England that it killeth all the means I can have to enter in any favour,' &c. But to the point: 'For my opinion anent the continuance of amity betwixt these two realms, there is no danger of breach so long as the queen is absent.'†

Five days afterwards he again writes to Cecil, and this time apparently in a state of panic. A messenger has arrived from France, bringing letters to many of the nobles—not improbably (for we shall find Maitland immediately quoting from it) that letter, among others, in which a certain royal lady had told him, that if things went wrong, now that she had trusted him, 'you are the man whom I 'shall fix on first.' The queen, he informs Cecil, is taking her journey in two galleys only, 'and if two galleys may 'quietly pass, I wish the passport had been liberally granted.'

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\* Vol. i. p. 308.

† Keith's 'Church and State,' vol. iii. App. iii. pp. 211-16.

What does this mean? Simply, that if Elizabeth is not able to intercept 'two galleys,' it had been better not to attempt it at all. 'To what purpose,' he adds, 'should you open your pack, and sell none of your wares?' Being a patriot too, he is more than ever afraid for his own skin.

'My wit is not sufficient to give advice in so dangerous a cast, but I mean well. God maintain his cause, and those that mean uprightly. I pray you send me your advice what is best to be done, as well in the common cause, as in my particular, who am taken to be a chief meddler and principal negotiator of all the practiques with that realm [England]. Though I be not in greatest place, yet is not my danger least, specially when she shall come home,' &c.\*

Let us drop the curtain on him. It is not a desirable sight, this patriot in his ague of ignoble fear.†

While Lethington sits shivering over his anticipations of what might befall him as the result of his second notable attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, Mary Stuart is on the North Sea, shrouded by a friendly mist, Elizabeth's cruisers seeking her in vain. On August 19 she was safe in the port of Leith. At this point Mr. Skelton suddenly breaks his narrative.

'The Minister of Mary Stuart'—so he already denominates Maitland—'was now in his thirty-third year, a man comparatively youthful, yet with a most varied experience; and some more complete estimate of his personal qualities, of his striking individuality, than I have yet been able to give, may here be attempted.' (Vol. i. p. 315.)

And then follows what upon the whole cannot be characterised as other than an extravagant panegyric, which extends over no fewer than twenty-one pages. It is based, of course, upon the character of Maitland as it exhibits itself to his panegyrist during the first seven years of the Secretary's public career; Mr. Skelton's account of which seven years is, in turn, based upon what we believe, and have endeavoured to prove, to be an entirely false appreciation of the facts of Maitland's life during that important period. In these

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\* Tytler's 'History,' vol. vi. p. 401.

† In this matter also Buchanan is supported by existing evidence when he writes in the 'Chameleon,' 'How far before the coming home of the Queen, he [Maitland] was contrary to all her actions and favourable to her adversaries, and inclined to her deprivation, it is not only known both in England and Scotland by sic as mellit [had to do] then with the affairs of the State in both the realms.' Mr. Skelton speaks disparagingly of the 'Chameleon' as a 'coarse daub.' This may or may not be so; but at any rate the 'daub' has the merit of being able to bear some historical test.

circumstances it will not be expected that we should attempt any analysis of this gratuitous encomium; for to do so would only be to repeat ourselves, seeing that we have already gone over the evidence and found that the supposed high type of character here claimed for Maitland is not, in our opinion, supported—is, in truth, directly contradicted—by the ascertained facts of his career. The man, in short, who is described in these twenty-one pages of eulogy, is not the Maitland of historic fact, but the Maitland of Mr. Skelton's fancy.

The same difficulty faces us as we proceed. Having deified Maitland in the first volume, Mr. Skelton expects us to regard him as a man of godlike mind and mien all through the second. With readers who know the facts of Maitland's career, this is simply impossible. Hence it is unnecessary to follow Mr. Skelton closely through the succeeding period. In the chapter, 'Maitland and Cecil,' we have an account of the great event of the first four years of Mary's reign, the negotiations for her marriage; but Mr. Skelton has failed to make himself familiar with the complicated politics of this period, events and dates being jumbled together in a way that is extremely confusing. And here we must defend Maitland against his eulogist, who seeks, unintentionally no doubt, to deprive Lethington of the merit of almost the only straightforward act that we are able to recognise in his whole public life.

'The ecclesiastical policy which Maitland pursued may,' says Mr. Skelton, 'be defined in a sentence. He was strenuously opposed to whatever would render a religious peace between England and Scotland, between Elizabeth and Mary, difficult or impracticable.' (Vol. ii. p. 14.)

This definition would not bear close scrutiny; but it is enough to say that when in London in the spring of 1563, Maitland there spoke very favourably of the proposal for Mary's marriage with Charles, son of Philip of Spain. The Bishop of Aquila sent to Philip an account of his interview with Maitland.

'When the bishop objected that the Scots might oppose it [the marriage] on the ground of religion, the Secretary admitted that the nobility of Scotland were generally Protestant; but they were devoted to the queen, and would be content that she should marry a Catholic if it was for the interests of the realm. Means could be found to work upon them.' \*

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\* Froude, vii. 497 *et seq.* Mr. Skelton has got into some confusion as to the above interview. Cf. pp. 98 and 134, vol. ii.



A Spanish marriage was the hope of Mary, the hope of the English and Scottish Catholics, and the dread of Elizabeth and the Protestants; yet Maitland's attitude towards it hardly looks like that of a man 'strenuously opposed to whatever would render a religious peace between England and Scotland, between Elizabeth and Mary, difficult or impracticable.' But this may pass. What we wish to point out is, that by the time the marriage of Mary with Lord Darnley—who, next to Charles of Spain, was the hope of the English Catholics—was proposed, Maitland had come to think better of his duty, and was not favourable to that proposal, and even risked offending Mary, and did offend her, by his opposition to it. Yet Mr. Skelton says that Lethington, from the summer of 1564, 'if I am not mistaken, favoured Darnley's suit.'\* This is a singular opinion to express in the face of well-known facts. So late as May of the following year Maitland was in London, and when he heard that in his absence the Queen of Scots had announced her intention to marry Darnley, he at once set out for Scotland. On the way he received from Mary a letter full of promises and blandishments, desiring him to proceed to Elizabeth and announce her purpose of marriage with Darnley. Throgmorton, who was travelling to Scotland with him, writes:—

'I never saw Lethington in such perplexity and passion. I could not have believed he could have been so moved. He wishes I had brought with me authority to declare war if the Queen of Scots persist, as the last refuge to stay her from this unadvised act.†

Maitland did not turn back, as the queen had commanded, but after a few hours' natural hesitation resolved to pursue his journey towards Scotland. Mr. Skelton evidently fails to perceive that, by representing the Secretary as being for a year before this time favourable to Darnley's suit, and so assisting the intrigues of the Catholics, he is absolutely disproving his own definition of Maitland's 'ecclesiastical policy.'

To follow Mr. Skelton through the subsequent chapters of this volume would involve a consideration of the whole question of the guilt or innocence of Mary in her husband's murder—a question which we have no desire to enter upon. Mr. Skelton, it may be said in passing, seeks to prove, although, as we think, with indifferent success, that Lethington shared neither in the conspiracy for the death of Rizzio, nor

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\* Vol. ii. p. 134.

† Froude, viii. 153. Burton's 'History of Scotland,' iv. 115–116.

in that for the 'taking off' of Darnley.\* The Secretary, who had on the occasion of the queen's marriage with Darnley lost countenance with her, was, after the birth of her son, restored to favour. He had long been a conspicuous figure about the Court—now fighting with Knox, and now cajoling the Catholics; for the most part, as Burton puts it, 'trimming 'between the Court and the Congregation.' He had, on the whole, during those five years, served the queen with much faithfulness and with undoubted ability. She had rewarded him profusely for his services, and so long as she was prosperous he stood by her side. But when the hour of adversity came to her, as it had come to her mother, then William Maitland bethought him of his old policy, and put it in practice. On that terrible night after Carberry Hill, when the queen was led into Edinburgh amid the howls and execrations of the enraged populace, and thrust into the provost's lodging in the High Street, with the picture of her husband's dead body flaunted before her eyes, and pitiless tormentors of her own sex assailing her with the most infamous epithet that can be applied to woman—on that occasion, surely it might have been expected that she would receive some kindness at the hands of the man who has been described to us as, to the end of his days, 'her trustiest, 'her most devoted, and her most serviceable minister.' She had need of such kindness; for, left to spend the night without one woman attendant, she was almost frantic with wretchedness and despair, so that 'nae man could look 'upon her but she movit him to pity and compassion.' Yet listen to her story of that fearful time, as Mary, years afterwards, must herself have told it to her secretary, Nau:—

'About eight or nine o'clock next morning, as the queen was looking out of the window of her chamber, she saw Lethington pass, on his way to the council of the lords. She called him several times by his name in a piteous voice, and through her tears. She reminded him of the obligations under which he lay to her, and of the many favours and kindnesses she had conferred upon him; in return for

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\* In Mr. Skelton's account of these and subsequent events we observe a good many errors of fact. One of these is curious—the more so that it is transferred, for fighting purposes, from his former defence of Queen Mary into his present. In vol. ii. p. 187, speaking of Mary's relations with Bothwell, he says: 'His [Bothwell's] contemporaries 'allege that he was ill-favoured, if not positively ugly; and, *at any rate*, 'he was old enough to be her father.' Bothwell's parents were married in 1535; he was born in 1536 or 1537; Mary was born in 1542; so that there were actually only six years or so between their ages.

which she asked him for nothing more than that he would come and speak with her. Lethington drew down his hat, and made as though he had neither seen nor heard her Majesty. . . . Lethington came in the course of the evening to pay her Majesty a visit, led partly by the advice of his friends, and partly because the report of his great ingratitude had been circulated through the whole town. Such was his internal shame and fear that so long as he was speaking to her he did not once dare to raise his eyes and look her in the face.\*

'Maitland was one of the governing minds of the age in 'which he lived'—so we read in the twenty-one pages of eulogy. Mary Stuart's picture of this 'governing mind' is not elevating.. Let us hear her further:—

' . . . The conversation between them now glided from one point to another. The queen saw that Lethington's object was to play the part of one who is misunderstood, and to support the actions of the nobility; she felt herself compelled, therefore, to speak to him plainly. . . . She threatened Lethington that if he continued to act in conjunction with these noblemen, and plot along with them, she, who until now had supported and preserved him, would publish in the end *what Bothwell had told her about his doings*. Seeing himself thus detected, Lethington became exceedingly angry. He went so far as to say that, if she did so, she would drive him to greater lengths than he yet had gone, in order to save his own life, which (as he remarked frequently, *but like a very coward*) he held dearer than all else in the world. On the other hand, if she let matters tone down little by little, the day would yet come when he might do her some good service.†

And so on. These passages will not be found in Mr. Skelton's pages; yet a few facts such as these are worth a volume of doubtful inference and finespun apology.

Did Maitland fulfil his promise, and 'do her some good 'service'? Two days afterwards she was a prisoner in Lochleven, where some time later on she was to receive a letter stating that the Lords had resolved that she must demit her crown and her kingdom, and that instruments of resignation would be sent to her for signature. The man who framed these resolutions was Lethington. Mary more than once refused to sign the instruments of resignation, until the same Lethington wrote her a letter to the effect that she ought to be less scrupulous, as any deed signed in captivity, and under fear of life, was invalid. Whether Maitland was honest to Mary in so writing may be doubted; he was certainly, in so doing, not faithful to the nobles with whose cause he had now identified himself. But it was as of old: for the time being he was on the winning side.

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\* Nau, pp. 51, 52.

† Ibid. pp. 53, 54.

With the queen discrowned, her infant son proclaimed sovereign in her stead, and her brother Moray regent of the kingdom, the Catholic cause in Scotland seemed hopeless. But in course of time the Hamiltons began to gather to a head; the Gordons in the north were counting their strength; and before another year the escape of Mary from Lochleven set the old antagonistic factions once more in movement against each other. But Mary's evil star was still in the ascendant; and the short, sharp conflict at Langside scattered her supporters to the winds. She fled to England, to find there a prison, and, long years afterwards, a violent death. Her brother Moray was all-powerful, and Lethington, as in former days, his attendant satellite. The Secretary accompanied the regent to York and London, with the Commission who went thither to prove Mary to be the murderer of her husband. But Elizabeth, in one of those inexplicable moods of mystery in which, when it suited her, she would envelope herself, refused to give a decision on a point so fatal to her royal sister's honour; and the Casket Letters were once more carried north, in course of time to be lost sight of at Gowrie House, the ghost or simulacrum of them, however, to appear from time to time among men, setting many by the ears, as Mary herself did in her day.

Mr. Skelton still regards the Casket Letters as forgeries; but the guilt of the forgery he does not now lay on Maitland's head, but on that of some of Morton's 'clever scamps.' There is as much evidence for the one statement as for the other. Morton's story, moreover, of the finding of the casket can only be explained on 'the hypothesis that Morton was 'lying.' If so, Maitland supported him in his falsehood, for the declaration submitted at York and London by Morton is now in print, and the Secretary's name occurs in it more than once.\*

Of Lethington we have only to repeat the old story. So long as Moray stood strong and apparently invulnerable, with the prestige of Elizabeth and the whole force of Scottish Protestantism at his back, Maitland stood by him. And yet not steadfastly; for so greatly impressed must he have been with the political power of Norfolk, that when he found the latter was disposed to wed Mary, and that many great Catholic families in both countries were elated with the anticipations of a marriage between the English duke

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\* See 'The Casket Letters of Mary Queen of Scots,' by T. F. Henderson. Edinburgh: 1889.

and the Scottish queen, he, with his quick eye for a falling barometer, thought it well once again to provide shelter for himself in the event of a storm. He therefore wrote a secret letter to Mary, conveying to her copies of the accusations and accompanying documents which the Commissioners had come to England to prove against her. She accepted them gratefully, and sent him a like secret letter of thanks.

The Norfolk marriage proposals would seem to have turned Maitland's head. The cause of Protestantism, for which he never cared much; the cause of the Church in Scotland, for which he never cared anything; these, and all his old associations, were soon to be cast aside. He was still nominally of Moray's party, but not apparently with his own will. It was Moray's principle in dealing with Maitland to keep him with him if possible. The Secretary was not much to be trusted, even when under one's eye; but he was greatly more dangerous at a distance. Moray used to speak of him as 'the necessary evil.' But at length Maitland did break off from the regent, and was found in the summer of 1569 hand and glove with the Hamiltons, and at the centre of the Catholic conspiracies. He was requested by Moray to attend a convention at Stirling, and went thither with reluctance. There he was charged with being accessory to the murder of Darnley, placed under arrest, taken to Edinburgh, and lodged in a private house there, from which Grange, who was governor of the castle, relieved him, and carried him to that fortress. Maitland afterwards underwent one of those sham trials common to that age, and was acquitted. Whether he knew of the existing conspiracy against Moray or not, we will not stay to inquire; but the Hamiltons were at this time plotting the regent's death, and did effect it in January 1570. The musket of Bothwellhaugh did more than kill Moray; it was the death of the Catholic party in Scotland.

Maitland's own end was not far off. He had 'doubled' for the last time, and this time to the side of danger and not of safety. Besides, although he was yet but in the prime of life, he had become prematurely old. His body was in decay; so was his influence. Immediately after Moray's assassination, he wrote to Cecil, offering his services to Elizabeth, but neither she nor Cecil answered him. Two months later he wrote a more urgent letter to Leicester; but Leicester likewise treated him with silence. His subsequent part in public affairs was to become less and less that of a statesman, and more and more that of a leader of petty cabals in the Catholic interest. In April 1571 he was glad

to take refuge once more in the castle of Edinburgh, from which he only emerged, two years afterwards, to die.

That castle was still gallantly held for Mary by the chivalrous but wrongheaded Kirkaldy of Grange; and here Maitland, like his first mistress, Mary of Lorraine, had, in his last days of failing health, to endure the horrors of a siege. Like her, too, he was trusting to the help of France; but in his case that help never came. Grange held out long against the Regent Morton and Elizabeth's investing forces; until, in the end of May 1573, he was fain to yield himself and the few that remained with him to the English general. Morton and the Scottish Protestants were bent on the execution of Grange and Maitland; the English general, however, refused to give up his prisoners till he had received Elizabeth's instructions. Maitland and Grange in the interval—Maitland, no doubt, being the penman—drew up and forwarded to Cecil a petition praying for conciliation and for mercy; but the English statesman took no notice of it. Elizabeth sent down orders to deliver the prisoners to Morton, to be dealt with as he thought just. Grange, gallant soldier and gentleman—Scotland's 'second Wallace'—met his death on the scaffold as became him. Maitland likewise died as became *him*. For, before Elizabeth's orders arrived, he was found dead in his prisonhouse at Leith—not without suspicion of his having poisoned himself.

It is, for many reasons, to be regretted that Mr. Skelton should have treated Maitland's life as he has done. To endeavour to glorify him as a hero and as a man who has left a living impress on the thought of the nation was an impossible task; and in attempting it Mr. Skelton has not only failed, as he was bound to fail, but he has missed the opportunity of making what might have been a great book. For Maitland's is undoubtedly a striking figure, even among the many striking figures of Mary's time. But he must not be elevated to the level of a Knox or a Cromwell. His intellectual power gave him the possibility of doing much, but was rendered abortive by his moral weaknesses—his craftiness, his duplicity, his want of courage, his want of honour. Randolph's words regarding him might have been his epitaph—'Ambitious, and too full of policy.' The nickname of Chameleon, which George Buchanan gave him, was not misapplied. Maitland, like the creature to which he was compared, could imitate all colours but two—'white, the symbol of simpleness and loyalty; and red, signifying manliness and heroical courage.'

ART. X.—1. *A Handbook to the Local Government (Scotland) Act, 1889*, with introduction, explanatory notes, and index. By J. BADENACH NICOLSON, advocate, counsel to the Scotch Education Department, and W. J. MURE, Advocate, Legal Secretary to the Lord Advocate for Scotland. (Wm. Blackwood & Sons.)

2. *Hansard's Debates*, Scotch Local Government Bill.
3. *Publications of the Scottish Home Rule Association*.
4. *Speech of Mr. Asquith, M.P., at Oxford, June 8, 1889*.

THE late session of Parliament has been mainly remarkable for the successful accomplishment of another advance in the policy of extending local government. This year, thanks to the perseverance and skill of an able and brilliant Lord Advocate, and to the patient endurance of the Unionist majority in the House of Commons, the local institutions of the Scottish counties have been remodelled, and the Government have been able to carry their principal proposals, subject, no doubt, to many modifications of detail in their passage through Parliament, and to the postponement to another session of certain subsidiary, but yet very important portions of their original scheme. Henceforth, for good or for evil, the whole of Great Britain, England and Scotland, town and county, will be administered, as regards local affairs, upon the most approved principles of democratic government, as they are entertained, that is to say, by the British people in this year of grace 1889, the fifty-second year 'of the Queen.'

That measures of a character so sweeping as the Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1889 have been prepared and passed by a Conservative Government is alone sufficient to show the inapplicability of old party nomenclature to the present political situation. Each party nowadays appeals of necessity to a democratic electorate, with whose power there has ceased to be any possible rival. The administration of Lord Salisbury shapes its legislation on more radical lines than that of previous Liberal Governments, yet the more powerful part of the Opposition profess that that legislation is not radical enough for them. For the time, the contest between Conservative and Radical principles or preferences or prejudices seems to be at an end, and the competition of parties has become a race for the favour of the British democracy in the pursuit of democratic ideals.

It is probably to the absence of all contest and antagonism between different political principles that the abnormal dulness of the Scottish Local Government debates has been due. The Lord Advocate, indeed, launched his measure on April 8 with a speech of admirable lucidity. His gifts as a speaker are such that he will always secure the delighted attention of the House of Commons, but from the time when he resumed his seat to the distant but happy moment when his measure took its departure to the House of Lords, the House of Commons was almost wholly given up to such an outpouring of commonplaces, to such a weary reiteration by the same members of the same platitudes, to so much oratory obviously addressed less to the House itself than to members' own constituencies, the object of these orations was so evidently 'electioneering' rather than *bonâ fide* debate, that no one was surprised that Mr. Chamberlain should distinguish this dreary period as constituting without doubt 'the dulllest session on record.' The new rules under which debates are now conducted have done substantial good in facilitating legislation, and in preventing the paralysing of the power of the majority. But in the substitution of the authority of the Chair, and of the closure, for that sort of orderly clamour by which in old days the bores and egotists of Parliament were kept within bounds, these gentlemen have found their opportunity, and the character of debate has suffered. The Chair must protect the interests of all alike. It cannot make distinctions between one member and another, and it thus often happens that its authority is invoked in favour of the quiet hearing of some member whom under the old system the good sense of the House would have summarily, if somewhat rudely, put down. No one can have followed closely the Scotch debates of last session without feeling that the discussion was hardly worthy of its subject, and was hardly worthy of the representatives of the Scotch people. The measure before the House was a great measure, yet it was discussed on the whole in a small and pettifogging spirit. Between the fussiness and vanity of too many parliamentary busybodies on the one side, and the listlessness of the general public on a question of no immediate party importance on the other, it is, perhaps, hardly surprising that the discussion was not more thorough or more interesting.

The object of reformers in establishing a good system of local government has always been twofold, viz. good local administration of affairs, and the better training of the



citizen, by the performance of local public duties, for the discharge of his responsibilities towards the nation. Our statesmen, however, have not had to create a system of local government, but rather to *développe* the existing system. Even the accepted expression, the 'extension of local government' to England, Scotland, the counties, and so forth, is hardly accurate. The measures of last year and this year, for the most part, confer few new powers on local authorities in England and Scotland, though they reconstitute completely the local bodies by which certain local affairs are administered. It has not been the practice of the national government in the past to undertake the maintenance of roads, the building of bridges, the support of the destitute, or the organising of police. Such duties, when performed at all, were always the work of local government, i.e. of the county, or of the parish, or of some prescribed local area. Indeed, in the past, especially in Scotland, the powers of government were much more decentralised, i.e. more in the hands of local authorities, than they are at present. The abolition of heritable jurisdictions, for instance, and the desuetude into which the high judicial authority of the elected magistrates of burghs has fallen, and the transfer of their powers to the Queen's judges or to other officials appointed by her ministers, mark a great growth of power of the central at the expense of the local authority. In reference to trade, a similar change has taken place from the days when it was largely regulated under charters conveying to special localities special privileges and monopolies. In these and a multitude of other matters, the steady tendency of civilisation has been towards uniform government and administration from a national centre. Even now, when statesmen of all parties desire, for purposes of strictly local administration, to decentralise authority by casting on localities some of the burdens of the overworked central departments of government, it may be questioned whether, nevertheless, public sentiment is not, perhaps, unconsciously, rather tending, by a continual invoking of the government and the House of Commons to investigate every local grievance, to cause the direct subordination of every other authority to the review of the central government. Local responsibility and local authority become little more than names if Parliament itself is to be continually called upon to intervene.

When the Government turned their attention to local government in Scotland, they found prevailing a system in

many respects very different from that in England. To begin with, though Scotland is a country with very few large towns, there being in fact only eight, whose population exceeds 30,000, the amount of recognition bestowed from early times upon urban communities, many of which would in England only rank as villages, must have forced itself into notice. When last year the English County Councils were established, some sixty towns, exclusive of the Metropolis, were withdrawn from the counties in which they were situated, and were endowed with complete county council authority of their own, the principal reason alleged for the separate treatment of these towns being that the population of each exceeded 50,000. At the date of the Union, there were in Scotland seventy Royal Burghs, each of which had been originally vested with large privileges and jurisdictions, and whose individuality had received still further recognition by the grant of separate representation in Parliament. By the Reform Acts of the present century, fifteen Parliamentary Burghs have been created, and the 'Royal and Parliamentary Burghs' constitute the first great division into which Scotch local government falls. Whether large or small, each of these Burghs is (to quote the Lord Advocate) 'a completely equipped' and self-contained municipality, over which the county 'authorities exercise no jurisdiction, and which do not contribute to the county rates.' The Scotch people heard with satisfaction that 'these homes and centres of civic life' were to be left substantially unchanged by the Government measure, except that where the population of any Royal Burgh was less than 7,000 its police force and that of the adjoining county were to be merged. All these Burghs are governed by town councils, elected by the ratepayers, and the councillors so elected choose the Burgh magistrates, viz. the Provost and Bailies, the Provost being also a Justice of the Peace. At common law these elected magistrates of Burghs enjoy a very large judicial authority, both civil and criminal; but the tendency of the time has been to transfer all their more important jurisdiction to regularly appointed and well-qualified trained lawyers, the county sheriffs and sheriff-substitutes, and in practice the judicial authority of the Burgh magistrates is now, for the most part, limited to the trial of police offences. Besides the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs, a large number of communities known as 'Police Burghs' are governed for local purposes by elected magistrates, upon the plan established

by the Général Police and Improvement (Scotland) Act 1862, by which populous places adopting the Act have been invested with 'limited burghal powers.'

Whilst thus, as regards towns and populous places, the system of local government by means of representatives elected by the ratepayers was widely extended, in the counties amongst the rural population a totally different system prevailed. The county was governed by 'Commissioners of Supply,' that is to say, by *owners of land* of the value of 100*l.* a year and upwards, all of whom had the right to attend county meetings. The sheriff and the chief magistrates of the Royal and Parliamentary and Police Burghs were *ex officio* Commissioners of Supply. Whilst the landowners governed the counties, it must be remembered that they were empowered to levy county rates on landowners only. Police, lunatic asylums, valuation, county buildings, and so forth, were all paid for out of money raised from the owners of land in the county.\* In short, the Commissioners of Supply performed a large part of those duties which in England used to constitute the civil business of justices of the peace at their Quarter Sessions. From this peculiarity of Scotch county rating arose one of the main difficulties in the way of the Government. They desired, and rightly, to construct County Councils on a popular and representative basis. They might follow the example set by the Burghs and by the English Local Government Act and establish a County Council elected by the *occupiers*, but in those cases the electors—the occupiers—were *ratepayers*, and it was plain that to accompany the grant of County Councils to Scotch counties by the imposition on occupiers for the first time of county rates would be to raise in the heart of every Scottish occupier an unfortunate tendency to balance against his gain of political privileges the loss to his private pocket. It would have been in fact to subject the proposed Local Government, at its very start, to an amount of public dissatisfaction very injurious to the success of the system or the comfort of its authors. The only other apparent alter-

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\* The Road Trustees, however, since 1878 consisted of Commissioners of Supply and elected representatives of the ratepayers; and the rate fell half on the owner and half on the occupier of 4*l.* and upwards, and a similar arrangement existed with regard to the expenses incurred by the local authority under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.

native, viz. to establish a County Council elected by all householders, with power to rate landowners only, offended ordinary conceptions of justice as much as it transgressed the old formula that representation and taxation should go together. The dilemma appeared to be complete. But the Lord Advocate is ingenious as well as eloquent, and his treatment of the matter, if not absolutely logical, is fairly plausible, and as satisfactory as the nature of the problem permits.

The functions performed by the Commissioners of Supply did not of course cover the whole field of local government. In Scotland the parish is a much more important unit of local government than in England. Every parish has its own parochial board for the management of poor relief, every parish has its own School Board, and the parish exercises besides the powers of a sanitary authority. Why should not the Scottish parish be the basis of the whole system, upon which the County Council might be built up as a fitting superstructure? The due connexion between parochial and county authorities necessitates a reconstruction of parish organisations, and remains for future consideration, since the attempt of the Government to reform parish organisations had to be abandoned. With the exception of the transfer of their powers as sanitary authorities to the County Council, the parishes are left untouched by the Government measure. In the space at our disposal it is impossible to do more than indicate the main provisions of the Local Government Act. The due comprehension of a measure necessarily full of detail, and constantly referring to previous legislation, will be greatly facilitated by the 'County Council 'Guide for Scotland,' just published by Messrs. Nicolson and Mure. The former as draughtsman of the Act, and the latter as Lord Advocate's secretary, have of course enjoyed peculiar advantages for presenting to the public in an intelligible and succinct form the meaning and object of the various provisions of a somewhat complicated statute. Their work has been thoroughly done, and it deserves the careful study of all who wish to make themselves masters of the system of Local Government which comes into operation next February.

The Local Government Act does not profess to regulate the whole subject of Local Government in Scotland. As we have seen, the Royal and Parliamentary Burghs are unaffected by it; the internal government of the Police Burghs is left as it was, parish organisation is untouched. Such

important matters of local government as the administration of the poor law, and of education, are outside the scope of the Act. Licensing again is not dealt with. Private Bill legislation stands over for future consideration. And thus the main scope of the measure as it has become law is limited to the construction of a County Council elected upon a popular franchise, to which it transfers the powers of the Commissioners of Supply, the county Road Trustees, and the local authority under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, certain small administrative powers of the justices of the peace, and the powers of parochial boards as local authority under the Public Health Acts.

In the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons the principal discussions took place on the constitution of the electorate by which the County Councils were to be chosen, and on the provision creating a 'standing joint committee' to manage the police business of the county. As to the former, wide changes were made before the Bill left the House, and, as both discussions raised principles of some importance, we shall try briefly to indicate the points upon which opinion turned. The proposal of the Government was to extend the burgh municipal franchise to the counties; and by their Bill, therefore, as introduced, the County Council electorate was to consist of all persons, irrespective of sex, liable to pay rates. In rural districts, however, the general habit of the agricultural labourer in Scotland is to live in a cottage supplied to him by the farmer as part of his wages, and for which he pays no rent. In law the tenant or occupier is not the actual inhabitant of the cottage, but the farmer, of whose farm the cottage is a part. In the Scottish counties a very considerable portion of the population hold their houses in this way. They obtained the parliamentary franchise in 1885 as 'ser-vice franchise' voters, and in some counties they probably constitute a half, or even two-thirds, of the constituency. The Bill proposed that they might claim to be put on the County Council electoral register on claiming, at the same time, to pay the county rates. But, as has been already explained, almost the whole of the 'county' rates in Scotland, with the exception of that for roads and bridges, have hitherto fallen exclusively on the landowner, and not, as in England, on the occupier. The expedient of the Bill, and it has been adopted by Parliament, was to fix as a permanent burden upon the landowners the existing amount of county rates, i.e. to ascertain judicially the average rate in the

pound for which during a course of years owners have been liable for county rates, to make that charge permanent, and to enact that if in any year it should be exceeded the excess should be borne equally by owners and occupiers. By this means occupiers are as much interested as owners in preventing the growth of rates. But if we suppose that rates remain as at present, or that they will decrease, it will be at once apparent that the objection of principle has not been met, and that Scottish county occupiers have been admitted to the privileges whilst bearing a very small portion of the burden of the landowning ratepayers, and they stand, therefore, in a much more favoured position than those who exercise the local franchise in the Scottish burghs or in England.

The difficulty as to the service franchise occupiers was met by the Government consenting to accept the Parliamentary register, to which peers and women otherwise qualified were to be added, as the County Council electorate. The houses of service franchise voters are ultimately rated, since the rate payable on a farm is increased by reason of the cottages attached to it; provision was made, therefore, that the amount due on each cottage should be specified on the valuation roll, and that the cottagers should be entitled to receive the privileges of County Council electors, though by private arrangement with their employers they occupied both rent-free and rate-free. This is strictly accurate reasoning, yet it will be observed that the service franchise county voter will, as a matter of fact, have an interest of a very theoretical and abstract nature in the increase or decrease of rates, and that, as a matter of fact, he and the rate collector will, in all probability, remain as entirely strangers to each other as at present. A democratic Parliament may be trusted to construe in a wide and popular spirit the already quoted formula, whose application once tended to enlarge, but now tends to narrow, popular franchises, viz. that 'taxation and representation should go together.'

As regards the control of the county police, the Government and the Opposition had to fight out their differences; and as so often happens when the contention of parties turns on some particular detail, the importance of the controversy was immensely exaggerated on each side, and, indeed, its merits a good deal lost sight of. It must be admitted that the duty of maintaining, regulating, and directing a constabulary force is not in its character as completely a local

function as other duties imposed upon local authorities, such for instance as the maintenance of roads and bridges, and the preservation of county buildings. The duty of the police is to preserve the peace, to arrest offenders, and enforce the law by carrying into effect the orders of courts of justice. The law which they have to execute is the law of the land, not merely the bye-law, the regulation of the local authority. It concerns the nation at large as much as the special locality, that laws which have received the sanction of the National Parliament should have the full support if required of the local constabulary in every part of the kingdom. It is interesting in connexion with this subject to notice that in the United States of America police superintendence has actually been withdrawn from the municipalities of two of the most important cities of the Union, viz. Boston and St. Louis, and transferred to persons nominated by the Governor of the State. The police force in Scottish counties is regulated by the Police Act of 1857, which constitutes in each county out of the Commissioners of Supply a 'Police Committee' of which the Lord Lieutenant and the Sheriff are *ex officio* members. This Committee, with the approval of the Secretary of State (now the Scottish Secretary), appoints a chief constable, whom also it has power to dismiss; and he, again, subject to their approval, selects inferior officers and men. Nevertheless, the chief direction or command of the police belongs to the sheriff. In burghs indeed, without the consent of the sheriff, the chief constable cannot even be dismissed. Under the Act of 1857, it is the duty of the Commissioners of Supply to provide and maintain, of the Police Committee to regulate, and of the sheriff to command the county police. The Police Committee have no authority of themselves to increase or diminish the police force by a single constable,\* they cannot order a policeman to cross a street. Nevertheless, though the powers of the Police Committees are extremely limited, it would be highly inconvenient that they should be exercised in a spirit of dilatoriness, or even of antipathy, towards the enforcement of the law. The Lord Advocate, as responsible for law and order, had to remember the crofter counties, where on several occasions the greatest difficulty had been experienced

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\* Section 5 of the Police Act enables the Commissioners of Supply on the recommendation of the police committee, with the consent of the Secretary of State, to increase or diminish the County Constabulary,

in carrying out the orders of the Court of Session. The powers of the Police Committee in all other parts of Scotland might have been entrusted with perfect safety to the new County Councils. Still if in any district there was reasonable ground to suppose that the enforcement of law would be rendered more difficult by taking what appeared to be the natural course of trusting completely to the County Councils, the Lord Advocate would have been indeed to blame in jeopardising the first interests of the people for the sake of securing harmony in the House of Commons. The plan which he proposed and carried was the creation of a joint committee to consist of not more than fourteen persons, to be nominated half by the Commissioners of Supply, and half by the new Council, and of which the Sheriff was to be a member *ex officio*; and to this committee \* were to be transferred all the powers of the Police Committee. The objections to the proposal were evident; and it involved keeping alive the Commissioners of Supply, for the sole and somewhat paltry purpose of nominating a small committee. Mr. Gladstone, however, discovered that the control of the police was the 'very gem' of local government, and the Opposition were loud-mouthed in their denunciations of the want of confidence shown by the Government in the Scottish people. The position of the sheriff was entirely lost sight of in the discussions, and indeed if there was any reality in the language of Opposition speakers, the existence of such an official would hardly be compatible with local freedom! Ultimately, in the absence of any other suggestion to meet the strain which there was a general agreement might probably arise in certain counties, the proposals of Government were approved of by the House of Commons.

In lieu therefore of the old Commissioners of Supply, in some counties a very numerous body, the counties will be administered for the future by very much smaller bodies of gentlemen, elected for three years on the single-member plan by the householders of more or less equal electoral divisions. In the hands of these gentlemen will be concentrated powers hitherto exercised by different county authorities; and if, as is to be anticipated, they gain the public confidence, they will undoubtedly obtain further powers when opinion is ripe for the carrying forward another stage of the policy of the

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\* The consent of the standing joint committee is required, as a further protection to landowners, to authorise the execution of works involving capital expenditure or the borrowing of money.



delegation to local bodies of administrative functions of central departments. It was unfortunate that the Government resisted the proposal to make the County Councils the guardians of rights of way, by the unchecked encroachment upon which the Scottish public has greatly suffered.

Perhaps the most important result of the Local Government Act has been the virtual establishment throughout Scotland of free education, the Government having made the distribution of the Scottish portion of the probate grant in the manner undoubtedly most popular in Scotland, i.e. in the payment of school fees. It may be because such a large portion of the rates fall upon the owner and not on the occupier that the relief of the rates is a far less popular cry in Scotland than in England; it may, perhaps, be due to the power of service franchise voters who do not pay rates, but who do pay school fees, that the sympathies of Scottish members went out rather to the parents of children attending school than to the burdened ratepayer. Whatever the reason, the parents had many, and the ratepayers no friends amongst Scottish M.P.'s; and it must be admitted on general grounds that probably no distribution of the money could have been more generally beneficial to the Scotch people.

It is singularly illustrative of the total difference of aim by which Home Rulers and Local Government Reformers are actuated, that on the very day after the Lord Advocate had explained his proposals to the House of Commons, the Scotch Home Rule party, without apparently attaching any importance whatever to the project of the Government, formally invited the assent of Parliament to its own scheme for the repeal of the Union between England and Scotland. The Scottish Home Rule Association, who number among their office-bearers eight Gladstonian Scottish members of Parliament, have shown more courage than is usual with Home Rulers generally, in putting down in black and white the nature of their demands. They are—

(1) 'The establishment of a legislature sitting in Scotland, with full control over all purely Scottish questions, and with an Executive Government responsible to it and the Crown.

(2) 'The control by the Government of Scotland, of her civil servants, judges, and other officials, with the exception of those engaged in the military, naval, and diplomatic services, and in collecting the Imperial Revenue.

(3) 'The maintenance of the integrity of the Empire and the securing that the voice of Scotland shall be heard as fully as at present in the Imperial Parliament, whilst discussing Imperial affairs.' \*

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\* Constitution and Rules of the Scottish Home Rule Association.

And in support of these demands thousands of pamphlets are circulated in Scotland, the effect of which can only be to revive again the almost extinct fires of international bitterness and jealousy by the recalling of every painful historic incident, and the exaggeration of every existing difference that can be tortured into an appearance of 'oppression' of Scottish sentiments by the overwhelming vote of an English and anti-Scotch majority of the House of Commons.\* The President of the Scottish Home Rule Association accordingly invited the House of Commons to declare in plain language its desire to establish in Scotland 'a National Parliament for the management and control of Scottish affairs.' Plain speaking, however, is precisely what Mr. Gladstone and his immediate followers are most afraid of. It seems strange that any Scotch member should be unwilling to express an opinion one way or the other on the portentous proposal of the Home Rule president.

The welfare and dignity of Scotland, much more than those of England, are deeply concerned in the complete and immediate rejection of such retrograde schemes. Their adoption would, in fact, degrade Scotland to the level of a province. But the supposed interests of the Gladstonian party weigh much more heavily in the balance with many Gladstonian M.P.'s than their attachment to true Scottish interests, as is natural enough, since it must be remembered that a large number of these gentlemen have no connexion with Scotland other than that to which a Gladstonian caucus has given birth. Mr. John Morley has been consistently devoted to Home Rule for Ireland all his life. He is not a Home

\* As a general rule, however, it must be admitted that leading Scotch Home Rulers are conspicuous rather for want of common sense than of loyal feeling towards the empire as a whole. Thus Lord Bute, a member of the Home Rule Association, writes last May to Mr. Mitchell, its 'General Treasurer,' 'that every effort should be made to bring "Scots wha hae" into the position of the National tune or anthem, replacing "God save the Queen" to occasions actually connected with the Crown and Royal Family. I think also an effort should be made to popularise the use of the Scotch flag (the blue with the white St. Andrew's cross). When flags are bought for public decorations, it should at least be alternated with the Union Jack,' and so forth. As if, forsooth, the Union Jack was not as much a Scottish as an English flag, and 'God save the Queen' was a purely English air!! It may be noticed incidentally that it appears to be necessary to give to 'the General Treasurer of the Scottish Home Rule Association' a description of the true Scotch flag.

Ruler BECAUSE he follows Mr. Gladstone. He recognises the preposterous folly of attempting again to divide into different 'nations,' with separate Parliaments and Governments, that British people who have been so long and so happily united. He votes accordingly against the motion, whilst right honourable Scottish members, including Messrs. Gladstone, Campbell Bannerman, Childers, Trevelyan, and Balfour, troop out of the House, setting a noble example, which is followed by the remaining ex-official members of the party and others to the number altogether of about one-third of the representatives of Scotland.

Two allegations are repeatedly made by Home Rulers. First, that the majority of the House of Commons, being mainly composed of English members, is actuated by an anti-Scotch spirit; secondly, that in consequence of the indifference of the House generally to the affairs of Scotland, the interests of that country are continually sacrificed to the more pressing interests of England, and hence that Scotch legislation cannot be carried through Parliament. Neither of these allegations is supported by the facts. The legislative union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland no doubt necessitated that the local majority, not in Scotland merely, but in any part of the kingdom, should give way to the majority of representatives from the whole United Kingdom. As a result of the unions with Scotland and Ireland, an English majority often finds itself outvoted by a combination between Scotch, Irish, and Welsh votes, with a small English minority. England, for instance, has again and again declared at a general election for a Tory Government; and yet has had to submit to be ruled, in accordance with the wish of the people of the United Kingdom, by a Liberal administration. Hence legislation purely English has been largely coloured by Scotch and Irish opinion. This is as it should be. It is childish to argue that the manner in which England is governed, the character of English institutions, and of English legislation, are of no importance to Scotchmen and to Irishmen; and if Scotchmen habitually and rightly take part in the government of England, it is ridiculous to attempt to debar Englishmen from interesting themselves in Scottish affairs. In matters of purely local expediency doubtless Parliament will do well to consult and to follow prevalent local opinion, bearing in mind, however, that questions of right and wrong, and of justice and injustice between man and man, or between class and class, are always deserving of the attention and of the decision of Parliament

as a whole. It cannot be truly said that to this extent the united Parliament has disregarded, as regards Scottish questions, the wishes of the Scottish people. If, for instance, the vexed subject of the liquor laws be considered, we find that the complete Sunday closing of public houses, which Parliament refused to temperance reformers in England and Wales, was conceded forty years ago to the wishes of the majority of Scottish members. At the present day temperance reformers are endeavouring to force upon England a similar restriction, against the wishes of a majority of English members, and in reliance on the support given to them by the sober voices of Scotland and Ireland!

But enough of this wretched balancing of English versus Scottish votes! The third article of the Act of Union of 1707 required that henceforth 'the United Kingdom of Great Britain be represented by one and the same Parliament, to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain,' and the reason why that Union has proved so eminently successful, and has produced to both nations such incalculable benefits, has been well stated by the Scottish historian, Dr. Hill Burton. The Scottish members of the British Parliament were necessarily but a small minority of the House of Commons; but

'it may be safely said that the number of their representatives would have been no protection to Scotland had the Union been so incomplete and ineffective as to leave separate interests in which she required protection. Her great security was in that community of interests which divided the Scottish into the same political divisions with the English representatives, and made members vote as Whig and Tory, not as Scot and Englishman.'\*

Even now, those who look below the surface will find that in its inception the Scottish Home Rule movement has been far less a Scotch movement than a party movement, the lines of party division being drawn with reference to political considerations not specially connected with Scotland. The Home Rule movement in Scotland is not of home growth. It was unheard of, till the leader of one of the great parties of the United Kingdom, having hoisted as the banner of his party the Irish Home Rule flag, previously borne by Mr. Parnell, was forced by his party exigencies to fan into life the dying embers of an ignominious and misguided patriotism wherever he could find it, and to flatter on every

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\* Burton's 'History of Scotland' (1689 to 1745), vol. i.  
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occasion anti-English prejudices and feelings alike in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Wales.

Leaving now the consideration of such practical measures for the developement of local government as have been recently passed for England and Scotland, let us turn our attention to the very different fortunes of those very different proposals for reconstructing the British Constitution embraced under the phrase 'Home Rule,' proposals which, in various forms and at various times during the last sixty years, have been before the British public, but which, till Mr. Gladstone's new departure in 1886, had not been brought within the domain of practical party politics. How then fares the Home Rule cause? The question cannot be answered till an answer has been given to another query, to which we are pleased to see that a distinguished Home Rule man of letters (Professor Freeman) has lately been addressing himself,\* viz. 'What is the Home Rule cause?' For what system of government are Home Rulers contending? The leaders of the party in Parliament, and the official party press, give us no light. Yet undoubtedly the views of the Gladstonian party have been deeply influenced by the discussions of the last three years. The Gladstonian ship has not been steered. She has swung with the tide, till we find her heading to a very different point of the compass from that towards which her captain originally laid her course. We are governed, it is our constant boast, by public opinion, and hitherto our leading reformers have never wearied in their efforts to get the opinion of the public, that is, the mind of the people, on to their side. In season and out of season they kept reiterating the grounds of the faith that was in them. In short, they understood and believed in their cause. In reference, for instance, to the great struggle for Free Trade, the leaders of the movement argued and reasoned against the assertions of the Protectionists with as much vigour as they denounced their prejudices. It was so, also, with Reform. 'In order to get men's votes one must lead men's minds,' is the lesson taught by the example of Grey, of Russell, of Cobden, and of Bright. With the controversy of to-day it is very different. The Home Rule leaders almost avowedly assume the part of persons playing a game of cards. To show one's hand is in the estimation of these gentlemen that worst of crimes political—a mistake. Hence public opinion within the ranks of that party must form

itself as it best can, without the assistance of those who, it might be supposed, are the most competent to help in its formation.

'Local government embraces all that relates locally to the greater efficiency of administration, to the alleviation of burdens by improved arrangements, and to the enlargement of the powers of ratepayers through the representative system.\*

Home Rule for Ireland involves the establishment in Ireland of an Irish 'National' Parliament, elected on the basis of household franchise, to which an Irish 'National' Executive Government is to be responsible.†

The difference between Local Government and Home Rule is not a difference of degree. The main objects of the Local Government reformer and of the Home Ruler are 'wide as the poles asunder.' The former, in the name of 'efficiency of county administration,' desires to enlarge the powers of ratepayers. The latter claims for the Irish people the institutions and the privileges of 'a nation.' Still every English Home Ruler, and every Irish Home Ruler in England, invariably declares that his conception of Irish nationality is strictly limited to the management by the Irish people of strictly Irish affairs. When Irish interests are equally British interests, as for instance in the relations between the people of these islands and foreign nations, and in all matters of an imperial rather than of a specially Irish nature, the Irish 'nation' is to be subordinated to some imperial authority. It is impossible to regard this as other than a limitation of the ordinary privileges of 'nationhood.' But without wasting time upon the consideration of the meaning of the words 'nation,' 'nationality,' and 'nationhood,' it appears pretty clear that the English Home Rulers' ideal of an Irish autonomy can be realised, if at all, only in one of two ways. Ireland may be treated on the same general lines as one of the self-governing colonies, remaining therefore subject in constitutional theory to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster; or she may be admitted as a state into a federal union, of which other portions of the United Kingdom, and perhaps even of the British Colonial Empire,

\* Mr. Gladstone's definition of local government, as given in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the session of 1884.

† If there are members of the Gladstonian party for whom the phrase 'Home Rule' has a much smaller signification, they do not venture in plain language and on public occasions to say so.

are to be other states. To those who follow Home Rule utterances it is evident that the colonial pattern is being rapidly abandoned by the rank and file of the party in favour of the federal. What says Professor Freeman, surely a strong enough Home Ruler, as to this change?—

‘Home Rule as I understood the words years ago, Home Rule as it was set forth in Mr. Gladstone’s Bill, Home Rule as it seemed to be generally understood by its supporters at the time when that Bill was brought forward, means this : It is the relation of a dependency to a superior power, where the dependency has the management of its own internal affairs, but has to follow the superior power in all matters other than its own internal affairs.’\*

This is a relation, he continues, very well known in the British Empire. Our relations with the Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, the colonies, are all examples of it.

‘In all these cases, however, the dependent community has no voice in the general affairs of the Queen’s dominions, because it is not represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, whilst the Parliament of the United Kingdom can when it chooses † legislate for the dependent community.’

If the Home Rule of Mr. Gladstone has been abandoned, he (Professor Freeman), like other humbler persons who supported the plan of 1886, would like to know the general character of the plan which is to take its place ; and he shows unmistakeably his dislike to the prospect of an entire reconstruction of the British Constitution upon federal lines. Mr. Asquith, M.P. for Fife, in a speech last June at Oxford, called for a more definite statement of Mr. Gladstone’s policy, and declared that the rank and file of the party considered that the time had now come when an explanation was their due. A month later, in a very carefully written letter to one of his constituents (a letter which shows in every line the influence which Unionist reasoning has had upon the acute mind of a gentleman who in 1886 won his seat in Parliament from an advanced Liberal on the sole ground that the latter had opposed Mr. Gladstone’s Home Rule Bill), Mr. Asquith stated the general lines on which, ‘after much reflection, he considered that the constitutional questions raised by the Home Rule controversy must ultimately be settled,’ and he a second time implored his

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\* ‘Fortnightly Review,’ September, 1889.

† This is true, *in theory only* ; for where the colonies have been granted local legislatures the Imperial Parliament has not, as a matter of fact, the power to legislate effectively within those colonies.

leaders to prepare the public mind for 'the general outlines 'of the settlement' they were contemplating. Mr. Asquith declares the necessity of retaining the Irish members at Westminster, and he is as determined as any Unionist to retain 'an Imperial Parliament, whose unquestioned and 'unquestionable sovereignty over all persons, and in all 'matters, local or imperial, will remain intact and unimpaired.' He, and those who agree with him, will therefore join the Unionists in protesting, and, if need be, in voting, against any project to restore Grattan's Parliament, against any project, such as Mr. Gladstone's, involving the removal of the Irish members from Westminster, against any scheme by which an Irish legislature would be enabled exclusively or finally to legislate on Irish affairs. 'The laws and acts ' (of subordinate bodies), if they transcend the limits of their 'authority, will be subject to be reviewed and invalidated 'in any of the Queen's Courts. 'But the sovereign authority 'will continue to be sovereign.' Now, the meaning of this is that 'the Queen's judges,' in their duty of interpreting acts of the Imperial Parliament and acts of the local legislatures, will be empowered to declare the latter *ultra vires*, and therefore void, and yet will have no correlative power of deciding that the Imperial Parliament is infringing on the rights of local legislatures. 'The Queen's judges' are to protect the sovereign authority of Parliament against the local legislatures, but will be able to afford no security whatever that the rights granted to the latter will be preserved. If they could hold that an act of the Imperial Parliament was *ultra vires*, as the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States of America hold acts of Congress which conflict with the Constitution, Mr. Asquith's last requisite would be sacrificed, for the authority of Parliament would not merely be greatly impaired, but would cease to be 'sovereign.'

After expressing these views, Mr. Asquith goes on to declare that the permanent retention of the Irish members at Westminster, 'after Ireland has been granted a legislature of her own, will make it logically impossible permanently to retain the management of any kind of merely 'local business as one of the ordinary functions of the House 'of Commons.' Let us now examine the Constitution of which he has thus sketched the outline. In the first place, having regard to the existing controversy present to Mr. Asquith's mind, it is evident that the 'merely local business' which in the future must be removed from the



ordinary work of the Imperial Parliament means legislation exclusively English, or Scotch, or Welsh, or exclusively confined to one of the still smaller divisions into which, for legislative purposes, this island is to be divided. 'The time and energy of the Imperial Parliament is to be set free for 'imperial concerns.' At first one would draw from all this the inference that Mr. Asquith is aiming, as many Scotch Home Rulers are avowedly aiming, at the construction of a federal union, of which England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are to be distinct states. But Mr. Asquith warmly repudiates the term 'federation' as descriptive of his policy. This is no case, he declares, where independent states 'agree to delegate to a central body certain functions of common interest. Our constitutional developement seems likely to 'be in exactly the other direction.' He contemplates devolution by Parliament of certain of its functions to subordinate bodies, retaining, however, its own full sovereignty unimpaired over all matters, whether local or imperial. On paper, Mr. Asquith has drawn the outline of his Constitution with an evident and anxious desire that it should not be open to those criticisms fatal to Mr. Gladstone's Bill, and with the weight of which he is deeply impressed. But, as Carlyle used to say, 'will the Constitution march?'

The Home Rule demand professes to be made in the name of 'national sentiment.' The animating spirit of the Home Ruler's cause is his dislike to the authority of that Imperial Parliament which, he alleges, overrides or neglects the wishes of smaller 'nations,' in consequence of the overwhelming weight and prejudice of English representatives in the House of Commons. Yet it is the absolute authority of that very Parliament which Mr. Asquith wishes to confirm in all matters local or imperial. Every locality is to be subjected to the legislative authority both of a local legislature and of the Imperial Parliament. In case of difference of opinion between these two authorities, is it not certain that the feeling of national jealousy which at present exists in the Home Rule mind would be intensified tenfold by the fact that their 'national' legislature was overruled by the Imperial Parliament, against the vain protests of the 'national' members? By a demand for a 'national legislature'—whatever may be the esoteric interpretation of that expression in the minds of individual Home Rule statesmen—the ordinary elector understands a national Parliament, to which would naturally belong ordinary parliamentary powers; and, after all, legislation is not the sole function of Parliament. A

Parliament without the power to choose and control the executive government of the country, as well as to legislate for it, would not strike the average Englishman or Irishman as being a Parliament at all. Yet Mr. Asquith, like so many of his party, does not say a single word to show that he has ever turned his attention to the difficulties that must arise between the Imperial Government resting upon the support of a majority of the Imperial Parliament, and the local governments of the various divisions of the United Kingdom, the creatures of the majorities in the local parliaments, whose very *raison d'être* is the assertion of their 'national' views against the imperial authority of a united Parliament. But, though the Imperial Parliament is to have reserved to it every right of local legislation, the Home Ruler may argue that it would prefer, of its own free will, to leave local affairs alone. The hundred Irish members, we are asked to believe, would be so content with their own Dublin parliament that by common consent amongst them the name of Ireland would never be heard at Westminster! Surely too foolish a dream to beguile the fancies of any educated man! It is as certain as anything future can be that a minority of Irish members, outvoted in their own legislature, would at once appeal to the Imperial Parliament. And why not? since it must be presumed that the retention of the Irish members, and the express reservation of the authority of the Imperial Parliament over Irish affairs, means that it is to be the duty of that Parliament to see that just and wise laws should prevail, and should be firmly executed, in that as in other portions of the kingdom. In short, Irishmen would not be Irishmen if they did not appeal to Westminster against the legislature of Dublin; and the Parliament at Westminster would have to listen to that appeal. Mr. Gladstone was right, after all. If Great Britain is to have no voice in Irish affairs, Irish members of Parliament must cease to sit at Westminster! What practical security can any reasonable man find in the authority proposed to be exercised by the 'Queen's courts,' of invalidating as *ultra vires* the acts of a Dublin parliament? The Dublin parliament nominates its executive government, having in its hands the civil power of the Irish 'nation.' Were the Dublin parliament to pass an Act exceeding its lawful powers—for instance, establishing and arming a volunteer force of 100,000 men—no improbable supposition—and were the Irish judges independent enough to pronounce the Act void, what then? The Irish government and

parliament would have the power to carry out their wishes. What power would there be on the side of the 'Queen's courts' to prevent them? On the one side would stand the Irish government, with a home secretary and other ministers responsible for the peace of the country, and behind them would stand the Irish parliament, representing the Irish people. On the other side would be ranged the moral strength attaching to an imperial statute limiting the rights of the Irish people, and the British army. We cannot conceive a system of government better calculated to place the two 'nations' by the ears, or to put the Imperial Parliament in a position of more complete powerlessness.

There are some Home Rule politicians amongst us who seem to think that every 'national' sentiment may properly be appealed to for the purpose of getting established 'national' parliaments and governments, which, nevertheless, they will have no difficulty in keeping entirely subordinate to the Parliament at Westminster. It is not easy, as Mr. Parnell once very frankly declared, to limit the aspirations of a nation, and statesmen should realise, before it is too late, that they cannot claim for the 'Irish nation' a democratic parliament, and then refuse to the government of its choice everything like 'national' authority. To suppose that an Irish government depending upon an Irish parliament would tolerate the control of local forces, or the appointment of judges or of executive officers, in any other hands than its own is childish. 'As far as law and order and the peace of the country are concerned,' said Sir George Trevelyan with perfect truth, 'there is no halfway house between complete separation and absolute Imperial control.' \*

Where Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity was at fault, we may be quite sure that that of his followers will not succeed. He and they have been engaged in the hopeless task of reconciling the irreconcilable. If the British people, taken as a whole, are to remain one nation, it must be at the expense of the individual political nationhood of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Violent appeals to the political 'nationality' of any one of them are, in fact, attacks upon the 'nationality' of one or more of the others. We are British subjects first, Welshmen, let us say, afterwards; and it is worse than foolish to range the local sentiment against the wider patriotism. Fortunately, our Home Rulers are fighting against facts. Time has welded together

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\* Sir George Trevelyan, at Stratford, December 30, 1885.

England and Scotland and Wales into the same nation, and time cannot but achieve completely in the result the same happy union with Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, at the close of the greatest of his speeches on Reform, declared that 'time was on his side.' Time is against him now. Some centuries ago those separatist ideas, which are at the root of the Home Rule policy, might possibly have prevailed, and the unity of the British people might never have been realised. But in the present age, when the changes of habit, brought about by the facilities of locomotion and communication, are tending every day to diminish local prejudice and to bury differences of race, it is far too late to construct in any practical fashion a new constitution, founded not upon the principle of the unity of the British people, which is a fact, but on that of the separate 'nationalities' of its component parts, which is a fiction. The indulgence of such a dream may be for a time the weakness of party politicians. One of these days some rough experience of the conditions of the present age will bring home to the whole nation that in unity is its only safety, no less than its noblest ideal.

Once more, then, let us ask how fares the Home Rule cause? Against the evident desires of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, the party which three years ago sought Home Rule for Ireland only, now boldly announces that the policy of disintegration is to be extended to Great Britain. To the repeated and anxious inquiries of their most faithful followers the leaders maintain a silence which is almost insulting. Many of their followers proclaim themselves federalists; others, like Mr. Asquith, protest against the propriety of that name; but they all advocate the establishment in these little islands of a plurality of parliaments. The polyparliamentarians have a heavy task before them, if they really mean to convert the British people to changes in their institutions opposed, to an almost ludicrous degree, both to the conditions of the nation and the spirit of the age.

Party organisers, in estimating the progress of a movement, will naturally look only at the result of passing parliamentary elections, and the Home Rule leader himself, in too many of his recent speeches, has exchanged the reasoning of a statesman for the reckonings of a party whip. Others, who care infinitely more for the cause itself of national unity than for the fate of rival politicians or rival parties, will watch with no less care the changing aspects of the Home Rule cause, the confidence or the want of confidence displayed by the Home Rule leaders in their own

policy, and they will look with interest at the tendency of their followers to consolidate into a homogeneous party under trusted leaders, or to become dispersed in sectional divisions, perhaps even jarring bands. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer, Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt, decline to tell the public, or their most faithful followers, the nature of their policy; but Lord Rosebery early in the present year, in speeches at Airdrie and at Scarborough, went almost out of his way to laud the Unionist sentiments of Lord Hartington's address of 1886 to the Rossendale electors; he showed he was hankering after another 'round-table conference,' and he actually went so far as to suggest that the national demands of Ireland might be met by some rearrangement of committees of the Parliament of the United Kingdom! Verily a good party man may be a very poor Home Ruler! Let us turn from the great men to the small; and what evidence do we find of increased party coherence among the motley crew who profess to follow Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell, or what prospect of their united action under a new leader? Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P. for North-West Durham, a stout straightforward Radical, as the son of the late Mr. Ernest Jones ought to be, and Mr. George Russell, ex-M.P. for Aylesbury, have been explaining, in a manner most edifying and interesting, what *they* are pleased to term the 'New Liberalism.' This gospel appears to have had a disastrous effect on the Liberal party. For

'while, on the one hand, the new Liberalism has alienated the middle class, on the other it is in a deplorable state of disorganisation, scarcely removed from anarchy. The reason is not far to seek. Official Liberalism is completely out of touch with the aspirations and aims of modern Liberal thought. . . . The present front bench is conspicuously out of touch with the new Liberalism.' \*

There is no popular enthusiasm in Great Britain for Home Rule, and the 'policy of coercion has never once dangerously 'outraged public opinion.' In short, he builds his belief in the ultimate success of the Home Rule cause 'on the sense 'of weariness and hopelessness of the English people.' What is needed if the Liberal party is again to come into power, is not to insist on Home Rule, for which the people do not care, but to substitute the 'New Liberalism for the 'old.' The New Liberalism is to be found in giving satisfaction to the wants of 'the masses,' 'to the agricultural labourer with his scanty wage,' to the miner, and to the

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\* See August number of 'Nineteenth Century.'

factory hand. But how? Mr. Jones here becomes singularly modest, for he leaves 'to the statesman the responsibility to devise and formulate those reforms by which 'without violence to persons or shock to the principle of 'public morality, there may be compassed for our people a 'wider diffusion of physical comfort, and thus a loftier 'standard of national morality. This is the new Liberalism.'\*

Mr. George Russell, in the September number of the same Review, is enthusiastically delighted with the new Liberalism of Mr. Jones. 'It was a most agreeable surprise to find at any 'rate that there was one active member of the Liberal Party 'whose opinions agreed so entirely with his own.' What the Liberal Party is in want of is 'moral enthusiasm.' There was much in 1880, but Mr. Russell in 1889 apparently fails, with the general public, to discover in the programme or the conduct of his leaders much to enlist the support either of enthusiasm or morality. 'Men are saying, '“After all, Home Rule is not the chief end of human '“existence. We will certainly give the Irish nation what '“it asks; but when that is done, we must at last turn '“to our own concerns.”' Even as regards Home Rule, it must not involve any 'separatist scheme' for excluding the Irish members, such as Mr. Gladstone's Bill of 1886. Who is 'to lead the new Liberalism in its march of social 'reform?' is a question to which Mr. Russell next applies himself. 'It is too much to expect that Mr. Gladstone, 'even with all his wonderful versatility, will unlearn at 'eighty the prepossessions of a lifetime, and will lead a 'movement which is bound to conflict with his theory of 'the functions of the State and the proper scope of legislative interference.' Mr. Morley, according to Mr. Russell, is out of the running, 'for is he not the bond slave of 'political economy?' The new Liberalism 'requires quite 'another set of guides than Adam Smith and Mr. Mill, or 'even Professor or Mrs. Fawcett.'\* To lead this hopeful policy, Mr. Russell, 'Radical as he is,' is forced to look among the Peers! 'Heaven knows that I detest the hereditary 'principle in legislation as cordially as ever; but as long as 'the House of Lords exists, we may as well try to turn it 'to good account.' For the good of his country Mr. Russell would even serve under a Peer! And he is comforted by the thought that 'the adherent of the new Liberalism knows 'that he is fulfilling the best function of the character which 'he professes, and helping to enlarge the boundaries of the 'Kingdom of God.'

So speaks Mr. Russell of the new policy, in language, doubtless, of greater plety than precision. Messrs. Jones and Russell cannot of course speak on behalf of others, yet they are in many ways by no means unfavourable samples of the bulk of that material out of which a Home Rule party will have to be built up. We learn from them this:—(1) Home Rule, as a cry, will not rally the Liberal Party; (2) Social Reform, opposed to the teachings of political economy and to the prepossessions of Mr. Gladstone's lifetime, is to be the chief plank of the new Liberalism; (3) To lead this party neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Morley will do, owing to antiquated prejudice of the one, and the belief in political economy of the other; and (4) That 'New Liberals' have no confidence whatever in the gentlemen who sit on the Front Opposition Bench in the House of Commons, and intend at the earliest opportunity to dispense with their services, availing themselves, however, of the leadership of an unnamed peer during the interval that must still elapse before 'New Liberals' have put an end to the peerage altogether.

We shall look forward with interest, in the absence of all direction from the leaders of the Home Rule Party, to more of these delicious lucubrations from the lesser lights amongst the New Liberals. For our part, we confess that a political party, for which Mr. Gladstone's versatility does not suffice, from which political economy is to be driven out, and in which the lacking, but necessary, 'moral enthusiasm' has yet to be generated by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and the unnamed peer, does not appear likely within a measurable distance of time to gain the confidence of the British people.

*Note on article in No. 346 on the 'Relief of Destitution,' page 407.*

We are informed by Mr. Pell that his statement before the House of Lords as to the income of the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee, which we quoted, is inaccurate. The income in 1888 was not 280*l.*, but 680*l.* The error occurs in the evidence before the Lords (Question 1440).

END OF VOL. CLXX.

*No. CCCXLIX. will be published in January, 1890.*

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